

MEN AT WAR

MEN AT WAR

*The Best War Stories of
All Time*

Edited and Selected by

FRED URQUHART



ARCO PUBLICATIONS: LONDON
1917

First Edition (10,000 copies) 1917

*Printed in England by Clarke, Doble & Brendon Ltd., Oakfield Press,
Cattedown, Plymouth
Set in ten on eleven point Baskerville*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Acknowledgment is made to the following for permission to use material in this anthology:

Constable and Company Limited, for extracts from *All This and a Medal Too* by Tim Carew.

Jonathan Cape Limited for extracts from *Night be my Witness* by Walter Clapham; *The Stories of Flying Officer 'X'* by H. E. Bates; *The Young Lions* by Irwin Shaw; *For Whom the Bell Tolls* by Ernest Hemingway; *Eastern Approaches* by Fitzroy MacLean; *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* by T. E. Lawrence; *From the City from the Plough* by Alexander Baron.

Richard Aldington for an extract from *Death of a Hero*.

Corgell and Company Limited, for extracts from *I Looked Right* by Elizabeth Denham; *The Grey Captain* by Jere Wheelwright; *The Cruiser* by Warren Tute; *The Second World War* by Winston S. Churchill; *The Sixth Column* by Mahomed Khan Durrani; *Against the Sun* by Edward Lanchberry; *The Arabian Bird* by Constantine Fitzgibbon.

Oxford University Press Limited for an extract from *The Fallen Angel* by William T. Poole.

Robert Hale Limited, for an extract from *You'll Die in Singapore* by Charles McCormac.

Rupert Hart-Davies Limited, for an extract from *Operation Heart-break* by Duff Cooper.

Allen and Unwin Limited, for an extract from *The Last Inspection* by Alun Lewis.

William Collins Limited for an extract from *From Here to Eternity* by James Jones.

T. V. Boardman Limited, for an extract from *A War of Shadows* by W. Stanley Moss.

Hodder and Stoughton Limited for an extract from *In Spite of Dungeons* by S. J. Davies.

CONTENTS

1. YOUTH GOES TO WAR

	<i>Page</i>
Household Cavalry Recruit	13
First Solo Flight	22
Trench Warfare	32
Escape in a Hearse from Occupied France	43
Croix De Cuisine	60
The Raid	66
Prisoner of the Japanese	91
The Captain's Son	104

2. BATTLES LONG AGO

The Ark of the Covenant	115
The Battle of the Macaras	121
The Battle of Beder	136
How they fought at Aldreth	142
The Battle of Otterbourne	148
The Battle of Bothwell Bridge	156
The Battle of Toulouse	167
The Battle of Toulouse	182
Reactions of Some Civilians on the Day of Waterloo	192

3. UNKNOWN SOLDIERS

The Greatest People in the World	217
In the Sap	226
Unwounded Warrior	229
They Came	235

4. DOWN TO THE SEA IN SHIPS

The Great Armada	247
The Battle of Aboukir	263
H.M.S. Antigone	273

5. BELEAGUERED CITIES

	<i>Page</i>
The Defeat of the Athenians at Syracuse, 413 B.C.	285
The Siege of Babylon	302
The Conquest of Constantinople, 1203	309
The French at Moscow, 1812	334
The Relief of Lucknow	248
The Germans in Paris	361
The London Blitz,	391

6. TREACHERY

The Betrayal and Execution of the Inca of Peru, 1532-33	399
The Bombing of Pearl Harbour	435

7. DIVERTISEMENT

The Start of an Underground Movement	458
The Killing of the Fascists	472
With Tito in Yugoslavia	503
A Box of Matches	508
Guerilla Warfare in Crete,	513
Preparing for the Maan Attack	524
D-Day	534
Gloucester Hill	546
From those Gay and Carefree Days	555

8. SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES

Alexander's Expedition Against Darius	560
The Second British Expedition	570
The Battle of Hastings	578
The Battle of the Pyramids	598
The Mad Major	606

INTRODUCTION

BY

FRED URQUHART

I HATE war, and I don't like reading most of the books about it. I never for instance, read from choice books of the *How I Shot Down 556 German Planes* type; I cannot see what good I could gain from them. But war in Literature is as inescapable as war in Life. Often the books which contain the best writing about war were not written from any martial angle. War just crept into them because it is so much part and parcel of human existence. No serious writer can ignore it. Let us take *Vanity Fair*. It is not a war book, yet Thackeray's imaginative description of the Battle of Waterloo can take its place beside those of Victor Hugo's in *Les Misérables* and Stendhal's in *Le Chartreuse de Parme*: it is a description which is all the more moving because it is told entirely from the non-combatant point of view. War is not only a matter of the deaths of soldiers; it is a matter of what happens to those they leave behind. Death in combat is an end for the soldier, but it has a different meaning for the wives, mothers, sweethearts, children and friends who sorrow for them. Are their emotions, therefore, any less important than those men who have been killed?

Almost every historical novel, no matter how quietly it may be written, how gentle its conception, has either some account of a battle or some other echo of warfare. Yet it is quite common to hear men—and women—whose favourite reading is war books, say that they could not be bothered to read the novels of Walter Scott, Bulwer Lytton or Gustave Flaubert. They announce "I never read fiction" as if it were something to be proud of. Would it not be better if they did? If they must read about war, surely it would be more rewarding to read *War and Peace*, universally acknowledged to be a masterpiece by one of the world's greatest writers, than to read *How I Shot Down 556 German Planes*, a book supposed to have been written by Wing Commander X.Y.Z. but actually compiled from his exploits by Johnny Hack, a journalist whose nearest approach to warfare has been his daily struggle to get to the bar in *The Cockpit*, the pub next door to his newspaper office. This is not intended to be derogatory to Wing Commander X.Y.Z. and others like him. They were brave men, but not only was it not in the province of most of them also to be great writers, they saw war only from their own viewpoints. A number of great

soldiers have been great writers as well—Julius Caesar and T. E. Lawrence are only two of the names that leap to mind—but the most effective accounts of campaigns have usually been written by men who were onlookers or “outsiders.” It stands to reason that a man fighting in the thick of a conflict, battling for existence, his senses blunted by action, will not view a battle or campaign with as much objectivity as a man looking at it from the outside. Certainly his view of small parts of the conflict will be clearer and more vivid; he can see details that could never be seen by the outsider. But when it comes to an over-all picture of war, the outsider, the trained observer with imagination and sensitivity, the *born* writer, usually gives a much more penetrating, objective, and, on the whole, more colourful account. Because of this, therefore, it seems to me that the best accounts of war, with a few notable exceptions where the man of action has also been a natural writer, are to be found in fiction.

Whether in fiction form or in fact, however, only the best writings about war survive the passage of time. The greatest always have something to recommend them not only to the martially-minded but to these readers to whom the entire paraphernalia of war, the stupidity, the blood, the useless carnage, the horror and filth, is anathema. The people in the greatest war stories do not become soldiers because they love war; they do not boast about their prowess with sword, machine-gun or bomb-release. They may accept the inevitability of war, believing it to be the only solution—horrible though it is—to economic and ideological antagonism between nations. They may accept the dictum, “My country right or wrong,” usually attributed to Voltaire, “I disapprove of what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it.” But invariably they do not glorify their actions or the actions of others. They do not write of the horrors of the battlefield with unctuous sensationalism. Their descriptions of death, torture, pain, and of man’s inhumanity to man in all its vilest forms, may often be more pictorial, more terrifying and more nauseating than the accounts of others who have neither their sensibility nor their skill with words; but they write like this not because they have enjoyed the butchery of battle or are getting pleasure from writing about it. They write like this in order to tell future generations of war’s futility and to endeavour to show them by their own example how degrading it is.

Two of the greatest successes of recent years have been the American novels *From Here To Eternity* by James Jones and *The Naked and The Dead* by Norman Mailer. Both are sordid, cruel, stark, and horrifying. Yet neither was written from a desire to

glorify the soldiers they feature. Both have been read by millions; and among these millions probably nine people out of ten read for vicarious pleasure, revelling in the blood, lust and depravity which war inevitably brings. Yet others—and perhaps it is not accurate or just to say one out of ten, for probably the average was higher (at least one likes to think so)—got something else from them. Reading about the sufferings of Mailer's G.I.s in the terror of jungle-warfare against the Japanese, or about the tortures sustained by Jones's hero Prewitt in the Stockade at Schofield Barracks, they may have thought: "There but for the grace of God go I," and have made up their minds to do something to prevent their children from ever enduring similar experiences. Both Jones and Mailer are novelists in the great tradition, and as it is a novelist's heritage and duty to put life on paper as he sees it, neither has minced his words in these books. But both know that a novelist's task is also to give a pattern and a meaning to life, to show that a man has a finer side to him, that he has a spirituality, a striving to be better, a side of him which reasons and thinks; and so their books are not intended for the mere sensation-seeker, they are pictures of what war does to the ordinary man-in-the-street, showing how, when he is treated like a beast, he behaves like a beast.

All the best war books contain something of this side of man's eternal conflict within himself, and if a book does not have it, then it is something I do not want to read. Though this, of course is a strictly personal point of view and I do not expect every reader to agree with me.

In compiling this anthology I have tried to give an over-all picture of men at war throughout the ages whether told in the form of fiction or of fact. I hope if it does no other good that some of the most hard-bitten non-fiction school of readers will like the excerpts from various works of imagination such as Scott's *Old Mortality*, Kingsley's *Hereward the Wake*, Duff Cooper's *Operation Heartbreak* (though it was founded on fact), Tolstoi's *War and Peace* and Alexander Baron's *From the City, From the Plough* well enough to be persuaded to tackle these works in their entirety; and that, having done so, their enjoyment will be such as to make them drop their parrot-cry "I never read fiction."

As far as possible I have tried to arrange the excerpts into some kind of pattern. Originally I wished to include passages from a factual account of the Spanish Civil War by a well-known English writer and from novels by two Americans and an Englishman; but unfortunately permission for anthologising these could not be obtained. I hope that neither these omissions nor any others I may have made inadvertently will mar the martial reader's pleasure!

1. Youth Goes to War

HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY RECRUIT

BY

TIM CAKEW

ON a hot July afternoon, I reported to the guardroom of the Household Cavalry Training Regiment at Windsor. Seated on a stool and gazing morosely into a mug of congealing cocoa was Corporal Ding Bell. He eyed me with undisguised disfavour.

"And wot," he finally asked, "are you?"

This seemed to be an unpromising beginning and I explained that I was a recruit.

Corporal Bell digested this piece of intelligence thoughtfully. At length he said: "Well, — off, we don't want yer," and started to clean his nails with a matchstick.

I explained as politely as possible that even though he, Corporal Bell, did not want me, I had no choice but to stay, and produced a bewildering array of documents which proved, hideous as it might seem, that I had in fact joined the regiment.

He favoured me with a sour stare, and summoned a trooper who, lying prone on his bed, had been reading a paper-backed novel entitled *The Dead Stay Dumb*.

"Ere," he said, "take this 'or'ible lookin' article away."

To-day, I believe, a recruit is introduced gradually and comparatively gently to the Army. This system did not apply to the Household Cavalry in 1940.

On arrival in a barrack room, I dumped my suitcase on the floor, sat down on the bed assigned to my use, and gazed about me. My escort had told me to listen for the "grub trumpet" and promptly lost interest in me. The room was totally deserted as it was 5 p.m., the time for evening stables. The stables were directly below the barrack room and I could hear a discordant sound made up of the shrill neighing of horses, kicking, scrubbing and obscene language.

I looked at myself in the one full-length mirror and saw a tall and bewildered youth clad in his best suit. It was a nice suit and had been worn twice before, once at a cocktail party and once at a race meeting. Very soon I was to bitterly regret putting it on.

I strolled to the window and looked out.

From: *All This and a Medal Too* by TIM CAKEW

What I saw stripped the cavalry of much of its glamour. I saw men unloading wheelbarrows of manure on to a vast and fetid pit. Others staggered past carrying what appeared to be impossibly large loads of hay. Horses were being watered and groomed. A trooper, holding a horse's tail up with one hand, was performing a menial office for the animal with a sponge held in the other, which it clearly resented. It showed its resentment by periodically aiming a savage kick at the man which he dodged with extraordinary agility. I could hear the soldier cursing the animal with a flood of mournful blasphemy. A cavalryman is reputed to love his horse, but if there was an undercurrent of affection intermingled in this conversation, I failed to detect it. Yet another soldier was squatting with a horse's hoof in his lap, scraping dirt out of it with an implement which went by the name of a hoof-pick. A magnificent skewbald pranced past, ridden bareback by a soldier in shirt-sleeves. I wondered where I had seen that horse before until I remembered the Coronation procession of 1937. It was the drum horse.

Presiding over this activity was a corporal of horse.¹ I gazed at him with interest. He was everywhere at once, and seemed to be charged with a frightening demoniac energy. I suddenly realised with a sick feeling of horror that he was staring straight at me. His gaze was not friendly.

Suddenly a terrifying shout rang out.

The reactions of beasts and men in his immediate vicinity were immediate and varied. A horse, which was being taken to the water trough, reared up on its hind legs. A soldier forking manure dropped his implement with a clatter. A young officer, who had been slapping his superbly booted calf with a whip in a disinterested fashion, jumped and dropped his whip. The shout was directed at me and was accompanied by an imperiously beckoning forefinger. I went down.

The corporal of horse looked at me for a full twenty seconds. His steely eye raked me from head to toe. He put his face very close to mine and said in a soft voice, but with indescribable menace: "And what might you be?"

I said, "I'm a recruit, sir," and felt rather like a mouse which finds itself confronted by a large and predatory tom-cat.

He said: "A recruit." He said it twice, savouring the words with his tongue.

I said, being anxious to help: "That's right, sir. A recruit. For the Household Cavalry," I added unnecessarily.

¹ In the Household Cavalry there are no Sergeants. A Corporal of Horse is the equivalent rank. Similarly, there are no Sergeant-Majors, but Corporal-Majors.

He looked at me for a further ten seconds. He said: "That's funny. I thought you were from the R.S.P.C.A."

I tittered dutifully, but there was no answering smile.

He pondered for a further ten seconds, and I started to sweat.

He said: "Know anything about horses?"

Now, horses as a child were my joy (they still would be if I could afford to have any). At the age of four, I was part owner of a Shetland pony. I had been presented with a fox's brush for sustained effort in the hunting field at ten. I had performed in pony shows and gymkhanas and had galloped round sundry show rings with rosettes of different hues between my teeth, to the tumultuous applause of my proud relatives.

I said: "Yes, indeed, sir. Ridden all my life." I was to rue those brave words.

"Ever mucked out a stable?"

"Well, er—"

"Get in there."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Get in there!"

The voice was no longer soft. It had risen to the shout which had caused the earlier chaos.

I looked round and followed the direction of his pointing finger. There was a horse in a stall who, or so it appeared to me, was shaking with silent and sinister laughter. It had plainly been in the stall for some time and there was ample evidence of its tenancy.

"Clean it out," said the corporal of horse conversationally.

I asked him where I could find a fork or a spade.

Once more his face was close to mine. He said: "Gawd made 'ands before He made forks and spades. *Move!*"

I moved.

By now the horse was laughing unashamedly.

For the next hour I staggered from the stall to the manure heap and back. On my outward journeys I carried straw and manure and returned laden with hay.

A sympathetic trooper, who was sweeping out a stall, said to me: "'Ard luck, mate. You should of stayed up in the barrack room and not shown yerself. Old Pozzy Pomfret's got an eye like a bloody 'awk. . . ."

At that moment a trumpet pealed.

"Thank Christ fer that," said the trooper—he hummed the tune to the words "Feed the —s, feed the —s, feed an' file away"—"That's the 'feed' call. Ungrateful long-faced bastards, that's wot they are. They bite the ruddy 'and wot feeds 'em. . . ." He took a feed tin down from a rack.

"Back in a minute, sweetheart," he said to the horse in the stall. "Look at the bastard!"—he slapped the animal's hindquarters affectionately—"He knows. But 'e's not a bad old screw. . . ."

I accompanied my new friend to a vast cauldron. Two troopers were ladling generous helpings of bran mash into each feed tin. The trooper told me that his name was Bill Barker. He was a long, gaunt man with a small ginger moustache. His peaked cap was on the back of his head, and his braces, in the inevitable manner of the groom, hung over his hips. While we waited in the queue I asked him how long he had been in the Army. He was, I thought, about thirty-five years old.

"Finished me eight in thirty-five," he explained, "whipped back on the reserve. Fight an' four I was on. That's eight with the colours and four on the reserve, see. — this war, I say. I 'ad a lovely job, an' all. Groom to a big bloke in Sussex. Fight quid a week an' a nice billet. Now I'm on twenty-two bob a week. It ain't right, y'know." He spat disgustedly, drew his horse's bran mash and walked back to the stable. From his breeches pocket he drew a carrot. "Swiped it aht the cook'ouse," he explained. I left him giving the carrot to his horse, crooning gently to the animal. . . .

I returned to the barrack room. Sitting on the bed next to mine was a trooper burnishing a stirrup iron. He looked up at my approach.

"It never ceases to amaze me," he said, "that we should be doing this. About thirty miles over the Channel are panzer divisions awaiting their Fuehrer's word to come and exterminate this island. And here am I, an able-bodied man still on the right side of thirty, expending large quantities of Brasso and energy on improving this quite faultless stirrup iron. And yet I have not the slightest doubt that Corporal of Horse Pomfret, in his wisdom, will tell me to-morrow that it's bright red with rust and that I'm a dirty, dozy man. It's a hard world."

He bent once more to his stirrup iron.

"Blimey, hark at 'im," said Trooper Wagstaffe admiringly from the next bed, "you ought to be in ruddy Parliament."

"It's their loss, old Wagstaffe," agreed the trooper sadly.

He polished a spur for a moment in silence. He saw me and a smile of rare charm suddenly flashed across his face. It transformed the cynical bitterness of his mouth. He dropped the spur and held out his hand to me.

"I'm Alistair MacKay," he announced. "Who are you?"

His voice intrigued me. It was so pure in its cadence that it seemed almost indecent in a cavalry barrack room.

I told him who I was.

"I suppose that if Kipling were here," continued Alistair Mac Kay, critically scrutinising a curb chain, "he would describe us as gentlemen rankers on the spree. Not that you can call this being on the spree. I take it that you, to use an overworked phrase, are some sort of gentleman? Not that I care," he added.

"I suppose I am," I admitted. "I went to a public school, my father is a retired colonel and my mother's first cousin is a peer. But it doesn't seem to make a lot of difference, does it?"

"Absolutely none," agreed Alistair. "What were you before?"

I told him that I was in the police force, which seemed to amuse him. It seems to amuse everybody.

"And what did you do?" I inquired.

"I wrote," said Alistair simply, "tolerable verse and indifferent short stories. Just before I joined up I had a play rejected. It was quite a good play, too," he added inconsequently.

A trooper on the next bed, who was pipeclaying a white lanyard, suddenly said: "Eyes down, 'ere comes Maimie."

I said, puzzled: "Who's Maimie?"

Alistair grinned. "You'll soon see," he said.

A tall, thin trooper skipped into the barrack room. He was dressed in uniform khaki slacks, Turkish slippers and a bright crimson shirt. He might have been any age from twenty to forty. His hair was golden, heavily creamed and wavy.

The trooper on the next bed said: "Your slip's showing Maimie."

The other soldiers in the barrack room continued to clean harness, read books, write letters and sleep. They seemed to think that there was nothing odd in the sudden appearance of a pansy in a bright red shirt.

Maimie said loudly: "Quickly, *quickly* tell me, *where* is the new recruit? *Why* hasn't he been shown to me, you awful creatures? I hear that he's *quite* heavenly and I want to be introduced to him at *once*."

"You'll scare the bloke away, Maimie," chided Trooper Wagstaffe. "Caw blimey, look at 'is shirt, you blokes. Why should England tremble, eh? Know what, I reckon Maimie's a — Communist." He laughed loudly at his own joke.

"I find you quite insufferable, Wagstaffe," Maimie said coldly. Trooper Wagstaffe put his hand to his mouth and blew a loud raspberry.

"I never knew you cared, Maimie," he said coyly.

Another trooper in the corner said in a high falsetto voice: "Come over 'ere, Maimie ducks, I feel sort of passionate. . . ." A roar of laughter greeted this sally. Maimie merely tossed his head

and addressed himself to me. He held out his hand, which I took. He squeezed it gently, and offered me a Turkish cigarette from a gold case.

"*Hôu* d'you do," he said effusively. "I really *must* apologise for these *revolting* people. But when I heard that there was a new-comer in our midst, I *had* to come and meet you. You *don't* mind, do you?"

The trooper in the corner started to sing: "Do not trust him, gentle maiden."

Maimie stood in the centre of the room, arms akimbo. He said: "I think you're all *perfectly* beastly this evening. I'm going *straight* to the Dog and Duck to see Sidney." He swept majestically from the barrack room, pursued by loud whistles.

"And what," I asked Alistair incredulously, "was that?"

"That's Maimie, that was," laughed Alistair. "She's quite harmless, really. It's put off, fifty per cent of it. Sidney's her boy friend who runs an antique shop in the town. But someone should have warned you about Maimie—she comes as a bit of a shock to a delicately nurtured youth." He reached for his tunic and cap. "Let's wander to the N.A.A.F.I. and have a bottle of beer," he suggested.

The N.A.A.F.I. was a teeming mass. Three young women in blue uniforms served about one hundred and fifty soldiers with tea, cakes, sausages and chips, beer, cigarettes, soap, writing paper, razor blades. Improper suggestions bounced off them like ping-pong balls. An out-of-tune piano was being inexpertly thumped by a bleary-eyed veteran who wore three service chevrons on his right sleeve and the Coronation Medal. Leaning against the piano was my friend of the stables, Trooper Bill Barker.

They sang:

"I'm Burlington Bertie
I rise at five-thirty
I go on King's Guard about ten—
I go on the square
With me heart in despair
An' the Adjutant sez 'Parade again,'
So I lost me name for a rusty bright chain—
Dirty boots, dirty buttons, a rusty state sword
An' it's swab, swab, we're in a posh mob
They ask me to sign on I say—NO!
For I lost me name for a rusty bright chain,
So — 'em, I ain't signing on. . . ."

They were joined by an officer's groom—a battered old sweat with three last war medals on his left breast.

He said: "'Ere's one these young soldiers won't know." He looked around at the assembled company contemptuously. Cavalrymen," he snorted in disgust, "I've s—— 'em."

They sang:

"I've been in the saddle for hours and hours
I stuck it as long as I could!
I stuck it and stuck it
But now I say chuck it,
My arse is not made of wood . . ."

and

"When we're takin' 'em out to water
I'll be kissin' the colonel's daughter
In the little 'arness room acrost the square!"

Alistair said: "It's rather fun, isn't it . . .?"

I am bound to admit that it was.

The training of recruits in the Household Cavalry was designed in such a way that to get from one parade to another in time was next door to a physical impossibility. The days seemed to be of an interminable length; the nights were inevitably too short. An insistent trumpet pealed Reveille at 5.40 a.m. and roll call was at five-fifty. The squadron corporal-major, I decided never slept. At five-fifty to the second he burst from his lair. Drunk with sleep, we stood at ease. A roar shattered the dawn—PARADE!! Parade, Ten—shaaaaaaaa! S'you weah! Wake yourselves UP! Parade—shaaaaaaaa! Arkwright, Adams, Anstey, Barker, Brewer, Bates . . .

Then followed twenty minutes of feverish activity. The bedding was removed, the horses watered and fed. With straw and manure still adhering to our persons we raced for breakfast. Quarter-past six found us struggling out of dungarees into breeches and puttees for the seven o'clock ride. By seven o'clock we were to be standing outside the stables with an impeccably groomed horse, accoutred with gleaming harness. It was a physical impossibility, but we did it.

The degree of impossibility depended on the horse. The older horses would stand docilely and accept the bridle, the saddle and the surcingle almost gratefully. Not so the young remounts, who would stamp and fret, bite, rear and express their resentment in a hundred different ways. The fact that a horse trod on your foot, pinned you to the wall, flung the saddle to the floor and rolled on it was not accepted as an excuse—the trumpet pealed inexorably

at 6.55 a.m.—“Fall in the ride.” Horse not ready? Take his name, corporal. . . .

By some miracle we found ourselves outside the stable at 7 a.m. We stood nervously flicking specks of dust off our saddles and wiping foam from our curb chains.

The squadron corporal-major approached. He bellowed: “Stand to your horses!”

The position of “stand to your horses” is one of attention, with the right arm stiffly outstretched, holding the rein near the bit. On the command “In front of your horses,” you look into the horse’s eyes, holding the reins at each corner of the bit. The corporal-major submitted beast and man to a searching inspection and announced that we looked like the bloody camel corps.

In the riding school I saw a familiar figure mounted on a huge chestnut. It was Corporal of Horse Pomfret.

He said simply: “Those of you who can’t ride will be able to by the time I’ve finished with you—that’s a promise. Let’s see you walk round the ring.”

In my squad were a coal-miner, a garage mechanic, a sheet metal worker, a bricklayer, a professional footballer, a hairdresser, a fruit hawker and a disdainful hunt servant. The hunt servant, who had been a second whip to a famous hunt for five years and had served in a mounted yeomanry regiment before that, had said without batting an eyelid that he’d ridden very little. With the exception of myself, none of the others had ever ridden at all.

I thought complacently that it was easy. I was mounted on a placid and friendly old bay who had trotted in many a royal escort.

But the hairdresser clearly had his hands full. Sitting precariously on a raking black with a vicious eye, he had clung successively to its mane, round its neck and to the pommel of the saddle. The horse, who was obviously tired of him, gave a final contemptuous buck and deposited the unfortunate man into the sand. “And another redskin hit the dust,” observed the hunt servant with macabre humour.

Corporal of Horse Pomfret ranged us in front of him and raked us with his gimlet eye. It finally fell on me.

He said: “Aha, a horseman, I see. Said you could ride. Seem to remember you saying you’d ridden all your life.”

I said: “Well—”

“On you get,” said Corporal of Horse Pomfret impassionately.

I think I was on the brute’s back for thirty seconds. I suspected that the black horse was in league with Pomfret. It lifted its heels joyously, but I was ready for that one and remained in the saddle. Snorting with rage, the animal then bucked and threw me.



over its head. I described a neat arc in the air and landed at the feet of Pomfret's horse. Winded, and with my mouth and eyes full of sand, I thought: I've broken my collar-bone or my pelvis, or both. Now they'll have to invalid me out.

From what seemed a very long way I heard a familiar voice. Dimly, through the sand, I saw a moustache.

The voice said: "And who told you to dismount?"

That night I was busily formulating plans to become a fighter pilot. . . .

FIRST SOLO FLIGHT

BY

WALTER CLAPHAM

CORPORAL PEARSON, who'd won the Military Medal at Boulogne, clapped me on the shoulder.

"Come on, Johnny," he said, "we're wanted."

The boys were putting on their parachutes, taking little glances through the windows as they adjusted straps. Bushes were still clawing at the windows, but now and then the sun dodged through the broken ranks of clouds.

I saw my instructor, Flight-Sergeant Campbell, staring at me coldly. He was a stocky, dark-haired man of about twenty-eight with angry eyes and a sullen mouth. He was a regular; had joined the Air Force as a boy, and had a distinguished air of long suffering.

"Better pull your finger out," he told me. "Weather isn't much, but it'll hold enough to give you some air experience."

"I'm ready now, Flight."

"Right, then. Get out to the kite. Number 352."

I got as far as the door and then remembered my helmet. I caught it, standing in the doorway, as Corporal Pearson threw it at me, a grin enlivening his blurred, boozy features. I walked across the field, treading clumsily, with the 'chute thumping my back. The wind was still fresh, bending the grass in front of the flight hut, snapping at the elevators of the lined-up Tiger Moths.

An urchin in a red pullover and grey flannels was standing beside number 352, leaning against the propellor. The field belonged to a flying club, and maintenance was still in the hands of civilians.

"Gonna start up now?" he asked.

"Er—no. I think I'll wait for the flight-sergeant."

He spat in disgust, taking no further interest, as I climbed into the rear cockpit and began strapping myself in the Sutton harness, tugging at the straps and trying to secure the pins. A panic seized me that I would not be ready in time for the flight-sergeant. Looking back towards the hut, I saw him walking out, his hands in his pockets, his head bent downwards. I was still struggling when he came up to me.

"What's the matter?" he shouted.

I pointed to the harness.

"Oh! Good God! I thought you'd been shown that time and time again."

He climbed up and fixed it for me, and then clambered into the front seat. His voice came over the Gosport tube—too calm, too restrained.

"I'll just run over the starting-up procedure. I'm not going to show this to you more than once, so make sure you get it buttoned up."

The young mechanic turned the propellor, and the engine sang out harshly, vibrating the fuselage.

"You can go through your cockpit drill now, while we're running up."

I strove hard to remember, repeating each procedure over the tube.

"So you'd take off without setting your altimeter to zero, would you?" he said. "You've been waiting around on the deck long enough to get that word-perfect. Not a very good show, is it? Anyway, here we go."

He taxied across the field, and turning into the wind told me with the exaggerated restraint: "Take-off—really nothing to it. Open your throttle to get her rolling, and then right open. Get your stick forward a little to raise the tail—check it there; correct with your rudders for swing, keep her straight, and you'll find she'll fly herself off. Right?"

We began moving, rumbling along like a cart driven crazily over cobbles, and then suddenly the rumbling was gone. There was just the vibration, a gentle, smooth rocking, the snarl of the engine and a faint singing in the wires. I sat very still. We were turning. Hedges, fields and roads were settling into exquisite patterns. The wind blew on my face, fresh and cold. The clouds were no longer flat but knobbly as boulders, and bearing down upon us.

"Not very thick, this stuff," shouted the flight-sergeant. "We'll go through it and take a look at the other side."

Now the clouds were only just above us. There was a sudden swirl of a gauzy substance like a shawl. It came again and this time we were lost—lost in the toils of a yellow murk that clutched us to its fetid bosom, bathed us in its sweat, rocked us up and down in an evil madness.

There came a lifting gleam of light. One soaring leap and we were free, and just under us stretched an endless world of snow, rich with valleys and mountains so white that they dazzled the eyes, and over us was an untrammelled blue sky with the sun

beating down as strongly as on a summer's day. Clouds were the great deceivers.

Whiteness fiercer than fire, purer than the childhood dreams of a fabulous northern land. Enchantment so rare, so wove of gold and blue and white, that suddenly I was a child again and there were no grey years between. Old legends, old fairy-tales were bright and once more true.

The flight-sergeant dipped a wing and waved a hand. I looked down and saw, sweeping the snow, a shadowy aircraft flying with us. Rainbow-tipped, filmy yet so complete, it was a ghost machine haunting the clouds, and I felt privileged and unworthy to watch it.

"Our shadow!" yelled the flight-sergeant. I smiled but couldn't believe him. Then we went down, and down, till we were skimming the white land, flying smoothly through its valleys, lifting our wings over its peaks, till finally we were just climbing, heading straight into the sun and I felt its warmth on the top of my helmet. Into the sun! I sat back with my hands on the cockpit and felt light and free and not caring if we ever came down. Light in my heart and mind again as when a child; free of the hateful, filthy things that belonged to the earth, free of the days that were gone, free of to-morrow, free of fear, save for my fear of the flight-sergeant.

This was no swift conviction. It grew within me, climbing as we climbed, singing as the engine sang, until it seemed it was set for always.

My dear aunt, how small is your world! Your sacred villa is a tiny stud tacked down to a thin grey line. And you, Mr. Protheroe—from here, your black suit, your umbrella go unnoticed, as you thread your life between your rows of studs. Truly you are less than the speck of dust you flick from your coat—that is the size of *your* consequence. Mr. Prothero, reader of dreary books—here are the things that you will never read. Sit on Friday noons and crow importance in your club. Your voice sounds loud under the ceiling of that hallowed dining-room. The approval of your friends is like a trumpet in your ears, but here not a murmur reaches. Not a murmur under a ceiling that is calm and illimitable, where the very morning is a hymn in brass. Little people, this is a world that you will never know. Tread your ways for a space that is but a moment in the eye of the sun. Look up to it more often and grow humble. Shame on me to think you fooled me for so long.

I felt a smoothing-off of power, and saw the throttle lever move beside me.

"You got her!" suddenly screamed the flight-sergeant. I bent

forward, not understanding. The aircraft became graceless and unsettled.

"I said 'You got her,' " came the harsh voice again.

I saw the flight-sergeant holding his hands stiffly above him.

"I've got her!"

I grabbed the stick and tried to settle the wings on the horizon. In the end I succeeded, and felt a delicious glow of satisfaction and conceit.

"Use your rudder, man, and keep her straight. We don't want to go crabbing around in circles."

"I said use your rudders, not crash your clodhopper feet all over them. This is an aircraft, so treat it gently. You're supposed to be flying it, not carrying a bloody musket in the Army."

My initial feeling of resentment crystallised into hate. This man was the last barrier between me and the new freedom, for now I knew that all I wanted was to be up in this world entirely alone. There was only one way to achieve this—the acquisition of sufficient skill to do without him, so it must be, "Yes, Flight, no, Flight, three bags full, Flight," until that time should arrive.

All the instructors, I discovered that evening, when we were lying on our beds and talking of nothing but flying, used this same rude, abrupt method of approach, but I sensed that the relations between Flight-Sergeant Campbell and myself were different. There was always the occasional joke, I learnt, to take the edge off the hate, but I could never imagine the flight-sergeant joking with me.

I lay on my bed and worried. I wasn't alone in this. On the bottom tier opposite lay a pale-faced boy—the Frog. We called him the Frog because his eyes were round and wet, his head was too big for his small, spindly body. He had enormous feet, which he seldom washed, and he talked incessantly, quoting technical books with arrogant authority. He'd shown up brilliantly in the exams, but his arms were so thin and weak that the P.T. period exhausted him. He fumbled the simplest catch of a ball and in the baths struggled with a frantic breast stroke. He'd been a clerk in the R.A.S.C. orderly room, and now his fierce insistence that he should become a pilot was an agony to him and an embarrassment to the rest of us.

He lay back, with his arms across his chest, and the light found hollows in his cheeks. From downstairs came the sound of piano music. We were billeted in a country house, and, sometimes the owner, a friendly, white-haired old man, played for us at night. Whenever he began to play there would be a reverent congregating of boys in pyjama pants and sweaters in that long, dark-panelled room, and an ascension of faces up the wide staircase. The music

roved like an absent-minded ghost, filtering into every dormitory of the old house, losing itself in the garden.

"How's it going?" I asked the Frog.

He stretched himself, staring at me with cold, unblinking eyes.

"Got a fag?" he whispered. I threw him a cigarette. He coughed as he lit up.

"Oh! I dunno. He keeps binding away at me. Can't seem to do a thing right. I was sick again this morning—all over the flaming cockpit. He was showing me stalls, and I just couldn't keep anything down in my guts. I'll be all right, though, when I get used to it."

He became irritated. "It's damn silly. I know what to do—everything! I mugged it all up even before I got into this lot. Spins, slow rolls, loops, everything!"

He sat up, flapping a pyjama sleeve. "There's nothing I don't know how to do. I've got it all wrapped up. It's jst my guts—and, well, sort of getting used to it."

He paused and scratched his head. His brassy voice became quiet, almost confidential. "It seems a long way up there, don't it? You know, I reckon you must feel lonely when you're up there by yourself."

He sank back and his voice died out.

Lonely? I wondered. No, never lonely. I wouldn't feel like that. Free, thoughtful, yes. But never lonely.

"You don't want to let it get you down, son."

I looked up at the curls of tobacco smoke over the top tier. Kiwi, the New Zealand boy, was lying flat on his back, puffing at an old pipe. He had a red, cheerful face and a tangle of black hair.

"Now, that's the trouble with you jokers. You let 'em get you down too easily. From what I can make out it's all you've been used to. Too much of this 'Yes, sir, very good sir' stuff. Not your fault! You can't help it if you weren't raised down under."

"Horse dung!" I told him bluntly.

He laughed noisily, leaning down, puffing his pipe at me, frightening the music as it stole up the corridor.

"No, seriously, though, Johnny. The only difference between you and the bloke in the front cockpit is a thousand flying hours. That's the way I look at it. That's why it don't worry me. Anyway, skip it. What do you jokers say to a slice of fruit cake all the way from Auckland?"

He took a tin from the top of his locker and began carving with his jack-knife. The cake was almost black with fruit. The Frog ate greedily, his big, wet eyes glowing.

"You right now?"

"Right enough!"

The Frog grunted and began searching his bed for crumbs.

The week after, three of the course went solo. I watched them take off and make their bumpy landings. I ran out with the others to give them a smile and put a hand to their wing-tips. But though I was glad for them, my heart ached with envy and despair, for I couldn't imagine Flight-Sergeant Campbell saying to me: "Well I'm getting out. Just make a circuit and come in for a landing."

On the Thursday morning the flight-commander took young Bostock up for his final ride. Bostock looked calm, almost perky, when he landed. He'd told us firmly, candidly, after his very first flight that he detested flying, and that he reckoned he'd be better off back in the Army, reunited with rifle and pack, and with his two feet planted safely on the ground. For a "wash-out" he was incredibly cheerful. We watched him as he packed his kit that evening. He whistled and sang as he sorted his belongings, and everyone agreed that it was a damned bad show and that he was lacking in all decent feeling.

I looked warily at the flight-commander those days. He was a quiet-spoken, middle-aged flight-lieutenant, and it seemed odd that such tremendous, final power should be rested in him. I feared the worst, for I'd seen him deliberating with Flight-Sergeant Campbell, both of them looking at me out of the corner of their eyes.

One morning the flight-sergeant walked casually towards the board and chalked "flight-commander's check" opposite my name. The rest of the boys busied themselves with little jobs about their lockers, avoiding my eyes.

I trudged out to the kite and, soon after, the flight-commander joined me. His voice sounded quiet, politely bored, over the Gosport tube. I tried desperately hard from the very moment of take-off, and occasionally he became irritated and said: "No, no—not like that. Take it easy now."

In the end, every muscle slack in a surrender of exhaustion, I brought it in for a good three-point landing. The flight-commander looked thoughtful as he strode back to the flight hut. In the doorway he said: "I'm going to give you a few more hours with another instructor—that's all I can do. It's up to you now. That was a good landing, by the way."

Back in the locker room I slumped down upon my parachute and wiped the sweat from my eyes. . . .

Flying Officer Randall was my new instructor. Corporal Pearson, one of his pupils, had warned me of his wrath and extravagant obscenity. The flying officer was fierce, flamboyant, with brutal

eyes and a red moustache, fantastic in breadth and texture. He walked painfully with a limp, his shoulders lurching as his parachute beat behind him. He'd flown a Spitfire brilliantly in 1940 until one summer evening they dragged him from it with a shattered leg.

He grunted when he saw me waiting in the rear cockpit, and during the next half-hour the tube quivered with the most colourful and downright oaths. But strangely, I didn't resent them, deeming them fascinating and without malice.

At four thousand feet on a frosty morning we practised spins till my head was dizzy from seeing the tinselled fields go whirling round me, and the sun coming to greet me with a bright hello!

"O.K., I got her," shouted Randall. "Is your harness O.K.?"

"Yes, sir."

"Right, then. This is a slow roll."

We went over to port and I found myself hanging from my straps. It was a queer feeling. I savoured it again a moment later, for this time we rolled to starboard.

"Now a loop, eh?" yelled Randall. "Nothing to this one at all!"

So it seemed. It was pleasant and graceful, a god-like balancing of two worlds. We did more loops, and stall turns, and rolls off the top and then lost height in an easy glide.

"What course would you steer home?" asked Randall suddenly.

I looked at the sun and searched anxiously for the one landmark of a tussocky hill.

"Er—about 170, sir."

"Um! Fair enough."

Now we were very low, no more than five hundred feet above huddled woods and ploughed fields. The voice of the flying officer sounded gruff, yet almost apologetic.

"Now, about this low-flying business, Somers. I'll have to show it you sooner or later, so here goes."

We came right down till we were jumping hedges with little flicks of the stick; travelling, it seemed, at a breathless, intoxicating speed.

"Tallyho! Tallyho! You little brown bastard," screamed the flying officer.

I saw him leaning over the fuselage, holding a revolver, flying the aircraft casually with his left hand. Ahead of our starboard wing faced a lean hare. Lower still, over pasture now, almost brushing the silvered grass, so that I saw it twinkling in the wake of the hare, and could see the beauty of the hare as it leapt. The gun jerked three times and I heard the explosions dully over the noise of the engine, but the hare turned right-handed, unscathed, and made for a hedge.

"Oh, bloody hell," yelled the flying officer. "Poor show—very poor show."

He pulled on the stick and climbed to a discreet, respectable fifteen hundred feet, and from there let me fly it home. I stopped and waited for him on our way back to the flight hut. I'd forgotten about his leg.

"Um! By the way, Somers," he muttered, as he lurched and snorted at my side, "no need to mention to anyone about our—our little hunting episode, eh? Might not understand! Red tape an' all that, you know."

"Oh, of course not, sir! Course not!"

"Good show, Somers!"

I felt I had some slight pull on him, so I asked him in a flurry of words: "How do they feel—I mean, what's the opinion about me, sir? Do they reckon I'm going to make it?"

He puckered up his red-rimmed eyes and pulled at his moustache.

"Well, it's fifty to one you don't at the moment the way you're buggerin' about. Your landings are good, though—even better'n some of the senior course."

He stopped and scorched me with a sudden, swift blast—"But why the hell are you so bloody idiotic with your heights and speeds? You've got to pull your finger out—right out."

We began walking again.

"I dunno, though," he murmured. "I reckon we might cope."

I suffered the shame of seeing the Frog get off before me. It wasn't my fault, for I was ready, but Randall was in bed with flu.

When the Frog walked out that morning his eyes glowed horribly, like gas lights in a fog. His under lip was sucked in and his nostrils made little valvular movements. He was never more frog-like. Because of this, and because we knew that after one quiet circuit his instructor would get out and leave him to it, we stood in front of the flight hut, not only pupils, but also instructors. Even the red-haired girl who kept the flying times left her little table.

He took off and climbed into wind, turning rather early. There seemed nothing wrong with his circuit. While we were watching him on his down-wind leg, his instructor, a little bald-headed man, came up to us and lit a cigarette.

We saw him struggle across wind, fighting to keep straight. Then we heard him cut his engine as he turned in for the landing. He came in much too high, much too fast. It was obvious from the moment he crossed the hedge that he would never get in, yet he forced it down and down till the whole thing became a madness.

"Round again! Round again!" we muttered.

"Oh! You clot, you clot!" whispered his instructor. "Round again!"

He decided this for himself at the very last second, for we saw the nose lift slightly, swinging away to port, badly out of wind. On this side there was a row of poplars, closely spaced, save for one small gap like a missing tooth. He was gathered up by trees, lost in the longing arms of branches, so that it was hard to tell, confused by distance, whether he had made the gap. Then we saw him climbing, as he should have climbed before, but climbing at a steep and crazy angle. Not a word was said during his second circuit. This time he flew in sluggishly, dropped heavily over the hedge, making five flea-like hops before pulling up.

We yelled our relief and amusement, raced over to him, caught hold of his wing-tips, and guided him in. He waved a hand limply, smiling at us, but the smile was terrible. His instructor stared at him with concerned repulsion—the look of a man who has fathered a monster—his bald head gleaming with sweat, although it was a cool day.

"By the grace of God and Handley-Page slots," he murmured, crossing himself gently with his ungloved hand.

That weekend I spent in London with the boys who were celebrating their solo flights. I drank with them in pubs off Piccadilly, joined in their laughter, and fed the fires of their great conceit. But always I saw them ahead of me, as in a helter-skelter dream, and felt I was catching at their coat-tails, desiring to be safe and free within their magic circle. In a Y.M.C.A. hostel I lay awake, aching for Monday, the while they snored their choral chant of triumph.

When Monday came I was impatient, almost angry, with the flying officer.

"Get out, blast you, get out!" my heart said.

At last he got out and I was strangely touched by the forlorn and dwindling view—the rise and fall of his shoulders, the drooping moustache, the sad dangling of his long scarf. But I took no notice of his last-flung words: "Watch her without my weight—watch she don't float!"

I took off smoothly, keeping the nose down till the last moment. Five hundred feet—first turn. One thousand—level off. Very confident I began talking to her.

"Nice gentle turn, sweetheart. That's lovely. There they are below. See 'em? We don't need 'em, do we? Sing away, would you? I'll sing with you. What are we going to sing? So, you don't like my singing, eh? Well, then, sing by your flaming self."

I turned for the cross-wind leg over the tussocky hill. Everything was according to plan; just as I'd done it a score of times with

Randall. I watched the wind-sock carefully, then cut the motor and held her a little steeply as I turned. It was quiet, rather lonely, without the engine. I said to myself: "Sixty-five, sixty-five on the clock, that's the speed. Come on, now. Keep her at sixty-five."

There was a fine view forward over the empty seat as I went over the hedge at the usual height and speed. Everything was going to be all right. Up came the grass to meet me—bending blades of grass, not just a mat of green. Wait for it! Now! Check back on the stick, then gently, gently, right back.

But it hated to settle. It was behaving badly as if loth to wheel in. The farther hedge drifted too close and I remembered Randall's words: "Watch she don't float."

Swiftly I altered the trim and opened the throttle. Round again, yes, round again, yes, round again rather than nosing into the ditch. Nothing to worry about. I had all the time in the world—only this time I was going to get in.

No honeyed words for her now. "Right, now you old cow. Get round! Now, cut!"

I lost height rapidly and had to zip the engine to get over the hedge. One bump and I was down with the tail a little high. I paddled the rudders to keep her straight till we came to a stop, then lifted my goggles and waited. I looked over to the flight hut but there was no movement. There was no one in sight. Perhaps they were all flying, or busy with a lecture inside, or maybe they hadn't seen me. Anyway, you couldn't expect them to be running out all their lives. So, in the end, I eased the throttle and taxied in gently by myself.

TRENCH WARFARE: 1916

BY

RICHARD ALDINGTON

WINTERBOURNE had an easy initiation into trench warfare. The cold was so intense that the troops on both sides were chiefly occupied in having pneumonia and trying to keep warm. He found himself in a quiet sector which had been fought over by the French in 1914 and had been the scene of a fierce and prolonged battle in 1915 after the British took over the sector. During 1916, when the main fighting shifted to the Somme, the sector had settled down to ordinary trench warfare. Trench raids had not then been much developed, but constant local attacks were made on battalion or brigade fronts. A little later the sector atoned for this calm.

To Winterbourne, as to so many others, the time element was of extreme importance during the war years. The hour-goddesses who had danced along so gaily before, and have fled from us since with such mocking swiftness, then paced by in a slow, monotonous file as if intolerably burdened. People at a distance thought of the fighting as heroic and exciting, in terms of cheering bayonet charges or little knots of determined men holding out to the last Lewis gun. That is rather like counting life by its champagne suppers and forgetting all the rest. The qualities needed were determination and endurance, inhuman endurance. It would be much more practical to fight modern wars with mechanical robots than with men. But then, men are cheaper, although in a long war the initial outlay on the robots might be compensated by the fact that the quality of the men deteriorates, while they cost more in upkeep. But that is a question for the War Departments. From the point of view of efficiency in war, the trouble is that men have feelings; to attain the perfect soldier, we must eliminate feelings. To the human robots of the last war, time seemed indefinitely and most unpleasantly prolonged. The dimension then measured as a "day" in its apparent duration approached what we now call a "month." And the long series of violent stalemates on the Western front made any decision seem impossible. In 1916 it looked as if no line could be broken, because, so long as enough new troops were hurried to threatened points the attacker was bound to be held up; and the supplies of new troops

From: Death of a Hero by RICHARD ALDINGTON

seemed endless. It became a matter of which side could wear down the other's man-power and moral endurance. So there also was the interminable. The only alternatives seemed an indefinite prolongation of misery, or death or mutilation, or collapse of some sort. Even a wound was a doubtful blessing, a mere holiday, for wounded men had to be returned again and again to the line.

For the first six or eight "weeks," Winterbourne, like all his companions, was occupied in fighting the cold. The Pioneer Company to which he was attached were digging a sap out into No Man's Land and making trench-mortar emplacements just behind the front line. They worked on these most of the night, and slept during the day. But the ground was frozen so hard that progress was tediously slow.

The company were billeted in the ruins of a village behind the reserve trenches, over a mile from the front line. The landscape was flat, almost treeless except for a few shell-blasted stumps, and covered with snow frozen hard. Every building in sight had been smashed, in many cases almost level with the ground. It was a mining country with great queer hills of slag and strange pit-head machinery in steel, reduced by shell-fire to huge masses of twisted rusting metal. They were in a salient, with the half-destroyed, evacuated town of M—— in the elbow-crook on the extreme right. The village churchyard was filled with graves of French soldiers; there were graves inside any of the houses which had no cellars, and graves flourished over the bare landscape. In all directions were crosses, little wooden crosses, in ones and twos and threes, emerging blackly from the frozen snow. Some were already askew; one just outside the ruined village had been snapped short by a shell-burst. The dead men's caps, mouldering and falling to pieces, were hooked on to the tops of the crosses—the grey German round cap, the French blue-and-red *képi*, the English khaki. There were also two large British cemeteries in sight—rectangular plantations of wooden crosses. It was like living in the graveyard of the world—dead trees, dead houses, dead mines, dead villages, dead men. Only the long steel guns and the transport wagons seemed alive. There were no civilians, but one of the mines was still worked about a mile and a half further from the line.

Behind Winterbourne's billet were hidden two large howitzers. They fired with a reverberating crash which shook the ruined houses, and the diminishing scream of the departing shells was strangely melancholy in the frost-silent air. The Germans rarely returned the fire—they were saving their ammunition. Occasionally a shell screamed over and crashed sharply among the ruins; the

huge detonation spouted up black earth or rattling bricks and tiles. Fragments of the burst shell-case hummed through the air.

But it was the cold that mattered. In his efforts to defend himself aginst it, Winterbourne, like the other men, was strangely and wonderfully garbed. Round his belly, next the skin, he wore a flannel belt. Over that a thick woollen vest, grey flannel shirt, knitted cardigan jacket, long woollen under-pants and thick socks. Over that, service jacket, trousers, puttees, and boots; then a sheep-skin coat, two mufflers round his neck, two pairs of woollen gloves and over them trench gloves. In addition came equipment—box respirator on the chest, steel helmēt, rifle and bayonet. The only clothes he took off at night were his boots. With his legs wrapped in a greatcoat, his body in a grey blanket, a ground-sheet underneath, pack for pillow, and a dixie of hot tea-and-rum inside him, he just got warm enough to fall asleep when very tired.

Through the broken roof of his billet Winterbourne could see the frosty glitter of the stars and the white rime. In the morning, when he awoke, he found his breath frozen on the blanket. In the line his short moustache formed icicles. The boots beside him froze hard, and it was agony to struggle into them. The bread in his haversack froze greyly; and the taste of frozen bread is horrid. Little spikes of ice formed in the cheese. The tins of jam froze and had to be thawed before they could be eaten. The bully beef froze in the tins and came out like chunks of reddish ice. Washing was a torment. They had three tubs of water between about forty of them each day. With this they shaved and washed—about ten or fifteen to a tub. Since Winterbourne was a late-comer to the battalion, he had to wait until the others had finished. The water was cold and utterly filthy. He plunged his dirty hands into it with disgust, and shut his eyes when he washed his face. This humiliation too, he accepted.

He always remembered his first night in the line. They paraded in the ruined village street about four o'clock. The air seemed crackling with frost, and the now familiar bloody smear of red sunset was dying away in the south-west. The men were muffled up to the ears, and looked grotesquely bulky in their sheep- or goat-skin coats, with the hump of box respirators on their chests. Most of them had sackings covers on their steel helmets to prevent reflection, and sacks tied round their legs for warmth. The muffled officer came shivering from his billet, as the men stamped their feet on the hard, frost-bound road. They drew picks and shovels from a dump, and filed silently through the ruined street behind the officer. Their bayonets were silhouetted against the cold sky. The

man in front of Winterbourne turned abruptly left into a ruined house. Winterbourne followed, descended four rough steps, and found himself in a trench. A notice said:

HINTON ALLEY

To the Front Line.

To be out of the piercing cold wind in the shelter of walls of earth was an immediate relief. Overhead shone the beautiful ironic stars.

A field-gun behind them started to crash out shells. Winterbourne listened to the long-drawn wail as they sped away and finally crashed faintly in the distance. He followed the man ahead of him blindly. Word kept coming down: "Hole here, look out." "Wire overhead." "Mind your head—bridge." He passed the messages on, after tripping in the holes, catching his bayonet in the field telephone wires, and knocking his helmet on the low bridge. They passed the reserve line, then the support, with the motionless sentries on the fire-step, and the peculiar smell of burnt wood and foul air coming from the dug-outs. A minute later came the sharp message: "Stop talking—don't clink your shovels." They were now only a few hundred yards from the German front line. A few guns were firing in a desultory way. A shell crashed outside the parapet about five yards from Winterbourne's head. It was only a whizz-bang, but to his unpractised ears it sounded like a heavy. The shells came in fours—crump, Crump, CRUMP, CRRUMP—the Boche was bracketing. Every minute or so came a sharp "ping!"—fixed rifles firing at a latrine or an unprotected piece of trench. The duck-boards were more broken. Winterbourne stumbled over an unexploded shell, then had to clamber over a heap of earth where the side of the trench had been smashed in, a few minutes earlier. The trench made another sharp turn, and he saw the bayonet and helmet of a sentry silhouetted against the sky. They were in the front line.

They turned sharp left. To their right were the fire-steps, with a sentry about every fifty yards. In between came traverses and dug-out entrances, with their rolled-up blanket gas-curtains. Winterbourne peered down them—there was a faint glow of light, a distant mutter of talk, and a heavy stench of wood smoke and foul air. The man in front stopped and turned to Winterbourne:

"Halt—pass word tonight's 'Lantern.'" Winterbourne halted, and passed the message on. They waited. He was standing almost immediately behind a sentry, and got on the fire-step beside the man to take his first look at No Man's Land.

"'Oo are you?" asked the sentry in low tones.

"Pioneers."

"Got a bit o' candle to give us, chum?"

"Awfully sorry, chum, I haven't."

"Then muckin' R.E.'s gets 'em all."

"I've got a packet of chocolate, if you'd like it."

"Ah! Thanks, chum."

The sentry broke a bit of chocolate and began to munch.

"Muckin' cold up here, it is. Me feet's fair froze. Muckin' dreary, too. I can 'ear ole Fritz coughin' over there in 'is listenin' post—don't 'arf sound 'ollow. Listerf."

Winterbourne listened, and heard a dull, hollow sound of coughing.

"Fritz's sentry," whispered the man. "Pore ole *****—needs some liquorice."

"Move on," came the word from the man in front. Winterbourne jumped down from the fire-step and passed on the word.

"Good night chum," said the sentry.

"Good night, chum."

Winterbourne was put on the party digging the sap out into No Man's Land. The officer stopped him as he was entering the sap.

"You're one of the new draft, aren't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Wait a minute."

"Very good, sir."

The other men filed into the sap. The officer spoke in low tones:

"You can take sentry for the first hour. Come along, and don't stand up."

The young crescent moon had risen and poured down cold, faint light. Every now and then a Very light was fired from the German or English lines, brilliantly illuminating the desolate landscape of torn, irregular wire and jagged shell-holes. They climbed over the parapet and crawled over the broken ground past the end of the sap. The officer made for a shell-hole just inside the English wire, and Winterbourne followed him.

"Lie here," whispered the officer, "and keep a sharp look-out for German patrols. Fire if you see them and give the alarm. There's a patrol of our own out on the right, so make sure before you fire. There's a couple of bombs somewhere in the shell-hole. You'll be relieved in an hour."

"Very good, sir."

The officer crawled away, and Winterbourne remained alone in No Man's Land, about twenty-five yards in front of the British line. He could hear the soft dull thuds of picks and shovels from the men

working the sap, and a very faint murmur as they talked in whispers. A Very light hissed up from the English lines, and he strained his eyes for the possible enemy patrol. In the brief light he saw nothing but the irregular masses of German wire, the broken line of their parapet, shell-holes and debris, and the large stump of a dead tree. Just as the bright magnesium turned in its luminous parabola, a hidden machine-gun, not thirty yards from Winterbourne, went off with a loud crackle of bullets like the engine of a motor-bicycle. He started, and nearly pulled the trigger of his rifle. Then silence. A British sentry coughed with a deep hacking sound; then from the distance came the hollow coughing of a German sentry. Eerie sounds in the pallid moonlight. "Ping!" went a sniper's rifle. It was horribly cold. Winterbourne was shivering, partly from cold, partly from excitement.

Interminable minutes passed. He grew colder and colder. Occasionally a few shells from one side or the other went wailing overhead and crashed somewhere in the back areas. About four hundred yards away to his left began a series of loud, shattering detonations. He strained his eyes, and could just see the flash of the explosion and the dark column of smoke and debris. These were German trench-mortars, the dreaded "minnies," although he did not know it.

Nothing different happened until about three-quarters of an hour had passed. Winterbourne got colder and colder, felt he had been out there at least three hours, and thought he must have been forgotten. He shivered with cold. Suddenly he thought he saw something move to his right, just outside the wire. He gazed intently, all tense and alert. Yes, a dark something was moving. It stopped, and seemed to vanish. Then near it another dark figure moved, and then a third. It was a patrol, making for the gap in the wire in front of Winterbourne. Were they Germans or British? He pointed his rifle towards them, got the bombs ready, and waited. They came nearer and nearer. Just before they got to the wire, Winterbourne challenged in a loud whisper.

"Halt, who are you?"

All three figures instantly disappeared.

"Halt, who are you?"

"Friend," came a low answer.

"Give the word or I fire."

"Lantern."

"All right."

One of the men crawled through the wire to Winterbourne, followed by the other two. They wore balaclava helmets and carried revolvers.

"Are you the patrol?" whispered Winterbourne.

"Who the muckin' hell d'you think we are? Father Christmas? What are you doin' out here?"

"Pioneers digging a sap about fifteen yards behind."

"Are you Pioneers?"

"Yes."

"Got a bit o' candle, chum?"

"Sorry, I haven't; we don't get them issued."

The patrol crawled off, and Winterbourne heard an alarmed challenge from the men working in the sap, and the word "Lantern." A Very light went up from the German lines just as the patrol were crawling over the parapet. A German sentry fired his rifle and a machine-gun started up. The patrol dropped hastily into the trench. The machine-gun bullets whistled cruelly past Winterbourne's head—zwiss, zwiss, zwiss. He crouched down in the hole, Zwiss, zwiss, zwiss. Then silence. He lifted his head, and continued to watch. For two or three minutes there was complete silence. The men in the sap seemed to have knocked off work, and made no sound. Winterbourne listened intently. No sound. It was the most ghostly, desolate, deathly silence he had ever experienced. He had never imagined that death could be so deathly. The feeling of annihilation, of the end of existence, of a dead planet of the dead arrested in a dead time and space, penetrated his flesh along with the cold. He shuddered. So frozen, so desolate, so dead a world—everything smashed and lying inertly broken. Then "crack—ping!" went a sniper's rifle, and a battery of field-guns opened out with salvos about half a mile to his right. The machine-guns began again. The noise was a relief after that ghostly dead silence.

At last the N.C.O. came crawling out from the sap with another man to relieve him. A Very light shot up from the German line in their direction, just as the two men reached him. All three crouched motionless, as the accurate German machine-gun fire swept the British trench parapet—zwiss, zwiss, zwiss, the flight of bullets went over them. Winterbourne saw a strand of wire just in front of him suddenly flip up in the air where a low bullet had struck it. Quite near enough—not six inches above his head.

They crawled back to the sap, and Winterbourne tumbled in. He found himself face to face with the platoon officer, Lieutenant Evans. Winterbourne was shivering uncontrollably; he felt utterly chilled. His whole body was numb, his hands stiff, his legs one ache of cold, from the knees down. He realised the cogency of the Adjutant's farewell hint about looking after feet and decided to drop his indifference to goose grease and neat's-foot oil.

"Cold?" asked the officer.

"It's bitterly cold out there, sir," said Winterbourne through chattering teeth.

"Here, take a drink of this," and Evans held out a small flask.

Winterbourne took the flask in his cold-shaken hand. It chinked roughly against his teeth as he took a gulp of the terrifically-potent Army rum. The strong liquor half-choked him, burned his throat, and made his eyes water. Almost immediately he felt the deadly chill beginning to lessen. But he still shivered.

"Good Lord, man, you're frozen," said Evans. "I thought it was colder than ever tonight. It's no weather for lying in No Man's Land. Corporal, you'll have to change that sentry every half-hour—an hour's too long in this frost."

"Very good, sir."

"Have some more rum?" asked Evans.

"No thanks, sir," replied Winterbourne; "I'm quite all right now. I can warm up with some digging."

"No; get your rifle and come with me."

Evans started off briskly down the trench to visit the other working parties. About a hundred yards from the sap he climbed out of the trench over the parados; Winterbourne scrambled after, more impeded by his chilled limbs, his rifle and heavier equipment. Evans gave him a hand up. They walked about another hundred yards over the top, and then reached the place where several parties were digging trench-mortar emplacements. The N.C.O. saw them coming and climbed out of one of the holes to meet them.

"Getting on all right, Sergeant?"

"Ground's very hard, sir."

"I know, but——"

Zwiss, zwiss, zwiss, zwiss came a rush of bullets, following the rapid tat-tat-tat-tat-tat-tat of a machine-gun. The sergeant ducked double. Evans remained calmly standing. Seeing his unconcern, Winterbourne also remained upright.

"I know the ground's hard," said Evans, "but those emplacements are urgently needed. Headquarters were at us again today about them. I'll see how you're getting on."

The sergeant hastily scuttled into one of the deep emplacements, followed in a more leisurely way by the officer. Winterbourne remained standing on top, and listened to Evans as he urged the men to get a move on. Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Zwiss, zwiss, zwiss, very close this time. Winterbourne felt a slight creep in his spine; but since Evans had not moved before, he decided that the right thing was to stand still. Evans visited each of the four emplacements, and then made straight for the front line. He paused at the parados.

"We're pretty close to the Boche front line here. We's got

a machine-gun post about a hundred and fifty yards over there."

"Tat-tat-tat-tat-tat. Zwiss, zwiss, zwiss."

"Look! Over there."

Winterbourne just caught a glimpse of the quick flashes.

"Damn!" said Evans, "I forgot to bring my prismatic compass tonight. We might have taken a bearing on them, and got the artillery to turf them out."

He jumped carelessly into the trench, and Winterbourne dutifully followed. About fifty yards farther on, he stopped.

"I see from your pay-book that you're an artist in civil life."

"Yes, sir."

"Paint pictures, and draw?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't you apply for a draughtsman's job at Division? They need them."

"Well, sir, I don't particularly covet a hero's grave, but I feel very strongly I ought to take my chance in the line along with the rest."

"Ah! Of course. Are you a pretty good walker?"

"I used to go on walking tours in peacetime, sir."

"Well, there's an order that every officer is to have a runner. Would you like the job of platoon runner? You'd have to accompany me, and you're supposed to take my last dying orders! You'd have to learn the lie of the trenches, so as to act as guide; take my orders to N.C.O.s; know enough about what's going on to help them if I'm knocked out; and carry messages. It's perhaps a bit more dangerous than the ordinary work, and you may have to turn out at odd hours, but it'll get you off a certain amount of digging."

"I'd like it very much, sir."

"All right, I'll speak to the major about it."

"It's very good of you, sir."

"Can you find your way back to the sap? It's about two hundred yards along this trench."

"I'm sure I can, sir."

"All right. Go back and report to the corporal, and carry on."

"Very good, sir."

"You haven't forgotten the password?"

"No, sir—'Lantern.'"

About thirty yards along the trench there was a rattle of equipment, and Winterbourne found a bayonet about two feet from his chest. It was a gas-sentry outside a Company H.Q. dug-out.

"Hallo! Who are yer?"

"Lantern."

The sentry languidly lowered his rifle.

"Muckin' cold tonight, mate."

"Bloody cold."

"What are you—Bedfords or Essex?"

"No; Pioneers."

"Got a bit of candle to give us, mate? It's muckin' dark in them dug-outs."

"Very sorry, chum, I haven't."

Rather trying, this constant demand for candle-ends from the Pioneers, who were popularly supposed by the infantry to receive immense "issues" of candles. But without candles the dug-outs were merely black holes, even in the daytime, if they were any depth. They were deep on this front, since the line was a captured German trench reorganised. Hence the dug-outs faced the enemy, instead of being turned away from them.

"Oh, all right; good night."

"Good night."

Winterbourne returned to the sap, and did two more half-hour turns as sentry, and for the rest of the time picked, or shovelled the hard clods of earth into sandbags. The sandbags were then carried back to the front line and piled there to raise the parapet. It was a slow business. The sap itself was camouflaged to avoid observation. Winterbourne hadn't the slightest idea what its object was. He was very weary and sleepy when they finally knocked off work about one in the morning. An eight-hour shift, exclusive of time taken in getting to and from the work. The men filed wearily along the trench, rifles slung on the left shoulder, picks and shovels carried on the right. Winterbourne stumbled along half asleep with the cold and the fatigue of unaccustomed labour. He felt he didn't mind how dangerous it was—if it was dangerous—to be a runner, provided he got some change from the dreariness of digging, and filling and carrying sandbags.

After they passed the support line, the hitherto silent men began to talk occasionally. At reserve they got permission to smoke. Each grabbed in his pockets for a fag, and lighted it as he stumbled along the uneven duck-boards. After what seemed an endless journey to Winterbourne, they reached the four steps, climbed up, and emerged into the now familiar ruined street. It was silent and rather ghostly in the very pale light of the new moon. They dumped their picks and shovels, went to the cook to draw their ration of hot tea, which was served from a large black dixie and tasted unpleasantly of stew. They filed past the officer, who gave each of them a rum ration.

Winterbourne drank some of the tea in his billet, then took off his boots, wrapped himself up, and drank the rest. Some real warmth flushed into his chilled body. He was angry with himself for being so tired, after a cushy night on a cushy front. He wondered what Elizabeth and Fanny would say if they saw his animal gratitude for tea and rum. Fanny? Elizabeth? They had receded far from him; not so far as all the other people he knew, who had receded to several light-years, but very far. "Elizabeth" and "Fanny" were now memories and names at the foot of sympathetic but rather remote letters. Drowsiness came rapidly upon him, and he fell asleep as he was thinking of the curious "zwiss, zwiss" made by machine-gun bullets passing overhead. He did not hear the two howitzers when they fired a dozen rounds before dawn.

ESCAPE IN A HEARSE FROM OCCUPIED FRANCE

BY

ELIZABETH DENHAM

I HAD been back at Headquarters for some days, working peacefully, when I got a telephone message to go to the Office. I had put in a report the day after I got back, and when I got to the Office I was given the account to read of how airmen had got to the coast from the various places where they had been shot down. It made incredible reading. All had been given every possible help by the French. Their treatment opened up new possibilities and hopes for others, and I attended a meeting to discuss these. Breaks were being made all the time by our men who had been captured, but all too often they were recaptured when they were heartbreakingly near safety, after many days of freedom. It showed that organisation was needed, from our end, somehow to make contact with them and to help them on their way. The obvious goal was a neutral country; therefore all such frontiers would be closely guarded. If they could make their way into France, there be held, and helped across the Channel, it would open up many more routes.

From an agent in Germany it was known that there had recently been an organised break from a prison camp. The men were still at large and there were hopes of them being routed into France. Raoul had gone north to try to make contact with them, and I was to go over to meet them. So much for my plans to stay home. There was no immediate rush until we had more news, so I went back to headquarters, trying to contrive some excuse why I could not go and alternatively wondering how I should survive the time of waiting.

The weekend came and went, during which I was much teased about my cut face, which I accounted for by my having rubber-necked during an air raid in London. Nannie sharpened me up about hanging about the streets at night during air raids when I should be in bed. She made it sound slightly immoral as well as silly, and as she gave me a lecture each time she dressed my cuts I was relieved to return to London on the Monday morning.

As the time of waiting dragged on I found it increasingly difficult to sleep at nights, so I went out two nights running, getting to bed

each time at about four in the morning. By the end of the week I was feeling decidedly jaded, when I got the message I had dreaded: would I be ready to leave that evening?

I motored to the port and there found Dicky awaiting me. It was good to see him, and we set off straight away. I had brought my clothes to change on board, and whilst I did so we slipped out of the harbour. I had found some anti-seasick pills and was testing them out, so Dicky and I had a drink and a meal together. He was going to put me in to the mouth of the Gironde, whence I was to make my way to the mill Jon and I had eaten at some time back, where I should find him.

All went well, and the pills worked beautifully, so I was feeling quite bright when Dicky came below and told me we had arrived. I climbed over the side into the little dinghy and was rowed to the shore. It was getting light so I set off inland as fast as I could. I thought I should know the way this time, but I was wrong. I had gone what seemed like miles before I saw the mill in the far distance, so I must have been walking in a circle. When I got there I was very tired and footsore, and I could see no sign of Jon. I did not like to go in and make myself known in case something had gone wrong, so I chose a fairly dry ditch and sat down to wait. Quite soon a disreputable-looking character came cycling along the road and would have passed me had I not recognised the tune he was whistling as Raoul's signature tune.

"Don't bounce at me out of ditches, damn you."

"I'm sorry, Jon," I answered meekly. "I'll give a big hallo to every passing cyclist in future in case it might be you."

"All right, all right. Come on," he said, "I've got a machine for you down the road."

He turned around and started back the way he had come, pushing his bicycle and talking as he went.

"Any news from Raoul in London? I can't make your blasted machine work, so I'm completely out of touch."

I told him what I knew and that I had some spare parts for the radio with me. That cheered him up and he grinned at me. "Think I look the part?" he asked.

"If you mean those terrible whiskers, no. They are too weedy," I answered. "Where do we go from here?"

"Round the next corner there is a cross-roads, and there I have hidden a bicycle for you on which, my girl, you pedal with me all day to a farmhouse to which I have moved."

My heart sank, as I was already tired, but at least it would not be walking. When I saw the bicycle I nearly fainted. It was one of those terrible things with the handlebars curled below the level

of the knees on which, with the head well down, people pedal furiously in bicycle marathons. The thought of pedalling away upside down all day was too much, and I told Jon so. He was very hurt.

"Positively the latest model, and you have to criticise it."

"Jon, dear," I said patiently, "I may be curious, but I like to see where I am going without breaking my neck. However, rather than walk on my poor feet, which are killing me, I'll ride anything."

"It will not be your poor feet that will be hurting you by this evening," Jon answered, with more truth than kindness, and so we set off.

As a child I used to enjoy bicycling. My brother and I used to be sent out with an energetic footman and would bicycle for miles, and it was considered by all and sundry most health-giving. This was an altogether different pastime. Bicycling along at breakneck speed behind Jon, unable to see where I was going; enduring the witticisms of passers-by at my upside-down posture; feeling dizzy from the blood rushing to the head; thus did we hurtle along for well over an hour. We were speeding through a village when Jon decided to stop. He unfortunately omitted to warn me, so as he braked I pedalled on, and took him a glancing blow on the back wheel. We both went for six. My first feeling was of relief to have stopped, and after feeling around gingerly to see if everything on me still worked, I got up and picked up my bicycle. Jon was very bitter about the whole thing, but he recovered over coffee and rolls.

We went on, a little more sedately, most of the day. By the time we arrived at Jon's farmhouse I was too tired and stiff to get off the infernal machine, but just sat on it, leaning against a wall. A woman came out and greeted Jon in a strong patois, and when she saw my hapless condition came and helped me off.

After a rest and an excellent supper I felt better, so we set about mending the radio. With the spare parts I had brought it was not difficult. We got through to London and heard that Raoul had found his men and was awaiting us some miles farther on. The thought of more bicycling that night was terrible, but it had to be. Being dark, we had to avoid the main roads, as there was a curfew in force. We pedalled on and on through the night, losing our way and having to retrace our route. I knew the spot we were making for, as the buildings in which Raoul was hiding belonged to a château in which I had stayed.

It was very late by the time we arrived at the gates of the château, and as we pedalled up the drive I thought of the many times I had driven up the same drive, sitting at my ease in a comfortable car, and now I was wondering if I should ever be able to

sit down in comfort again. We avoided the house by taking the byway to the stables. Both looked dark and entirely deserted.

"I'm going to have a look around," said Jon.

"Not without me, you're not," I replied. "Anything is better than being left alone in the dark."

We put our bicycles in a corner and felt our way along a wall until Jon came to a door. He gave it a push and it swung silently open. Nothing happened. We peered inside. Nothing but inky darkness. We crept on down the wall until Jon felt another door. Again he pushed it and it opened easily. Still only silent darkness. Jon turned to me: "Are you sure you got Raoul's message right?"

"Yes," I said, standing up, and in doing so cracked my head, very hard. Swearing and rubbing my head gingerly, I leaned against the wall. Jon joined me. "God knows what these are," he said gloomily.

"I can tell you—stables," I answered.

"How do you know?"

"Because I have just knocked myself silly on the upper half of the door. You only pushed open the lower half."

"Ah, good," Jon answered thoughtfully. "The stables are where Raoul is supposed to be; we'll try the next one."

But the next door we came to along the wall would not open. Jon pushed and grunted and told me to get behind him, nearer the hinge side of the door, and help him. We were just giving the most tremendous push when the door opened and Jon, being nearest, fell headlong on to someone inside. I was saved by holding on to the door, so was able to appreciate the sight of Jon thrashing around on the floor fighting furiously with someone in the light of a torch held by someone else behind the door. I thought this must be Raoul, so I peered round the door, and sure enough there he was, calmly watching.

I called to Jon to stop, and Raoul to the other man. Reluctantly, they let go of each other and stood up. Jon's adversary looked a giant, and Jon said he felt like one, as he massaged his neck. He turned to Raoul: "Why in hell didn't you open up? You must have known it was us."

"Not until you tried to batter the door down; only an Englishman would be so obstinate, when all the other doors open easily. Then I did open up, and you started a fight with my pugnacious friend from Scotland."

The enormous man grinned shyly, and held out a huge freckled hand to Jon. Jon shook it and said to Raoul: "What do you feed it on, roasted oxen?"

"That, at the moment, is our problem—food. We must get some

somehow, and at once." He turned to me. "You stay here and do what you can for them; one is very bad. Sandy here will show you round. Jorr, we had better get off; it will soon be light."

He patted my shoulder, gave me his torch and a small revolver which I pocketed gingerly, and left with Jon. The enormous Sandy and I looked at each other, then he beckoned me along past some empty loose-boxes to a corner one at the end. This seemed full of men. They eyed me rather distrustfully, so I asked to be taken to the injured man.

He was lying on a heap of straw in another box with a man sitting beside him. Sandy told me that he had broken his leg jumping off a train some few days before, and they had not been able to get a doctor to set it. It was a compound fracture and the man was in great pain and feverish. This time I had had issued to me before I left England some morphia ampoules; I took one out and injected it into his arm. It took quite a bit of doing, this first time, to stick the point of the ampoule into the resistant flesh, and I watched the poor man anxiously, feeling like a surgeon who had performed his first operation. In a short time he went into a quiet sleep. I sat by him trying to remember the few lectures I had attended as a V.A.D. some years before. I had survived the home nursing, but when we were given a gruesome lecture on swabs, in the first-aid course, I was the only one that felt sick, and was sent home in disgrace.

Even with my sketchy knowledge, I knew this man must be very ill, and it seemed to me imperative to get a doctor, if only to get some more morphia, as the little I had with me would not last to the coast. I lay back on the straw to try to think out a plan, and went to sleep.

I woke to find Raoul and Jon standing over me. Somehow they had been successful and got food—a large basket of eggs, some bread, a lump of butter and a slab of cheese. I left them to get a fire going whilst I went up to the farmhouse to borrow a saucepan. The door was opened to me by a nervous woman, but she willingly lent me a vast saucepan and spoons, and gave me some salt.

They had a fire going on my return to the stables, and I set about scrambling the eggs. Balancing the saucepan was precarious but successful. The result was delicious.

I left the others to finish and clear up the fire and went back to the stall where lay the injured man. He was still sleeping quietly, so I went back and cornered Raoul. I explained the shortage of morphia and the necessity of a doctor.

"All that will be arranged when we get away from here," he said. "But how soon?"

"I am going out now with Jon; we must find some transport for him."

"Or you take the others on and I will stay with him and find a doctor," I suggested. I hated the idea, but it was the obvious suggestion.

"I don't know—not if I can think of anything else. The doctor here is a collaborator."

He and Jon then left to search for a truck.

Sandy was a strength in himself throughout the interminable day. We had sufficient bread and cheese left for everyone at midday, but the time of waiting stretched endlessly. There was nothing to do: I dare not let anyone out of the stables for fear of any chance visitor to the farm. So we just sat around talking desultorily. All the men were agreed that rather than face recapture they would do anything. Every half-hour I went to the injured man, and just before midday he began to stir and whimper like a child. I tried to keep him still, by sitting with my back against the wall with his head and shoulders on my knees, but I could not stop him from hurting himself by moving his broken leg. Sandy came to help me, but if he touched the hurt leg the man shouted. I decided I must give him more morphia. I took the box out of my pocket and pulled out the end ampoule. It was broken and empty. I pulled out the others. Each had its own partition; all but two were broken and empty. I remembered I had slipped getting out of the boat and must have hit the box. For a moment I was too shattered to do anything but sit holding the bits in my hand. Only two left. I could not think or plan whilst the man was in such pain, so Sandy pushed up his sleeve and I once more injected him. This time I felt almost professional, as I watched for him to quieten. Once he was still I took Sandy out of the stall and told him.

"Look, we cannot bank on Raoul getting back before he needs more morphia—and that will be the last I have."

Sandy was obviously a slow thinker, so he digested this!

"No," he said.

"Therefore," I went on, "as soon as it gets dark I'm going to find the local doctor. Whatever his political opinions, he must help us."

"Yes," said Sandy.

It sounded so simple, and I knew it had to be done, but I spent the next few hours jittering, and praying that Raoul and Jon would return. I slept a little—with horrid dreams. We dare not talk much in case we were heard. Gradually the time wore on to evening. I looked at my watch and went out of the stable to see if it was dusk. The man was restless again, and there was no sign of Raoul.

The darkening light filled me with foreboding—but now I had a

greater fear. I had to face an unknown French village on my own. I found Sandy.

"I'm going out; but first help me to give him an injection. Then he will be quiet whilst I am gone."

"What, another?" asked Sandy.

"Yes," I said. "It will keep him quiet whilst I am away. But you must have a look at him now and again." We gave him the injection, and I wondered just how much one person could take.

"I'm coming with you," said Sandy.

"No, you're not—I'm better alone."

"No—I'm coming with you."

"Oh, Sandy, don't be difficult. Stay here and tell Raoul and Jon where I've gone. I'll bring that doctor back if I have to drag him."

"I'm coming with you," he said stolidly.

"Now, be reasonable," I answered desperately. "One of us will pass unnoticed, but not both. Please see sense. You're too large to walk around."

He did not answer—just turned away to the injured man's stall. I knew I had angered and hurt him, and I was sorry. And I longed to have someone with me.

I went up to the farmhouse. I knocked, and the nervous woman again answered the door. I asked where the doctor lived.

"It is impossible to bring him here," she answered quickly, "absolutely impossible."

"I have no such intention," I lied. "I just want his advice."

"But that is as bad—oh, it is all madness, madness."

"Now calm yourself," I answered. "There is no connection between you and me. Why should I not visit the doctor?"

Her husband came to the door and in a gruff voice gave me directions to get to the doctor's house.

I set off across the fields, and as it got darker I tried to stop myself glancing back. If I did I should surely start to run, and to arrive panting in the village would be asking for trouble. As I got near the houses I saw the windows being closely shuttered before the lights were turned on. I found what I thought to be the doctor's house—in a side street in a row of houses. They all looked similar, but this one had a Citroen car outside. So I knocked and waited. Nothing happened. I knocked again—more loudly this time. I heard steps coming to the door, and I felt my knees quaking.

"What do you want?" said a suspicious voice. I saw the figure of a man behind the door.

• "Good evening," I said nervously. "I am looking for a doctor."

"I am one; what do you want?" he asked again.

"If you will allow me to come inside I will tell you."

Ungraciously he beckoned me in, shut the door, and led me into a dingy little room looking on to the street. He was a middle-aged man, small and seedy, with a mean face. My heart sank.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

I had rehearsed all sorts of openings, but in my nervousness I forgot them all and blurted out the truth.

"I have a friend who is hurt, and needs attention. He fell and broke his leg, and is in great pain."

"That is nothing to me," he answered.

I began to hate him, and forgot to be frightened.

"If you are a doctor, you must help him."

"I help myself first," he answered. "I do not know you—nor do I believe your story. Your friend is an airman—one who was shot down last night." I made a mental note of that but retorted, with truth:

"No, that is not so." Then I made a fatal error—"He broke his leg some days ago."

"Then, in the name of God," he answered, "why wait until now to fetch a doctor to attend to him? I do not like this business, and I will have nothing to do with it. Go."

Now I really hated him. I knew I had been a fool to tell him the leg had been broken for some days, but I thought only to prove it was not the airman.

"Surely—if you accompany me," I answered.

"Never—and what's more"—he looked at me shrewdly—"if you do not go I shall telephone the Prefecture."

"I was standing with my hands in my coat pockets, and in the left-hand one was the revolver Jon had given me. I realised I was in real trouble, as the doctor would doubtless get on to the Prefecture as soon as I left, anyway. With what I hoped was a defiant gesture, I pulled the gun out of my pocket and waved it at him. It cannot have been a very convincing performance because I am entirely right-handed, but it worked beautifully. He gaped, and backed away from me.

I was almost as surprised as he was, but I knew I must not waste the effect. "Now," I said brusquely, "get your things and we will go. It is your car at the door?"

He swallowed nervously and nodded.

"Then," I continued, "you will need morphia, splints, bandages, disinfectant, and—er—well, you must know the essentials."

He began groping round for his bag and pushing into it a variety of things. I watched him closely in case he should turn nasty, but he seemed too nervous. If he had known how frightened I was he would have felt a lot better. He pulled on a villainous hat and we

left. No one was about. He got into the driving seat and I got in beside him. Making sure the safety catch was firmly on, I pushed the gun into his side and told him the road to make for. I could not think how to prevent him knowing where we were going, but I hoped I should be able to frighten him into silence—later. As we turned off the main road, a figure stepped into the middle of the road and stopped us. I turned cold, thinking it must be a German road check. Then I saw it was Raoul. The doctor stopped the car, and Raoul quickly got in the back.

"You were taking a chance," I said, "but am I glad to see you! This bird is a most unwilling victim." I nodded to the gun.

Raoul grinned. "You're learning fast. We'll tie him up, then we'll drive around for a bit to mislead him."

Thankfully, I went to pass Raoul the gun. "No—no—you hold on to it. Lend me your scarf to blindfold him."

Raoul ordered the doctor out of the car, trussed him up, tied my scarf round his head, and pushed him into the back seat, lying down.

He got into the driving seat and we drove off, turning and twisting about until we arrived back at the same spot, and made our way to the farm. We did not talk much, although I longed to know how they had got on. We pulled up in the yard and Jon came out. When we showed him the doctor in the back he went back to tell the other men to keep out of sight and quiet so that their presence would not be known. Raoul untied the doctor, who was very surly and tried to refuse to get out of the car.

Raoul stood for no nonsense, and I led the way to the injured man. He was lying quietly, and the doctor reluctantly went to work. I could not stay and watch. Even through the morphia he must have hurt the man dreadfully. After a little while, Raoul came out with his bag.

"Here—go through this and take what we need."

"How is it?" I asked.

"Gangrene, he says," he answered. "We'll have to hurry."

I was searching the bag and could only find morphia tablets; these I pocketed and put the bag in the car. I also put some money in the bag. Raoul saw me.

"What's that for?" he asked.

"To pay the little brute, so we need not be beholden to him."

Jon brought the doctor out, tied him up again, blindfolded him, bundled him into the car, and drove off—to take a circuitous route to the main road. He intended also threatened him with hideous prisals, Raoul told me, if he talked.

"What will our friend the farmer think of this coming and going

at night?" I asked Raoul. We were sitting with the other men. The injured one was sleeping again, so we had left him quiet.

"We'll be gone by morning," Raoul answered, "so it does not matter. Of course, I had forgotten," he went on, "you haven't seen our limousine."

"Don't tell me you have pinched a truck," I said.

"Borrowed is the term, my dear, and not a truck, a limousine."

We all went out into the yard; he opened a big door, and I could only gasp at the ingenuity. There, sleek and shining, was a huge hearse, coffin and all inside. I turned to Raoul.

"You're a genius—nothing less."

"You think so—so do I," he said smugly, "and what's more, my dear, tasteful black curtains to prevent the morbid curiosity of passers-by being gratified. And floral tributes to bank up by the door and hide the interior."

I was quite overcome with relief and admiration. "When do we start?" I asked, eager to be gone.

"As soon as Jon gets back—then to Jon's hide-out, to contact London on the wireless. Good?"

"Absolutely perfect," I answered, thinking with heartfelt gratitude that within a day or two I should be home again.

I sat down by the injured man to await Jon's return. I must have dozed, because the next thing I knew I could hear him talking to Raoul. I joined them.

"We're going to bring the coffin in now," said Raoul.

"All right—I'll get some hay to lay in the bottom."

I found some sweet-smelling fresh hay in another stall, and with the other men helping we worked it into little bundles. These we laid on the bottom of the coffin and lifted the injured man as gently as we could and laid him in it. Jon gave me his jersey to put under his head and I laid my long coat over him. He looked very ill—an awful grey colour—and I could not help praying we should be in time.

They carried the coffin between them to the hearse and slid it in—a surprisingly difficult thing to do gently. I clambered in first to sit by his head in case he should come round and need anything. Then the men climbed in and sat as best they could each side. Raoul and Jon stacked up the wreaths and crosses by the door—effectively hiding us all—shut and locked it; then they got in, in front, and we started off. Luckily, for our comfort, Raoul had to drive slowly as befits a hearse. It was very nearly morning but we might still meet somebody—or be stopped by a German road check.

When we got near Jon's farmhouse, Raoul stopped by a church, as the most suitable place to wait whilst Jon and I wirelessly

London. I clambered out over the men, leaving the morphine tablets with Sandy in case anything happened to us. We were just setting off when the village priest came along and greeted us. Raoul quickly engaged him in conversation and we made off.

Our arrival at the farmhouse was greeted by a ferocious barking.

"A nasty brute, watch it," said Jon.

"Why not choose a place with a homier atmosphere?" I asked him, eyeing the dog warily.

"Isolation, for one thing. The thing to do is to make a dash for it."

"All right, you say when," I replied.

"Now."

We rushed for the door and the dog sprang after us, fixing Jon neatly in the calf. His howl of pain brought his landlord to the window.

"What goes on here?" he demanded.

"I'm being savaged by your filthy dog," Jon replied. "Call him off."

The farmer called sharply to the dog, which promptly rolled on its back and grinned—positively grinned.

I looked at Jon and he at me and we burst out laughing. Nevertheless, once inside we washed his leg carefully before going upstairs and setting up the radio.

While I was getting through, Jon went down to try to buy any food there was in the house, as we were all very hungry. I sent the message and sat down to await a reply. I could think of nothing but how hungry I was, and in imagination saw plates of steaks, fried potatoes and green peas—I could almost smell the mint on the peas—when the radio brought me back to reality. I called Jon to check the message with me. To our joy they really had got moving in London. An aeroplane would be sent out that night. We must give a location. We seized a map and searched feverishly for a good spot. It could not be a very small machine—there were too many to be taken off. Therefore it had to be a fairly large field with no trees around it. After some wrangling I suggested consulting the farmer, a staunch ally. Jon fetched him, but he knew of nothing suitable. Then I suddenly thought of some friends of mine who had kept an aeroplane on their estate before the war.

"Jon, they must have a runway—and being them it would be bound to be bigger and better than most."

"Show me their place on the map." • •

"I found it, and it looked suitable—if it was still grassland.

"And what about them?" asked Jon.

"I don't know; I've not seen them since about thirty-eight. Look,

let's take a chance—we can't stay here. But let's take the radio in case I'm wrong."

We radioed London again with our destination, then packed up the radio, with some bread, cheese and very strong sausage Jon had managed to buy from the farmer's wife, and set off back to the hearse. I climbed in, and we drove off, Jon explaining our plan to Raoul on the way. We dared not eat in the hearse because of the smell, so Raoul pulled into a thick wood as soon as he could and they set to.

I had wheedled a small bottle of milk out of the farmer's wife and I tried to get the injured man to take a little, but he was too ill—almost delirious. So I gave up and gave him a morphine tablet. I then wolfed some bread and cheese, which tasted better than any steak, and we set off once more.

It was not really very far to my friends' house, but as we took a circuitous route and drove slowly it took some time. As I remembered it, the runway was well behind the house and could only be reached by going up the main drive until in sight of the house and then turning off on a side drive. We arrived close by round noon. Raoul pulled up by a cemetery—very deserted-looking—and he and I set off to have a look round. He also knew the place and the people so we agreed that we should walk boldly up the drive; he would go to the house and see who was there and what the form was whilst I looked for the runway.

We saw no one at the gate or in the drive, so he went on to the house and I turned up the side drive. It took me through stable yards, past garages, along a high wall, past a squash court, and out suddenly through an arch into fields of vines. No runway in sight, but the track went on. I followed it for a little way, and though the ground was flat enough everywhere there were vines. Wondering what to do, I was startled to hear a voice calling me—Raoul, and a man with him. I walked towards them, back the way I had come, and saw it was my former host, who luckily seemed delighted to see us.

"Raoul has told me of your plan—excellent, my dear, and I am only too happy to help."

I stared at him.

"It's very kind of you, but you see we were counting on the runway you had before the war, and . . ."

"Exactly," he replied.

"But where is it?"

"There."

He pointed as far as I could see to the vines. Then it came to me: it must be one of the crosstracks between the vines.

"It has not been used for some time, but there is no reason why it should not be. You see, the Brothers extended the vineyards here on the outbreak of war. You will remember the monks who lived here?"

"Yes, indeed," I replied, "I remember they used to sing quite beautifully."

"Now," he said, "Raoul is going to fetch your friends—the Brothers will care for the sick one—and we will all have luncheon."

The house was all still much as I remembered. It had vastly impressed me when I first saw it as a young girl. An old château, an *orangerie* built on one side and stables balancing it on the other—it seemed enormous. The house itself was built round a courtyard, the monks having the wing at the back of the house. It had an air of tranquility rare and wonderful. My host left me in a small, dim room, with all the furnishings in muted colours. I felt the stillness, it was a palpable thing.

My host returned with one of the Brothers, who questioned me about the injured man. He asked what treatment I had given and I had to admit to giving only morphia. He seemed undisturbed and we went into the big hall to await the arrival of the hearse. I tried to break it to the Brother, who I felt might disapprove and think it sacrilege, but he only laughed and complimented Raoul's ingenuity. We heard a car coming up the drive and as it drew up at the door I could not but be impressed: it would have deceived the most suspicious.

The Brother suggested driving round into the courtyard as being less conspicuous and less far to carry the coffin. We had to help the poor men out as they were all stiff from sitting crouched so long. The injured man was conscious, and the Brother seemed satisfied with his pulse. The men carried the coffin gently into the long refectory where the Brothers lived. Nearly all were out working in the fields, so it was laid on the table. The Brother told us to leave him and we all trooped out into the courtyard after our host and on into the house.

"Hope to God he'll be all right with that old skirt," said Sandy gloomily.

We all laughed at the pious hope, but Sandy continued: "No good telling your beads when a chap needs his leg off."

"It's all right, Sandy," I said. "Quieten your Nonconformist conscience. The Brother obviously knows what he's doing—he's probably trained in medicine."

"Trained in mumbo-jumbo more likely," muttered Sandy. "Never trusted a chap yet who wore a skirt."

"Kilts included?" called one of the others.

"That's different; it's these——"

"All right, Sandy, old boy," said another, "lay off liqueurs in future—they're made mostly by monks."

Jon intervened with glasses of champagne. Our host evidently meant to do us proud. It was wonderful to watch the men, who had been many months on prison fare, drink their first glass of champagne. The luncheon that followed was as good, but I could not help wondering if so much rich food was good for men who had had so little for so long. Sure enough, before the end, one had to leave us, and I could hardly keep my eyes open.

After luncheon our host took me upstairs to a lovely sweet-smelling room. I luxuriated in a steaming hot bath, put on a few clothes and lay on the bed, too tired to think of anything but that I should be home by morning.

I was woken before dinner—it was dark and cloudy, which would be difficult for the aeroplane. Jon had checked our arrangements with London and we had to light a flarepath somehow. The wings of the aircraft would clear the vines so long as the pilot put down on the old runway between them. After dinner we all set about making rush torches. We fitted long handles on to tin mugs and filled them with paraffin. Each made quite a good flame and would burn for some time providing there was not much wind.

We were watching the weather anxiously, and towards midnight the wind dropped and the low clouds cleared.

I took a warm farewell of our host—a gallant and kind man, as he well knew the risks he was running in harbouring us. We tried to thank the Brothers, but they would have none of it; their simple kindness and unworldliness was very moving.

The injured man was lifted into the hearse again—still in the coffin. He had been left in it to avoid giving him more pain and to protect him on the flight. Raoul drove off slowly and we all followed on foot, carrying our mugs of paraffin. We spread out down the track that had been the runway. It was much wider than the others. We stood five each side, some distance apart, with Jon at the windward end to mark it for the pilot. As we were getting in position we heard an aeroplane approaching and we all searched feverishly for our matches ready to light up. But it made off again. Jon had his mug burning already as a signal.

We stood waiting and waiting, and nothing happened. The men talked across to each other, and I wondered what each must be feeling to be so near the end of his hazardous journey. They had planned so long and worked so hard and suffered so much, God just could not let anything go wrong now. They had talked little of their life in the prison camp—much more of their homes and what

they would do first on arrival in England. The things they wanted to do varied enormously, from the obvious one of a bumper night out, with an exact description of everything he would eat and drink, to one who wanted to go to the Zoo to see what it felt like to be on the outside looking in. I learned a lot about the things men prized most, at such times, and the simple creatures never ceased to astonish me! I amused them too, for when they asked me what I valued, it was always the same—a hot bath.

At long last we heard a droning far away, but it grew and grew and was obviously a lot of aircraft—going where? we wondered. To England or—could it be—to bomb Germany? They were too high for us to see but as they were going towards Germany we gave them a faint cheer to encourage them, and some added impious hopes as to what would happen to the people the bombs fell on. So occupied were we that we did not notice a lone aeroplane flying fairly low until it was going away from us. We soon heard it returning. We held our breath as it approached, until we saw it flashing a light.

• In my hurry to light my oil I dropped the matches, and I could hear others swearing, having done the same. But by the time the aeroplane had circled back to us we all had our mugs burning steadily. It came straight over us, very low, the pilot taking his bearings—then he circled away from us, came back, and in to land. The minute he touched down we had arranged to put our mugs, still burning, on the ground and dive for the vines, else we should be hit as the aeroplane taxied along.

She came in closer and closer and suddenly seemed to be rushing at us. I almost threw my mug down in front of me and hurled myself into a gap in the vines. The wind was terrific as the machine passed over me, and I saw it gradually slowing down as I picked myself up. We left our mugs to light the path for the take-off, and ran up the track after the aeroplane. It was quite large, twin-engined; the pilot was climbing out and we all shook his hand or patted his back. Jon then took charge and organised turning the machine round whilst Raoul and I took the medical orderly who had come with the pilot up to the hearse. When he saw the coffin his jaw dropped.

“What, a corpse too?” he asked.

“No, he’s very bad, but the Brothers think he’ll be all right,” I answered.

“Look, I’m not nuts, that’s a coffin.”

“I know,” I said patiently. “It was the best we could do. No Daimler Hire around here.”

“O.K., O.K.,” he said sharply, “I didn’t mean anything. But it’s kind of a shock, see?”

"Quite," Raoul cut in. "Get in behind. I'll back down to the machine."

I got in the back too.

"Kind of eerie, isn't it?" the orderly said conversationally.

"You'll get used to it," I answered unkindly. "Have you any morphia?"

"Lord love us, miss, what do you think I am? A bleeding doc? But I got aspirin."

"Oh, splendid," I said sarcastically. "Such a help for a headache. Here, you take these and I'll take the aspirin." I handed him the box of morphine tablets.

"Not so fast, now, not so fast," he retorted. "What's all this about?" He looked at the tablets distrustfully.

"Morphia," I said. "It stops pain. Give him one if he gets restless."

"O.K., O.K., but you can't have the aspirin. Issue they are, and they won't half tear a strip off me if I don't return them."

"How very odd that they should expect aspirins returned. Do they only issue them for luck?"

"I don't know about that, miss. All I know is they'll tear——"

"All right," I answered, "forget it."

"O.K., miss," he replied cheerfully. "No hard feelings."

We sat in silence until Jon opened the door. Raoul had backed up close and some of the men were climbing into the aeroplane ready to take the coffin when it was lifted up to them.

They got in quite easily, the orderly giving unnecessary advice. Then he and the rest of the men climbed in. I turned to Jon.

"Well, thank God for that—look after yourself. 'I'll——"

"Look, come over here a minute," he replied. We walked a little apart. "Read this."

He handed me a paper. An order from the Office. I was to stay where I was until further orders. I stared disbelieving, my mind in a turmoil. It just could not be true. But I knew it was when I looked at Jon.

"It's too bad, I know," he said. "There must be something on."

"Yes, of course, I know." I could hardly find the words for the childish disappointment.

He patted me on the back and went back to the aircraft. I stood, trying hard not to burst into tears. It had never occurred to me that I should not go back with the others—and I knew I had not the courage to stay long abroad. It took all my strength to keep going for a few days—only the rare, incredible men like Jon could stand the strain for long. I knew I could not do it, and I equally knew I could not face my home and family with no excuse for a

prolonged absence, nor the women at my Headquarters. It was all too much and I felt I could not bear it. Through my misery I heard the aeroplane revving up, and Raoul came and put his arm round my shoulders.

"Some of the lights are out—will you help?"

I nodded—anything for something to do. We had an extra can of paraffin so Raoul filled the mugs and I relit those that needed it. We crouched in the vines as the aeroplane rushed towards us, having taxied down to the far end for the take-off. As it roared away I felt my world going with it. But Raoul took my arm and we walked up to meet Jon, who was dousing the lights. We picked them all up and put them in the hearse.

"Where do we go from here?" I asked.

CROIX DE CUISINE

BY

WILLIAM T. POLK

IN the fall of 1913, Jawn as his folks and neighbours called him, raised a better tobacco crop than his fathers before him had done, cleared \$47.91, and straight away married Lilly.

Jawn was illiterate, barbaric, gigantic. Neither he nor Lilly had ever been informed of the hopelessness of the farmer's life and were woefully ignorant of the misery of their condition.

They had youth and health. Lilly had a grey-eyed, sun-burnt prettiness. Jawn had strength. He was built on powerful lines, with hands and feet, like Michelangelo's David, disproportionately enormous. Lilly was proud of him, secretly.

Their life was simple and serene. They would get up early by lantern light, work hard in field and kitchen, eat with the joy of hungry animals, go to town Saturdays for rations, to preaching Sundays for amusement, and at night sleep the sleep of tired bodies and vacant minds.

They had only each other and a couple of pigs. That was enough. They were unreasonably happy.

The outside world took no notice of them, and they treated it with equal indifference. In the year of 1917, however, this same world took such a violent interest in them, all of a sudden, that it proposed to separate them and to take charge of Jawn, body and soul. It ordered him to leave his wife and home and to offer up his life for something that was not clearly explained.

He went—where or why or for how long he did not know. What he was to fight for or against he had no idea. He took with him a heavy heart and an extra pair of overalls. Lilly remained at home with the two pigs.

She was lonesome. The uncertainty of the thing! What day would take Jawn away across the sea? Nobody would tell her. She heard tales of battle and of sudden death and lingering death in strange and awful forms.

How much she suffered in her ignorance and loneliness during the long, cold winter of 1917 and the early spring days of 1918, when the ice-freed earth seemed mysteriously and malevolently joyful, has not been computed. But in the month of May, "when all

From: *The Fallen Angel* by WILLIAM T. POLK

herbs and trees renew a man and woman and in likewise lovers call again to their mind old gentleness and old service," she went out to look for Jawn.

Finally she found him at Camp Jackson. It was late in the afternoon. He was on kitchen-police duty, sitting on a box in front of the kitchen door, peeling Irish potatoes.

Lilly carried a "leather" grip made of pasteboard. A dress was in one corner of it; the rest was filled with things for Jawn, such as mittens, fried chicken and locust beer. One of her new shoes had rubbed a blister on her heel. She forgot that when she saw Jawn. She ran to him.

A glorious moment of greeting. Then they sat on a mess of left-over lumber dumped against the bath-house. Long lines of frame barracks, like goods boxes, stretched away, as well as anybody could see, to the end of the world. In the big room of the barracks near by a poker game and a prayer meeting were simultaneously in progress. Hymns and oaths mingled. Shirtless soldiers in khaki went to and from the bath-house.

Jawn and Lilly saw none of it. They sat there, staring, as if they had never seen each other quite clearly before, saying little, holding hands, miserably happy.

They say that women in crises turn to trivialities. Lilly started telling Jawn the neighbourhood news. He manifested no interest. And to Lilly too it all seemed absurdly unimportant beside the happy certainty of this hour and the unhappy uncertainty of the future.

So there was mainly silence.

Time was speeding, she felt. She had never told him how proud she was of him, of his great strength. Now it was too late.

The shadows of the barracks lengthened. The companies assembled. A distant bugle blew retreat. A breeze sprang up and danced the wet clothes hung out on wires. The cook called Jawn.

Then, in a few broken words, interspersed with the clumping of hobnail boots and the rattling of mess kits, Lilly told him how sure she was that he would never come back home and how it would kill her for him to stay in the Army. She begged him to run away and come back home.

A cavalier once answered his lady's similar request with the barren explanation, of which she probably had her suspicions, that he could not love her, dear, so much, loved he not honour more. Such was not Jawn's philosophy. Touching honour, he was rather of the school of Falstaff.

He shook his head, however. "Naw," he answered, "there hain't

a chance. They cotched one yistiddy afore he got over the hill good."

"You might could play crazy," suggested Lilly hopefully.

"I han't got sense enough to play crazy. But if they ever git me in them trenches, honey, I'll stick closer to the bottom than a mud turtle."

The cook yelled for Jawn again. In the last crowded moment of parting Lilly had an inspiration. Cooks come out of the war alive! Jawn at her suggestion promised to get a job as cook. She left feeling that she had snatched him from the graver

The next day Jawn told the captain that he had decided to be a cook. The captain looked up at Jawn, towering in the orderly-room doorway. Jawn was the biggest man in the company and could outpull a platoon in a tug of war. The captain's head came only up to Jawn's shoulder.

"A cook!" snorted the captain. "A man of your size . . . a cook. I'll put you in the hottest place I can find when we start fighting, but it won't be in a kitchen."

That night Jawn asked Dynamite, a little fellow with a big bass voice who bunked next to him, to write a letter home for him. Dynamite was the proud possessor of an education—he could write. He claimed to understand, among other things, women. Being of the opinion that what they didn't know wouldn't hurt them, he advised Jawn to assume a cookship if he had it not. Together they composed a letter announcing to Lilly that Jawn had been appointed cook. It quieted her fears.

This was in the spring of 1918. The war was not popular then. Patriotism was below par. The causes of our entry into the European conflict were too complex, abstract, visionary. Among the masses of people who did their daily work with one eye on the clock and took their evening amusement with both eyes on the moving pictures, there was no overwhelming enthusiasm for it. "

Many discovered families dependent upon them. The exemption limp became a popular mode of ambulation. Kitchen jobs in the Army were overrun with applicants.

But the people were slowly awakening. An incresing interest in Europe was stimulated by the newspapers. The vision and fervour of Mr. Wilson's speeches percolated to the depths of the Republic. People began to envisage the position of the United States in world affairs, to feel the tug of old national friendships and the fear of new national menaces, to consider that it was the duty of their country to break the German march to world domination.

There was not yet, however, that spirit abroad in the land that

would make all sorts and conditions of men offer their lives freely. Their hearts were not quite in it.

Then, on a midsummer day in the year 1918, came that heart-gripping, breath-taking, inevitable incident necessary to fan the scattered sparks of patriotism into a flame that would sweep the country. It was the shedding of the first blood by American troops in action.

Here at last was something concrete, dramatic. Blood, not visions. A foretaste of what might happen to all. Every home in America felt the impact of the news. Confused thoughts gave way to one universal resolve—to win the war at any sacrifice.

Straightway the fight was on. The hearts of the people were in it. There arose a desire to sacrifice and a pride in those who gave everything for the common cause.

This feeling which penetrated the nation took some time to reach Lilly, but it finally got there. She wanted Jawn to be a hero.

She received a letter from him in France, telling her that he was safe in the kitchen. That night she stepped over to the Riggses to tell them how lucky she was that her husband was safe. The Riggses had just got a letter from Tom, Maggie's husband, who had been induced by the Government to join its Army. His letter told how he had fought bravely in his first battle and escaped, by the special grace of God, unharmed. A hero! A solemn pride in him radiated from his family. No mention was made of Jawn. Lilly did not tell them how lucky she was.

When she got back home she felt ashamed that she had made Jawn be a cook instead of a warrior. A man like him in a fight—worth a thousand of Maggie's husband! The next minute she felt ashamed of herself for feeling ashamed of Jawn. He was safe, and that was all that mattered.

She never regained in their security the same mysterious exaltation that she now realised she had experienced in her fears.

Perhaps it is not love but pride that makes the world go round.

If she had known the truth would she have been happier? The question is for those who understand women.

The truth was that Jawn that night was far from the comforts of the kitchen. He was standing in one trench peeping, like a huge rat, across a space of shell-shocked earth at another trench. At daybreak the line went forward. Jawn, according to the captain's promise, was in the hottest place. The captain, being over-anxious, got his company ahead of the line; thereupon it was enfiladed by a machine-gun nest, overlooked in the scuffle. Jawn fought mightily and well and in so doing saved, among other things, the captain's reputation. What he did is set down somewhere in the simplest record.

of the War Department. Later he had to stand at attention and keep from sneezing while a Gallic general, with bristling whiskers, stood on tiptoe and kissed him on both cheeks, pinning a *Croix de Guerre* on his blouse.

In the fall peace came back to earth, and in the spring Jawn came back home to Lilly. Her dreamed-of glory had not been attained. Lilly forgot it for the instant in her joy of getting him back safe, but she looked thin, and worried. Jawn thanked the Lord that she had never known what danger he had been in.

The night of his homecoming, the Riggsses dropped in to see them. Tom, back from oversea, spoke in an offhand way of European potentates and expatiated on the delight of waging battle with his peers. Somewhat inconsistently he told Jawn that he ought to be thankful that he missed all that. Jawn said he was. This hurt Lilly's pride. She felt ashamed of Jawn, then mad with herself, and took it out on Tom, telling him what she thought of him, getting into danger and worrying his folks. Tom left indignant. After the tumult and shouting had died and the captains and the kings had departed, Jawn felt very glad that he had taken Dynamite's advice and kept Lilly ignorant of many perilous exploits.

He did not know that Lilly was to find his *Croix de Guerre* in the morning. Of course she did find it when with wifely eagerness she searched the pockets of his discarded khaki breeches. He had forgotten it was there. She had never seen one of the things before, but she instinctively felt that there was glory in it. She held it up to the early morning light, and her hand trembled. Maybe Jawn had been fooling her. Maybe he was a hero after all!

He was on the front porch. She would confront him with the evidence. Then she stopped, fearful of putting to the test her impossible visions. She waited thus several minutes, the motionless centre of a whirlwind of hopes and doubts and fears.

When she went out on the porch Jawn had gone to the pig-pen.

For the first time in her life the stress of conflicting emotions made her too weak to stand.

Jawn was in the enjoyment of that peace which passes almost all understanding. Home after war. His uniform was off, his overalls on. His clay-coloured hound ambled beside him. The only souvenirs of the Army were the hobnail brogans, as wide as the path down which he was sauntering. It was an inefficient sort of path, wandering everywhere to get nowhere, over-arched by waving grass with here and there a buttercup, and engraved by April rains. It suited Jawn. The little spring was as silently busy as when he left it. He stopped to watch its miniature volcano of golden sand.

He threw an ear of corn into the pig-pen and observed the battle

for it in the mud—watched it as indifferently as if it had been the outside world of desires and ambitions.

On his way back to the house he took from his pocket a sheaf of golden tobacco and browsed on it intermittently. Everything seemed so peaceful to him—like the Garden of Eden in the Bible. The blue sky rested lightly on the brown hills. April was covering the fields with green, silently, carelessly, happily. All was done so easily and faithfully. Nothing looked for praise or payment. No room for pride here. Jawn felt himself a part of it and knew that he was truly at home. He forgot that there had ever been a war.

When he reached the house, Lilly was on the porch, her hands behind her. She came straight to the point and flashed the medal before his eyes. Jawn could not have been more rudely awakened if she had used a cannon.

"Jawn," she said harshly, "what's this here thing you got? Ain't it a medal?" "

For once Jawn's mind worked with celerity. There was no denying it was a medal.

He wished the wise Dynamite could have been there to hear him.

"Yes," he answered, "it's a kind of a medal. The Gov'ment give it to me for baking the best bread of any cook in the regiment."

THE RAID

A Volunteer's Story

BY

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

WAR always interested me: not war in the sense of manœuvres devised by great generals—my imagination refused to follow such immense movements, I did not understand them—but the reality of war, the actual killing. I was more interested to know in what way and under the influence of what feeling one soldier kills another than to know how the armies were arranged at Austerlitz and Borodinó.

I had long passed the time when, pacing the room alone and waving my arms, I imagined myself a hero instantaneously slaughtering an immense number of men and receiving a generalship as well as imperishable glory for so doing. The question now occupying me was different: under the influence of what feeling does a man, with no apparent advantage to himself, decide to subject himself to danger and, what is more surprising still, to kill his fellow men? I always wished to think that this is done under the influence of anger, but we cannot suppose that all those who fight are angry all the time, and I had to postulate feelings of self-preservation and duty.

What is courage—that quality respected in all ages and among all nations? Why is this good quality—contrary to all others—sometimes met with in vicious men? Can it be that to endure danger calmly is merely a physical capacity and that people respect it in the same way that they do a man's tall stature or robust frame? Can a horse be called brave which fearing the whip throws itself down a steep place where it will be smashed to pieces; or a child who fearing to be punished runs into a forest where it will lose itself; or a woman who for fear of shame kills her baby and has to endure penal prosecution; or a man who from vanity resolves to kill a fellow creature and exposes himself to the danger of being killed?

In every danger there is a choice. Does it not depend on whether the choice is prompted by a noble feeling or a base one whether it should be called courage or cowardice? These were the questions and the doubts that occupied my mind and to decide which I intended to avail myself of the first opportunity to go into action.

From: *Tales of Army Life* by LEO TOLSTOI, translated by LOUISE and AYLMER MAUDE

In the summer of 184— I was living in the Caucasus at the small fortified post of N——.

On the twelfth of July Captain Khlópova entered the low door of my earth-hut. He was wearing epaulettes and carrying a sword, which I had never before seen him do since I had reached the Caucasus.

"I come straight from the colonel's," he said in answer to my questioning look. "Tomorrow our battalion is to march."

"Where to?" I asked.

"To M. The forces are to assemble there."

"And from there I suppose they will go into action?"

"I expect so."

"In what direction? What do you think?"

"What is there to think about? I am telling you what I know. A Tartar galloped here last night and brought orders from the general for the battalion to march with two days' rations of rusks. But where to, why, and for how long, we do not ask, my friend. We are told to go—and that's enough."

"But if you are to take only two days' rations of rusks it proves that the troops won't be out longer than that."

"It proves nothing at all!"

"How is that?" I asked with surprise.

"Because it is so. We went to Dargo and took one week's rations of rusks, but we stayed there nearly a month."

"Can I go with you?" I asked after a pause.

"You could, no doubt, but my advice is, don't. Why run risks?"

"Oh, but you must allow me not to take your advice. I have been here a whole month solely on the chance of seeing an action, and you wish me to miss it!"

"Well, you must please yourself. But really you had better stay behind. You could wait for us here and might go hunting—and we would go our way, and it would be splendid," he said with such conviction that for a moment it really seemed to me too that it would be "splendid." However, I told him decidedly that nothing would induce me to stay behind.

"But what is there for you to see?" the captain went on, still trying to dissuade me. "Do you want to know what battles are like? Read Mikháylovski Danílevski's *Description of War*. It's a fine book, it gives a detailed account of everything. It gives the position of every corps and describes how battles are fought."

"All that does not interest me," I replied.

"What is it, then? Do you simply wish to see how people are killed?—In 1832 we had a fellow here, also a civilian, a Spaniard I think he was. He took part with us in two campaigns, wearing

some kind of blue mantle. Well, they did for the fine fellow. You won't astonish anyone here, friend!"

Humiliating though it was that the captain so misjudged my motives, I did not try to disabuse him.

"Was he brave?" I asked.

"Heaven only knows: he always used to ride in front, and where there was firing there he always was."

"Then he must have been brave," said I.

"No. Pushing oneself in where one is not needed does not prove one to be brave."

"Then what do you call brave?"

"Brave? . . . Brave?" repeated the captain with the air of one to whom such a question presents itself for the first time. "He who does what he ought to do is brave," he said after thinking awhile.

I remembered that Plato defines courage as "The knowledge of what should and what should not be feared," and despite the looseness and vagueness of the captain's definition I thought that the fundamental ideas of the two were not so different as they might appear, and that the captain's definition was even more correct than that of the Greek philosopher. For if the captain had been able to express himself like Plato he would no doubt have said that, "He is brave who fears only what should be feared and not what should not be feared."

I wished to explain my idea to the captain.

"Yes," said I, "it seems to me that in every danger there is a choice, and a choice made under the influence of a sense of duty is courage, but a choice made under the influence of a base motive is cowardice. Therefore a man who risks his life from vanity, curiosity, or greed, cannot be called brave; while on the other hand he who avoids a danger from honest consideration for his family, or simply from conviction, cannot be called a coward."

The captain looked at me with a curious expression while I was speaking.

"Well, that I cannot prove to you," he said, filling his pipe, "but we have a cadet here who is fond of philosophising. You should have a talk with him. He also writes verses."

I had known of the captain before I left Russia, but I had only made his acquaintance in the Caucasus. His mother, Mary Ivánovna Khlópova, a small and poor landowner, lives within two miles of my estate. Before I left for the Caucasus I had called on her. The old lady was very glad to hear that I should see her "Páshenka," by which pet name she called the grey-haired elderly captain, and that I, "a living letter," could tell him all about her and take him a small parcel from her. Having treated me to excellent pie and

smoked goose, Mary Ivánovna went into her bedroom and returned with a black bag to which a black silk ribbon was attached.

"Here, this is the icon of our Mother Mediatress of the Burning Bush," said she, crossing herself and kissing the icon of the Virgin and placing it in my hands. "Please let him have it. You see, when he went to the Caucasus I had a Mass said for him and promised, if he remained alive and safe, to order this icon of the Mother of God for him. And now for eighteen years the Mediatress and the Holy Saints have had mercy on him, he has not been wounded once, and yet in what battles has he not taken part? . . . What Michael who went with him told me was enough, believe me, to make one's hair stand on end. You see, what I know about him is only from others. He, my pet, never writes me about his campaigns for fear of frightening me."

(After I reached the Caucasus I learnt, and then not from the captain himself, that he had been severely wounded four times and of course never wrote to his mother either about his wounds or his campaigns.)

"So let him now wear this holy image," she continued. "I give it him with my blessing. May the Most Holy Mediatress guard him. Especially when going into battle let him wear it. Tell him so, dear friend. Say 'Your mother wishes it.'"

I promised to carry out her instructions carefully.

"I know you will grow fond of my Páshenka," continued the old lady. "He is such a splendid fellow. Will you believe it, he never lets a year pass without sending me some money, and he also helps my daughter Annushka a good deal, and all out of his pay! I thank God for having given me such a child," she continued with tears in her eyes.

"Does he often write to you?" I asked.

"Seldom, my dear: perhaps once a year. Only when he sends the money, not otherwise. He says, 'If I don't write to you, mother, that means I am alive and well. Should anything befall me, which God forbid, they'll tell you without me.'"

When I handed his mother's present to the captain (it was in my own quarters) he asked for a bit of paper, carefully wrapped it up, and then put it away. I told him many things about his mother's life. He remained silent, and when I had finished speaking he went to a corner of the room and busied himself for what seemed a long time, filling his pipe.

"Yes, she's a splendid old woman!" he said from there in a rather muffled voice. "Will God ever let me see her again?"

These simple words expressed much love and sadness.

"Why do you serve here?" I asked.

"One has to serve," he answered with conviction.

"You should transfer to Russia. You would then be nearer to her."

"To Russia? To Russia?" repeated the captain, dubiously swaying his head and smiling mournfully. "Here I am still of some use, but there I should be the least of the officers. And besides, the double pay we get here also means something to a poor man."

"Can it be, Pável Ivánovich, that living as you do the ordinary pay would not suffice?"

"And does the double pay suffice?" interjected the captain. "Look at our officers! Have any of them a brass farthing? They all go on tick at the sutler's, and are all up to their ears in debt. You say 'living as I do.' . . . Do you really think that living as I do I have anything over out of my salary? Not a farthing! You don't yet know what prices are like here; everything is three times dearer. . . ."

The captain lived economically, did not play cards, rarely went carousing, and smoked the cheapest tobacco (which for some reason he called home-grown tobacco). I had liked him before—he had one of those simple, calm, Russian faces which are easy and pleasant to look straight in the eyes—and after this talk I felt a sincere regard for him.

NEXT morning at four o'clock the captain came for me. He wore an old threadbare coat without epaulettes, wide Caucasian trousers, a white sheepskin cap the wool of which had grown yellow and limp, and had a shabby Asiatic sword strapped round his shoulder. The small white horse he rode ambled along with short strides, hanging its head down and swinging its thin tail. Although the worthy captain's figure was not very martial or even good-looking, it expressed such equanimity towards everything around him that it involuntarily inspired respect.

I did not keep him waiting a single moment, but mounted my horse at once, and we rode together through the gates of the fort.

The battalion was some five hundred yards ahead of us and looked like a dense, oscillating, black mass. It was only possible to guess that it was an infantry battalion by the bayonets which looked like needles standing close together, and by the sound of the soldiers' songs which occasionally reached us, the beating of a drum, and the delightful voice of the Sixth Company's second tenor, which had often charmed me at the fort. The road lay along the middle of a deep and broad ravine by the side of a stream which had overflowed its banks. Flocks of wild pigeons whirled above it, now alighting on the rocky banks, now turning in the air in rapid circles and vanishing out of sight. The sun was not yet visible, but

the crest of the right side of the ravine was just beginning to be lit up. The grey and whitish rock, the yellowish-green moss, the dew-covered bushes of Christ's Thorn, dogberry, and dwarf elm, appeared extraordinarily distinct and salient in the golden morning light, but the other side and the valley, wrapped in thick mist which floated in uneven layers, were damp and gloomy and presented an indefinite mingling of colours: pale purple, almost black, dark green, and white. Right in front of us, strikingly distant against the dark-blue horizon, rose the bright, dead-white masses of the snowy mountains, with their shadows and outlines fantastic and yet exquisite in every detail. Crickets, grasshoppers, and thousands of other insects, awoke in the tall grasses and filled the air with their clear and ceaseless sounds: it was as if innumerable tiny bells were ringing inside our very ears. The air was full of the scent of water, grass, and mist: the scent of a lovely early summer morning. The captain struck a light and lit his pipe, and the smell of his cheap tobacco and of the tinder seemed to me extraordinarily pleasant.

To overtake the infantry more quickly we left the road. The captain appeared more thoughtful than usual, did not take his Daghestan pipe from his mouth, and at every step touched with his heels his horse, which swaying from side to side left a scarcely perceptible green track in the tall wet grass. From under its very feet, with the cry and the whirr of wings which involuntarily sends a thrill through every sportsman, a pheasant rose, and flew slowly upwards. The captain did not take the least notice of it.

We had nearly overtaken the battalion when we heard the thud of a horse galloping behind us, and that same moment a good-looking youth in an officer's uniform and white sheepskin cap galloped past us. He smiled in passing, nodded to the captain, and flourished his whip. I only had time to notice that he sat his horse and held his reins with peculiar grace, that he had beautiful black eyes, a fine nose, and only the first indications of a moustache. What specially pleased me about him was that he could not repress a smile when he noticed our admiration. This smile alone showed him to be very young.

"Where is he galloping to?" muttered the captain with a dissatisfied air, without taking the pipe from his mouth.

"Who is he?" I replied.

"Ensign Alán, a subaltern in my company. He came from the Cadet Corps only a month ago."

"I suppose he is going into action for the first time," I said.

"That's why he is so delighted," answered the captain, thoughtfully shaking his head. "Youth!"

"But how could he help being pleased? I can fancy how interesting it must be for a young officer."

The captain remained silent for a minute or two.

"That is just why I say 'youth'," he added in a deep voice. "What is there to be pleased at without ever having seen the thing? When one has seen it many times one is not so pleased. There are now, let us say, twenty of us officers here: one or other is sure to be killed or wounded, that is quite certain. Today it may be I, tomorrow he, the next day a third. So what is there to be pleased about?"

As soon as the bright sun appeared above the hill and lit up the valley along which we were marching, the wavy clouds of mist cleared and it grew hot. The soldiers, with muskets and sacks on their shoulders, marched slowly along the dusty road. Now and then Ukrainian words and laughter could be heard in their ranks. Several old soldiers in white blouses (most of them non-commissioned officers) walked together by the roadside, smoking their pipes and conversing gravely. Heavily laden wagons drawn by three horses moved steadily along, raising thick clouds of dust that hung motionless in the air. The officers rode in front: some of them caracoled—whipping their horses, making them take three or four leaps and then, pulling their heads round, stopping abruptly. Others were occupied with the singers, who in spite of the heat and sultriness sang song after song.

With the mounted Tartars, about two hundred yards ahead of the infantry, rode a tall handsome lieutenant in Asiatic costume on a large white horse. He was known in the regiment as a desperate dare-devil who would spit the truth out at anybody. He wore a black tunic trimmed with gold braid, leggings to match, soft closely fitting gold-braided oriental shoes, a yellow coat and a tall sheep-skin cap pushed back from his forehead. Fastened to the silver strap that lay across his chest and back, he carried a powder-flask, and a pistol behind him. Another pistol and a silver-mounted dagger hung from his girdle, and above these a sword in a red leather sheath, and a musket in a black cover, were slung over his shoulder. By his clothing, by the way he sat his horse, by his general bearing, in fact by his every movement, one could see that he tried to resemble a Tartar. He even spoke to the Tartars with whom he was riding in a language I did not know, and from the bewildered and amused looks, with which they glanced at one another I surmised that they did not understand him either. He was one of our young officers, dare-devil braves who shape their lives on the model of Lermontov's and Marlinsky's heroes. These

officers see the Caucasus only through the prism of such books as *A Hero of our Time*, and *Mullah-Nur*,¹ and are guided in their actions not by their own inclinations but by the examples of their models.

The lieutenant, for instance, may perhaps have liked the company of well-bred women and men of rank: generals, colonels, and aides-de-camp (it is even my conviction that he liked such society very much, for he was exceedingly ambitious), but he considered it his imperative duty to turn his roughest side to all important men, though he was strictly moderate in his rudeness to them; and when any lady came to the fort he considered it his duty to walk before her window with his bosom friends, in a red shirt and with slippers on his bare feet, and shout and swear at the top of his voice. But all this he did not so much with the intention of offending her as to let her see what beautiful white feet he had, and how easy it would be to fall in love with him should he desire it. Or he would often go with two or three friendly Tartars to the hills at night to lie in ambush by the roadside to watch for passing hostile Tartars and kill them: and though his heart told him more than once that there was nothing valiant in this, he considered himself bound to cause suffering to people with whom he affected to be disillusioned and whom he chose to hate and despise. He always carried two things: a large icon hanging round his neck, and a dagger which he wore over his shirt even when in bed. He sincerely believed that he had enemies. To persuade himself that he must avenge himself on someone and wash away some insult with blood was his greatest enjoyment. He was convinced that hatred, vengeance, and contempt for the human race were the noblest and most poetic of emotions. But his mistress (a Circassian of course) whom I happened to meet subsequently, used to say that he was the kindest and mildest of men, and that every evening he wrote down his dismal thoughts in his diary, as well as his accounts on ruled paper, and prayed to God on his knees. And how much he suffered merely to appear in his own eyes what he wished to be! For his comrades and the soldiers could never see him as he wished to appear. Once on one of his nocturnal expeditions on the road with his bosom friends he happened to wound a hostile Chechen with a bullet in the leg, and took him prisoner. After that the Chechen lived for seven weeks with the lieutenant, who attended to him and nursed him as he would have nursed his dearest friend, and when the Chechen recovered he gave him presents and set him free. After that, during one of our expeditions when the lieutenant was regreating with the soldiers of the cordon and firing to keep back the foe, he heard

¹ Novels by the above-mentioned authors.

someone among the enemy call him by name, and the man he had wounded rode forward and made signs to the lieutenant to do the same. The lieutenant rode up to his friend and pressed his hand. The hillsmen stood some way back and did not fire, but scarcely had the lieutenant turned his horse to return before several men shot at him and a bullet grazed the small of his back. Another time, at night, when a fire had broken out in the fort and two companies of soldiers were putting it out, I myself saw how the tall figure of a man mounted on a black horse and lit up by the red glow of the fire suddenly appeared among the crowd and, pushing through, rode up to the very flames. When quite close the lieutenant jumped from his horse and rushed into the house, one side of which was burning. Five minutes later he came out with singed hair and scorched elbow, carrying in his bosom two pigeons he had rescued from the flames.

His name was Rosenkranz, yet he often spoke of his descent, deducing it somehow from the Varángians (the first rulers of Russia), and clearly demonstrated that he and his ancestors were pure Russians.

THE sun had done half its journey, and cast its hot rays through the glowing air on to the dry earth. The dark blue sky was perfectly clear, and only the base of the snowy mountains began to clothe itself in lilac-tinged white clouds. The motionless air seemed full of transparent dust, the heat was becoming unbearable.

Half-way on their march the troops reached a small stream and halted. The soldiers stacked their muskets and rushed to the stream; the commander of the battalion sat down in the shade on a drum, his full face assuming the correct expression denoting the greatness of his rank. He, together with some other officers, prepared to have a snack. The captain lay down on the grass under his company's wagon. The brave Lieutenant Rosenkranz and some other young officers disposed themselves on their outspread cloaks and got ready for a drinking-bout, as could be gathered from the bottles and flasks arranged round them, as well as from the peculiar animation of the singers who, standing before them in a semicircle, sang a Caucasian dance-song with a whistling obbligato interjected:

"Chamyl, he began to riot

In the days gone by,

Try-ry-rataty,

'In the days gone by!'"

Among these officers was the young ensign who had overtaken us in the morning. He was very amusing: his eyes shone, he spoke

rather thickly, and he wished to kiss and declare his love to everyone. Poor boy! He did not know that he might appear funny in such a situation, that the frankness and tenderness with which he assailed everyone predisposed them not to the affection he so longed for, but to ridicule; nor did he know that when, quite heated, he at last threw himself down on the cloak and rested on his elbow with his thick black hair thrown back, he looked uncommonly charming.

In a word, everyone was cheerful, except perhaps one officer who, sitting under his company's care, had lost the horse he was riding to another officer at cards and had agreed to hand it over when they reached headquarters. He was vainly trying to induce the other to play again, offering to stake a casket which everyone could confirm he had bought for thirty roubles from a Jew, but which—merely because he was in difficulties—he was now willing to stake for fifteen. His opponent looked casually into the distance and persistently remained silent, till at last he remarked that he was terribly anxious to have a doze.

I confess that from the time I started from the fort and decided to take part in this action, gloomy reflections involuntarily rose in my mind, and so—since one has a tendency to judge of others by oneself—I listened with curiosity to the conversation of the soldiers and officers and attentively watched the expression of their faces, but could find absolutely no trace of the anxiety I myself experienced: jokes, laughter and anecdotes, gambling and drunkenness, expressed the general carelessness and indifference to the impending danger as if all these people had long ago finished their affairs in this world. What was this—firmness, habituation to danger, or carelessness and indifference to life? Or was it all these things together as well as others I did not know, forming a complex but powerful moral motive of human nature termed *esprit de corps*—a subtle code embracing within itself a general expression of all the virtues and vices of men banded together in any permanent condition, a code each new member involuntarily submits to un-murmuringly and which does not change with the individuals, since whoever they may be the sum total of human tendencies everywhere and always remains the same?

TOWARDS seven that evening, dusty and tired, we entered the wide fortified gate of Fort M. The sun was already setting and threw its rosy slanting rays on the picturesque little batteries, on the gardens with their tall poplars which surrounded the fortress, on the yellow gleaming cultivated fields, and on the white clouds that crowding round the snowy peaks had, as if trying to ignite them,

formed a range not less fantastic and beautiful. On the horizon the new moon appeared delicate as a little cloud. In the Tartar village, from the roof of a hut, a Tartar was calling the faithful to prayer, and our singers raised their voices with renewed energy and vigour.

After a rest and after tidying myself up a bit, I went to an adjutant of my acquaintance to ask him to let the general know of my intention. On my way from the suburb where I had put up I noticed in Fort M. something I did not at all expect: a pretty little brougham overtook me, in which I caught sight of a fashionable bonnet and from which I overheard some French words. The sounds of some "Lizzie" or "Kátenka" polka, played on a bad ramshackle piano, reached me through the windows of the commander's house. In a little grocery and wine shop which I passed, some clerks with cigarettes in their fingers sat drinking wine, and I heard one of them say to another. "No, excuse me, as to politics, Mary Grégórevna is first of our ladies." A Jew in a worn-out coat, with a bent back and sickly countenance, was dragging along a wheezy barrel-organ and the whole suburb resounded to the tones of the finale of "Lucia." Two women in rustling dresses with silk kerchiefs on their heads and carrying bright-coloured parasols passed by along the planks that did duty for a pavement. Two girls, one in a pink, the other in a blue dress, stood bareheaded beside the earth embankments of a low-roofed house, and shrieked with high-pitched forced laughter, evidently to attract the attention of passing officers. Officers dressed in new uniforms with glittering epaulettes and white gloves, flaunted along the street and on the boulevard.

I found my acquaintance on the ground floor of the general's house. I had scarcely had time to explain my wish to him and to get his reply that it could easily be fulfilled, when the pretty little brougham I had noticed outside rattled past the window we were sitting at. A tall, well-built man in an infantry major's uniform and epaulettes got out and entered the house.

"Oh, please excuse me," said the adjutant, rising, "I must go and announce them to the general."

"Who is it?" I asked.

"The countess," he replied, and buttoning his uniform he rushed upstairs.

A few minutes later a very handsome man in a frock coat without epaulettes and with a white cross in his button hole went out into the park. He was not tall but remarkably good-looking. He was followed by the major, an adjutant, and a couple of other officers. The general's gait, voice, and all his movements, showed him to be a man well aware of his own value.

"*Bonsoir, madame la comtesse,*" he said, offering his hand through the carriage window.

A small hand in a kid glove pressed his, and a pretty smiling face in a yellow bonnet appeared at the carriage window.

Of the conversation which lasted several minutes I only overheard the general say laughingly as I passed by:

"*Vous savez que j'ai fait vœu de combattre les infidèles; prenez donc garde de la devenir!*"

A laugh replied from inside the carriage.

"*Adieu donc, cher, général!*"

"*Non, au revoir,*" said the general, ascending the steps of the porch. "*N'oubliez pas, que je m'invite pour la soirée de demain.*"

The carriage rattled off and the general went into the sitting-room with the major. Passing by the open window of the adjutant's room, he noticed my ununiformed figure and turned his kind attention to me. Having heard my request he announced his complete agreement with it and passed on into his room.

"There again," I thought as I walked home, "is a man who possesses all that Russians strive after: rank, riches, distinction; and this man, the day before an engagement the outcome of which is known only to God, jokes with a pretty woman and promises to have tea with her next day, just as if they had met at a ball!"

I remembered a reflection I had heard a Tartar utter, to the effect that only a pauper can be brave. "*Become rich, become a coward,*" said he, not at all to offend his comrade but as a common and unquestionable rule. But the general could lose, together with his life, much more than anyone else I had had an opportunity of observing and, contrary to the Tartar's rule, no one had shown such a pleasant, graceful indifference and confidence as he. My conceptions of courage became completely confused.

At that same adjutant's I met a young man who surprised me even more. He was a young lieutenant of the K. regiment who was noted for his almost feminine meekness and timidity and who had come to the adjutant to pour out his vexation and resentment against those who, he said, had intrigued against him to keep him from taking part in the impending action. He said it was mean to behave in that way, that it was unfriendly, that he would not forget it, and so forth. Intently as I watched the expression of his face and listened to the sound of his voice, I could not help feeling convinced that he was not pretending but was genuinely filled with indignation and grief at not being allowed to go and shoot Circassians and expose himself to their fire. He was grieving like a little child who has been unjustly birched . . . I could make nothing at all of it.

THE troops were to start at ten in the evening. At half-past eight I mounted and rode to the general's, but thinking that he and his adjutant were busy I tied my horse to the fence and sat down on an earth-bank intending to catch the general when he came out.

The heat and glare of the sun were now replaced by the coolness of night and the soft light of the young moon, which had formed a pale glimmering semicircle around itself on the deep blue of the starry sky and was already setting. Lights appeared in the windows of the houses and shone through cracks in the shutters of the earth huts. The stately poplars, beyond the white moonlit earth huts with their rush-thatched roofs, looked darker and taller than ever against the horizon.

The long shadows of the houses, the trees, and the fences, stretched out daintily on the dusty road. . . . From the river came the ringing voices of frogs¹; along the street came the sound of hurried steps and voices talking, or the gallop of a horse, and from the suburb the tones of a barrel-organ playing now "The winds are blowing," now some "Aurora Waltz."

I will not say in what meditations I was absorbed: first, because I should be ashamed to confess the gloomy waves of thought that insistently flooded my soul while around me I noticed nothing but gaiety and joy, and secondly, because it would not suit my story. I was so absorbed in thought that I did not even notice the bell strike eleven and the general with his suite ride past me.

Hastily mounting my horse I set out to overtake the detachment.

The rearguard was still within the gates of the fort. I had great difficulty in making my way across the bridge among the guns, ammunition wagons, carts of different companies, and officers noisily giving orders. Once outside the gates I trotted past the troops who, stretching out over nearly three-quarters of a mile, were silently moving on amid the darkness, and I overtook the general. As I rode past the guns drawn out in single file, and the officers who rode between them, I was hurt as by a discord in the quiet and solemn harmony by the German accents of a voice shouting, "A linstock you devil!" and the voice of a soldier hurriedly exclaiming, "Shévchenko, the lieutenant wants a light!"

The greater part of the sky was now overcast by long strips of dark grey clouds; it was only here and there that a few stars twinkled dimly among them. The moon had already sunk behind the near horizon of the black hills visible to the right and threw a faint trembling light on their peaks, in sharp contrast to the impenetrable darkness enveloping their base. The air was so warm

¹ Frogs in the Caucasus make a noise quite different from the croaking of frogs elsewhere.—L. T.

and still that it seemed as if not a single blade of grass, not a single cloudlet, was moving. It was so dark that even objects close at hand could not be distinguished. By the sides of the road I seemed to see now rocks, now animals, now some strange kind of men, and I discovered that they were merely bushes only when I heard them rustle, or felt the dew with which they were sprinkled.

Before me I saw a dense heaving wall followed by some dark moving spots; this was the cavalry vanguard and the general with his suite. Another similar dark mass, only lower, moved beside us; this was the infantry.

The silence that reigned over the whole division was so great that all the mingling sounds of night with their mysterious charm were distinctly audible: the far-off mournful howl of jackals, now like agonised weeping, now like chuckling; the monotonous resounding song of crickets, frogs, and quails; a sort of rumbling I could not at all account for but which seemed to draw nearer; and all those scarcely audible motions of Nature which can neither be understood nor defined, mingled into one beautiful harmony which we call the stillness of night. This stillness was interrupted by, or rather combined with, the dull thud of hoofs and the rustling of the tall grass caused by the slowly advancing detachment.

Only very occasionally could the clang of a heavy gun, the sound of bayonets touching one another, hushed voices, or the snorting of a horse, be heard. By the scent of the wet juicy grass which sank under our horses' feet, by the light steam rising from the ground and by the horizons seen on two sides of us, it was evident that we were moving across a wide, luxuriant meadow. Nature seemed to breathe with pacifying beauty and power.

Can it be that there is not room for all men on this beautiful earth under those immeasurable starry heavens? Can it be possible that in the midst of this entrancing Nature feelings of hatred, vengeance, or the desire to exterminate their fellows, can endure in the souls of men? All that is unkind in the hearts of men should, one would think, vanish at contact with Nature—that most direct expression of beauty and goodness.

Ward. What an incomprehensible phenomenon! When one's reason asks: "Is it just, is it necessary?" an inner voice always replies "No." Only the persistence of this unnatural occurrence makes it seem natural, and a feeling of self-preservation makes it seem just.

Who will doubt that in the war of the Russians against the mountain-tribes, justice—resulting from a feeling of self-preservation—is on our side? Were it not for this war, what would secure the neighbouring rich and cultured Russian territories from robbery, murder, and raids by wild and warlike tribes? But consider two

private persons. On whose side is the feeling of self-preservation and consequently of justice? Is it on the side of this ragamuffin—some Djemi or other—who hearing of the approach of the Russians snatches down his old gun from the wall, puts three or four charges (which he will only reluctantly discharge) in his pouch and runs to meet the giaours, and on seeing that the Russians still advance, approaching the fields he has sown which they will tread down and his hut which they will burn, and the ravine where his mother, his wife, and his children have hidden themselves, shaking with fear—seeing that he will be deprived of all that constitutes his happiness—in impotent anger and with a cry of despair tears off his tattered jacket, flings down his gun, and drawing his sheepskin cap over his eyes sings his death-song and flings himself headlong on to the Russian bayonets with only a dagger in his hand? Is justice on his side or on that of this officer on the general's staff who is singing French chansonettes so well just as he rides past us? He has a family in Russia, relations, friends, serfs, and obligations towards them, but has no reason or desire to be at enmity with the hillsmen, and has come to the Caucasus just by chance and to show his courage. Or is it on the side of my acquaintance the adjutant, who only wishes to obtain a captaincy and a comfortable position as soon as possible and for that reason has become the hillsmen's enemy? Or is it on the side of this young German who, with a strong German accent, is demanding a linstock from the artillerymen? What devil has brought him from his fatherland and set him down in this distant region? Why should this Saxon, Kaspar Lavréntich, mix himself up in our blood-thirsty conflict with these turbulent neighbours?

WE had been riding for more than two hours. I was beginning to shiver and feel drowsy. Through the gloom I still seemed to see the same indefinite forms; a little way in front the same black wall and the moving spots. Close in front of me I could see the crupper of a white horse which swung its tail and threw its hind legs wide apart, the back of a white Circassian coat on which could be discerned a musket in a black case, and the glimmering butt of a pistol in an embroidered holster; the glow of a cigarette lit up a fair moustache, a beaver collar and a hand in a chamois glove. Every now and then I leant over my horse's neck, shutting my eyes and forgetting myself for a few minutes, then startled by the familiar tramping and rustling I glanced round, and felt as if I were standing still and the black wall in front was moving towards me, or that it had stopped and I should in a moment ride into it. At one such moment the rumbling which increased and seemed to approach, and the cause

of which I could not guess, struck me forcibly: it was the sound of water. We were entering a deep gorge and approaching a mountain stream that was overflowing its banks.¹ The rumbling increased, the damp grass became thicker and taller and the bushes closer, while the horizon gradually narrowed. Now and then bright lights appeared here and there against the dark background of the hills, and vanished instantly.

"Tell me, please, what are those lights?" I asked in a whisper of a Tartar riding beside me.

"Don't you know?" he replied.

"No."

"The hillsmen have tied straw to poles and are waving it about alight."

"Why are they doing that?"

"So that everyone should know that the Russians have come. Oh, oh! What a bustle is going on now in the *aouls*! Everybody's dragging his belongings into the ravine," he said laughing.

"Why, do they already know in the mountains that a detachment is on its way?" I asked him.

"How can they help knowing? They always know. Our people are like that."

"Then Shamyl² too is preparing for action?" I asked.

"No," he answered, shaking his head, "Shamyl won't go into action; Shamyl will send his *naibs*,³ and he himself will look on through a telescope from above."

"Does he live far away?"

"Not far. Some eight miles to the left."

"How do you know?" I asked. "Have you been there?"

"I have. Our people have all been."

"Have you seen Shamyl?"

"Such as we don't see Shamyl! There are a hundred, three hundred, a thousand *murids*⁴ all round him, and Shamyl is in the centre," he said, with an expression of servile admiration.

Looking up it was possible to discern that the sky, now cleared, was beginning to grow lighter in the east and the pleiades to sink towards the horizon, but the ravine through which we were marching was still damp and gloomy.

Suddenly a little way in front of us several lights flashed through

¹ In the Caucasus rivers are apt to overflow in July.—L.T.

² Shamyl was the leader (in 1834-59) of the Caucasian hill tribes in their resistance to Russia.

³ A *naib* was a man to whom Shamyl had entrusted some administrative office.—L.T.

⁴ The word *murid* has several meanings, but here it denotes something between an adjutant and a bodyguard.

the darkness; at the same moment some bullets flew whizzing past amid the surrounding silence and sharp abrupt firing could be heard and loud cries, as piercing as cries of despair but expressing instead of fear such a passion of brutal audacity and rage that one could not but shudder at hearing it. It was the enemy's advanced picket. The Tartars who composed it whooped, fired at random, and then ran in different directions.

All became silent again. The general called up an interpreter. A Tartar in a white Circassian coat rode up to him and, gesticulating and whispering, talked with him for some time.

"Colonel Khasanov! Order the cordon to take open order," commanded the general with a quiet but distinct drawl.

The detachment advanced to the river, the black hills and gorges were left behind, the dawn appeared. The vault of the heavens, in which a few pale stars were still dimly visible, seemed higher; the sunrise glow beyond shone brightly in the east, a fresh penetrating breeze blew from the west and the white mists rose like steam above the rushing stream.

Our guide pointed out a ford and the cavalry vanguard, followed by the general, began crossing the stream. The water, which reached to the horses' chests, rushed with tremendous force between the white boulders which here and there appeared on a level with its surface, and formed foaming and gurgling ripples round the horses' legs. The horses, surprised by the noise of the water, lifted their heads and pricked their ears, but stepped evenly and carefully against the current on the uneven bottom of the stream. Their riders lifted their feet and their weapons. The infantry, literally in nothing but their shirts, linked arm in arm by twenties and holding above water their muskets to which their bundles of clothing were fastened, made great efforts (as the strained expression of their faces showed) to resist the force of the current. The mounted artillerymen with loud shouts drove their horses into the water at a trot. The guns and green ammunition wagons, over which the water occasionally splashed, rang against the stony bottom, but the sturdy little horses, churning the water, pulled at the traces in unison and with dripping manes and tails clambered out on the opposite bank.

As soon as the crossing was accomplished the general's face suddenly assumed a meditative and serious look and he turned his horse, and followed by the cavalry, rode at a trot down a broad glade which opened out before us in the midst of the forest. A cordon of mounted Cossacks was scattered along the skirts of the forest.

In the woods we noticed a man on foot dressed in a Circassian coat and wearing a tall cap—then a second and a third. One of the officers said: "Those are Tartars." Then a puff of smoke appeared from behind a tree, a shot, and another. . . . Our rapid fire drowns the enemy's. Only now and then a bullet, with a slow sound like the buzzing of a bee's wings, passes by and proves that the firing is not all ours. Now the infantry at a run and the guns at a trot pass into the cordon. You can hear the boom of the guns, the metallic sounds of flying grape-shot, the hissing of rockets, and the crackle of musketry. Over the wide glade on all sides you can see cavalry, infantry, and artillery. Puffs of smoke mingle with the dew-covered verdure and the mist. Colonel Khasánov, approaching the general at full gallop, suddenly reins in his horse.

"Your Excellency, shall we order the cavalry to charge?" he says, raising his hand to his cap. "The enemy's colours are in sight," and he points with his whip to some mounted Tartars in front of whom ride two men on white horses with bits of blue and red stuff fastened to poles in their hands.

"Go, and God be with you, Iván Mikháylovich!" says the general.

The colonel turns his horse sharply round, draws his sword, and shouts "Hurrah!"

"Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!" comes from the ranks, and the cavalry gallop after him. . . .

Everyone looks on with interest: there is a colour, another, a third and a fourth. . . .

The enemy, not waiting for the attack, hides in the wood and thence opens a small-arms fire. Bullets come flying more and more frequently.

"*Quel charmant coup d'œil!*" says the general, rising slightly, English fashion, in his saddle on his slim-legged black horse.

"*Charmant!*" answers the major rolling his r's, and striking his horse he rides up to the general: "*C'est un vrai plaisir que la guerre dans un aussi beau pays,*" he says.

"*Et surtout en bonne campagne,*" replies the general with a pleasant smile.

The major bows.

At that moment a hostile cannon-ball flies past with a disagreeable whiz, and strikes something. We hear behind us the moan of a wounded man.

This moaning strikes me so strangely that the warlike scene instantly loses all its charm for me. But no one except myself seems to notice it: the major laughs with apparently greater gusto, another officer repeats with perfect calm the first words of a sentence he had

just been saying, the general looks the other way and with the quietest smile says something in French.

"Shall we reply to their fire?" asks the commander of the artillery, galloping up.

"Yes, frighten them a bit!" carelessly replies the general, lighting a cigar.

The battery takes up its position and the firing begins. The earth groans under the shots, the discharges flash out incessantly, and smoke, through which it is scarcely possible to distinguish the artillerymen moving round their guns, veils your sight.

The *aoul* has been bombarded. Colonel Khasánov rides up again, and at the general's command gallops towards the *aoul*. The war-cry is again heard and the cavalry disappears in the cloud of dust it has raised.

The spectacle was truly magnificent. The one thing that spoilt the general impression for me—who took no part in the affair and was unaccustomed to it—was that this movement and the animation and the shouting appeared unnecessary. The comparison involuntarily suggested itself to me of a man swinging his arms vigorously to cut the air with an axe.

Our troops had taken possession of the village and not a single soul of the enemy remained in it when the general and his suite, to which I had attached myself, rode up to it.

The long clean huts, with their flat earthen roofs and shapely chimneys, stood on irregular stony mounds between which flowed a small stream. On one side were green gardens with enormous pear and small plum trees brightly lit up by the sun, on the other side strange upright shadows, the perpendicular stones of the cemetery, and long poles with balls and many-coloured flags fastened to their ends. (These marked the graves of *dzhigits*.)

The troops were drawn up outside the gates.

"Well, how about it, Colonel?" said the general, "Let them loot. I see they are terribly anxious to," he added with a smile, pointing at the Cossacks.

You cannot imagine how striking was the contrast between the carelessness with which the general uttered these words, and their import and the military surroundings.

A moment later, dragoons, Cossacks, and infantry spread with evident delight through the crooked lanes and in an instant the empty village was animated again. Here a roof crashes, an axe rings against the hard wood of a door that is being forced open, here a stack of hay, a fence, a hut, is set on fire and a pillar of thick smoke rises up in the clear air. Here is a Cossack dragging along a sack of

flour and a carpet, there a soldier, with a delighted look on his face, brings a tin basin and some rag out of a hut, another is trying with outstretched arms to catch two hens that struggle and cackle beside a fence, a third has somewhere discovered an enormous pot of milk and after drinking some of it throws the rest on the ground with a loud laugh.

The battalion with which I had come from Fort N. was also in the *aoul*. The captain sat on the roof of a hut and sent thin whiffs of cheap tobacco smoke through his short pipe with such an expression of indifference on his face that on seeing him I forgot that I was in a hostile *aoul* and felt quite at home.

"Ah, you are here too?" he said when he noticed me.

The tall figure of Lieutenant Rosenkranz flitted here and there in the village. He gave orders unceasingly and appeared exceedingly engrossed in his task. I saw him with a triumphant air emerge from a hut followed by two soldiers leading an old Tartar. The old man, whose only clothing consisted of a mottled tunic all in rags and patchwork trousers, was so frail that his arms, tightly bound behind his bent back, seemed scarcely to hold on to his shoulders, and he could scarcely drag his bare crooked legs along. His face and even part of his shaven head were deeply furrowed. His wry toothless mouth kept moving beneath his close-cut moustache and beard, as if he were chewing something; but a gleam still sparkled in his red lashless eyes which clearly expressed an old man's indifference to life.

Rosenkranz asked him, through an interpreter, why he had not gone away with the others.

"Where should I go?" he answered, looking quietly away.

"Where the others have gone," someone remarked.

"The *dzhigits* have gone to fight the Russians, but I am an old man."

"Are you not afraid of the Russians?"

"What will the Russians do to me. I am old," he repeated, again glancing carelessly round the circle that had formed about him.

Later, as I was returning, I saw that old man bareheaded, with his arms tied, being jolted along behind the saddle of a Cossack, and he was looking round with the same expression of indifference in his face. He was needed for the exchange of prisoners.

I climbed on to the roof and sat down beside the captain.

A bugler who had vodka and provisions was sent for. The captain's calmness and equanimity involuntarily produced an effect on me. We ate roasted pheasant and chatted, without at all reflecting that the owners of that hut had not merely no desire to see us there but could hardly have imagined our existence.

"There don't seem to have been many of the enemy," I said, wishing to know his opinion of the action that had taken place.

"The enemy?" he repeated with surprise. "The enemy was not there at all! Do you call those the enemy? . . . Wait till the evening when we go back, and you will see how they will speed us on our way: what a lot of them will pour out from there," he said pointing to a thicket we had passed in the morning.

"What is that?" I asked anxiously, interrupting the captain and pointing to a group of Don Cossacks who had collected round something not far from us.

A sound of something like a child's cry came from there, and the words:

"Stop . . . don't hack it . . . you'll be seen . . . Have you a knife, Evstignéich . . . Lend me a knife. . . ."

"They are up to something, the scoundrels . . ." replied the captain calmly.

But at that moment the young ensign, his comely face flushed and frightened, came suddenly running from behind a corner and rushed towards the Cossacks waving his arms.

"Don't touch it! Don't kill it!" he cried in a childish voice.

Seeing the officer, the Cossacks stepped apart and released a little white kid. The young ensign was quite abashed, muttered something, and stopped before us with a confused face. Seeing the captain and me on the roof he blushed still more and ran leaping towards us.

"I thought they were killing a child," he said with a bashful smile.

THE general went ahead with the cavalry. The battalion with which I had come from Fort N. remained in the rear-guard. Captain Khlóprov's and Lieutenant Rosenkranz's battalions retired together.

The captain's prediction was fully justified. No sooner had we entered the narrow thicket he had mentioned, than, on both sides of us we caught glimpses of hillsmen mounted and on foot, and so near were they that I could distinctly see how some of them ran stooping, rifle in hand, from one tree to another.

The captain took off his cap and piously crossed himself, some of the older soldiers did the same. From the wood were heard war-cries and the words "*Iay giaour*," "*Urus! iay!*" Sharp short rifle-shots, following one another fast, whizzed on both sides of us. Our men answered silently with a running fire, and only now and then remarks like the following were made in the ranks: "See where *he* fires from! It's all fight for him inside the wood. We ought to use cannon," and so forth.

Our ordnance was brought out, and after some grape-shot had been fired the enemy seemed to grow weaker, but a moment later and at every step taken by our troops the enemy's fire again grew hotter and the shouting louder.

We had hardly gone seven hundred yards from the village before enemy cannon-balls began whistling over our heads. I saw a soldier killed by one. . . . But why should I describe the details of that terrible picture which I would myself give much to be able to forget!

Lieutenant Rosenkranz kept firing, and incessantly shouted in a hoarse voice at the soldiers and galloped from one end of the cordon to the other. He was rather pale and this suited his martial countenance very well.

The good-looking young ensign was in raptures: his beautiful dark eyes shone with daring, his lips were slightly smiling, and he kept riding up to the captain and begging permission to charge.

"We will repel them," he said persuasively, "we certainly will."

"It's not necessary," replied the captain abruptly. "We must retreat."

The captain's company held the skirts of the wood, the men lying down and replying to the enemy's fire. The captain in his shabby coat and shabby cap sat silent on his white horse, with loose reins, bent knees, his feet in the stirrups, and did not stir from his place. (The soldiers knew and did their work so well that there was no need to give them any orders.) Only at rare intervals he raised his voice to shout at those who exposed their heads. There was nothing at all martial about the captain's appearance, but there was something so sincere and simple in it that I was unusually struck by it. "It is he who is really brave," I involuntarily said to myself.

He was just the same as I had always seen him: the same calm movements, the same guileless expression on his plain but frank face, only his eyes, which were brighter than usual, showed the concentration of one quietly engaged on his duties. "As I had always seen him" is easily said, but how many different shades have I noticed in the behaviour of others; one wishing to appear quieter, another sterner, a third merrier, than usual, but the captain's face showed that he did not even see why he should appear anything but what he was.

The Frenchman at Waterloo who said, "*La garde meurt, mais ne se rend pas*," and other, particularly French, heroes who uttered memorable sayings were brave, and really uttered remarkable words, but between their courage and the captain's there was this difference, that even if a great saying had in any circumstance stirred in

the soul of my hero, I am convinced that he would not have uttered it: first because by uttering a great saying he would have feared to spoil a great deed, and secondly because when a man feels within himself the capacity to perform a great deed no talk of any kind is needed. That, I think, is a peculiar and a lofty characteristic of Russian courage, and that being so, how can a Russian heart help aching when our young Russian warriors utter trivial French phrases intended to imitate antiquated French chivalry?

Suddenly from the side where our young ensign stood with his platoon we heard a not very hearty or loud "Hurrah!" Looking round to where the shout came from, I saw some thirty soldiers with sacks on their shoulders and muskets in their hands managing with very great difficulty to run across a ploughed field. They kept stumbling, but nevertheless ran on and shouted. In front of them, sword in hand, galloped the young ensign.

They all disappeared into the wood. . . .

After a few minutes of whooping and clatter a frightened horse ran out of the wood, and soldiers appeared bringing back the dead and wounded. Among the latter was the young ensign. Two soldiers supported him under his arms. He was as pale as a sheet, and his pretty head, on which only a shadow remained of the warlike enthusiasm that had animated him a few minutes before, was dreadfully sunk between his shoulders and drooped on his chest. There was a small spot of blood on the white shirt beneath his unbuttoned coat.

"Ah, what a pity!" I said, involuntarily turning away from this sad spectacle.

"Of course it's a pity," said an old soldier, who stood leaning on his musket beside me with a gloomy expression on his face. "He's not afraid of anything. How can one do such things?" he added, looking intently at the wounded lad. "He was still foolish and now he has paid for it!"

"Afraid you?" I asked. "Are you afraid?"

"Why should you expect?"

Four other soldiers were carrying the ensign on a stretcher and behind them an ambulance soldier was leading a thin, broken-winded horse with two old green boxes on its back containing surgical appliances. They waited for the doctor. Some officers rode up to the stretcher and tried to cheer and comfort the wounded lad.

"Well, friend Alánin, it will be some time before you will dance again with the katanets," said Lieutenant Rosenkranz, riding up to the stretcher with a smile.

He probably supposed that these words would raise the young

ensign's spirits, but as far as one could judge by the latter's coldly sad look the words had not the desired effect.

The captain rode up too. He looked intently at the wounded man and his usually calm and cold face expressed sincere sympathy. "Well, my dear Anatól Ivánich," he said, in a voice of tender sympathy such as I never expected from him, "evidently it was God's will."

The wounded lad looked round and his pale face lit up with a sad smile. "Yes, I disobeyed you."

"Say rather, it was God's will," repeated the captain.

The doctor when he arrived, as far as could be judged by the shakiness of his legs and the redness of his eyes, was in no fit condition to bandage the patient: however, he took from his assistant bandages, a probe, and another instrument, rolled up his sleeves and stepped up to the ensign with an encouraging smile.

"So it seems they have made a hole in a sound spot for you too," he said in a carelessly playful tone. "Let me see."

The ensign obeyed, but the look he gave the merry doctor expressed astonishment and reproof which the inebriated practitioner did not notice. He touched the wound so awkwardly, quite unnecessarily pressing on it with his unsteady fingers, that the wounded ensign, driven beyond the limits of endurance, pushed away his hand with a deep groan.

"Let me alone!" he said in a scarcely audible voice. "I shall die anyway."

Then, addressing the captain, he said with difficulty: "Please, Captain . . . yesterday I lost . . . twenty rubles to Drónov. . . . When my things are sold . . . let him be paid."

With those words he fell back, and five minutes later when I passed the group that had formed around him, and asked a soldier, "How is the ensign?" the answer was, "Passing away."

It was late in the day when the detachment, formed into a broad column and singing, approached the Fort.

The general rode in front and by his merry countenance one could see that the raid had been successful. In fact, with little loss, we had that day been in Mukay aoul—where from immemorial times no Russian foot had trod.

The Saxon, Kaspar Lavréntich, narrated to another officer that he had himself seen how three Chechens had aimed straight at his breast. In the mind of Ensign Rosenkranz a complete story of the day's action had formulated itself. Captain Khlóprov walked with thoughtful face in front of his company, leading his little white horse by its bridle.

The sun had hidden behind the snowy mountain range and threw its last rosy beams on a long thin cloud stretching motionless across the clear horizon. The snow peaks began to disappear in purple mist and only their top outline was visible, wonderfully distinct in the crimson sunset glow. The delicate moon, which had risen long since, began to grow pale against the deep azure. The green of the grass and trees was turning black and becoming covered with dew. The dark masses of troops moved with measured sounds over the luxuriant meadows. Tambourines, drums, and merry songs were heard from various sides. The voice of the second tenor of the Sixth Company rang out with full force and the sounds of his clear chest-notes, full of feeling and power, floated through the clear evening air.

PRISONER OF THE JAPANESE

BY

CHARLES McCORMAC

TOWARDS the end of January the tension in Singapore was increasing as fast as the flow of evacuees from the mainland. The aerodrome at Seletar had become impossible to operate from; it was pitted with craters, most of the buildings were badly damaged, and our Catalinas had been dispersed around the outlying islands.

As the situation worsened the question of evacuation was uppermost in my mind. Some of the wives left by sea about the middle of the month, others were flown out on January 21st, and soon there was only a handful of families left. I was glad I could stay with Pat. If the island was invaded, at least I should be with her. The Japanese, I had heard, had their own methods of dealing with Eurasian girls who had married Europeans.

I was attached during those last days to a motor transport pool helping evacuation from the mainland. Every day we drove across the causeway some fifty miles into Johore, picking up evacuees and bringing them back to the island.

On January 28th I drove to Kluang, sixty miles up-country on the railway line, and found there the usual gathering of refugee women and children. I picked up a dozen of them—all the lorry would hold—and started back in the dark. We had almost reached Johore when there was a scream from one of the women. I braked hard. There was a shout from the back.

"Don't stop, we're being fired at"

From the scrub came a hail of rifle and machine-gun fire. I shot away as a grenade exploded at the side of the road. We reached the causeway safely and I reported what had happened.

"I'm not surprised," grunted the officer I told. "You must have driven straight through the enemy lines—twice."

The next day Pat was evacuated.

When I reported late in the morning to the signals room at Seletar I found there only Flight-Lieutenant Catt and four airmen.

"Has your wife packed?" the flight-lieutenant asked tersely.

"I think so, sir. Why?"

"Then get her down to the docks; there's a ship sailing at one-thirty. Look lively, man, you'll have to jump to it."

I looked at my watch. It was twelve-forty.

Dashing out of the signals room, I tumbled into our battered 1931 Morris and drove frantically to Cairnhill Road. As I skidded to a stop outside the bungalow it was already close on one o'clock.

"Pat," I yelled. "Pat, where are you?"

She came out of the kitchen, a pile of freshly ironed baby clothes slung over her arm. "What's the flap?"

"You're leaving by ship; she sails in half an hour."

"Oh, Charles, I can't. I'm not packed."

"There's no time for packing. Here, take this." I pushed a few things into a canvas grip, and hurried her towards the car. By the front gate she stopped.

"Charles, are you coming too?"

"We'll see when we get there."

"I shan't go."

For a moment we stared at each other beside the waiting car, then I looked up and behind me. A formation of Jap bombers, at less than three thousand feet, was heading straight towards us.

"Don't stand here arguing; we'll be blown to bits." I bundled her into the car, and we shot off towards the docks, at right angles to the approaching planes.

The dock was almost deserted as at exactly one-thirty in the middle of an air raid we tore across the bomb-cratered flats; deserted except for the *Wakefield*, and she was starting to pull up her gangway. Pat was rushed aboard, the last person but one to join the last ship that got away from Singapore. A second before she vanished between decks she turned, looked back at me and tried to smile.

"See you in Blighty, Pat," I cried. But even as my voice echoed back from the towering hull it came to me that Blighty, to the lovely Eurasian girl I had married less than a year ago, was as alien as another world. From now on each of us was quite alone; and it seemed to me that the chances of either Pat or I living through the next few days were pretty slim; and even if by some miracle we managed to stay alive, how could we hope ever to see each other again?

After the *Wakefield* had disappeared I walked numbly back towards the Morris. Along the waterfront, quays and warehouses were burping fiercely, and a pall of smoke, darkening the sky, drifted away towards the centre of Singapore. I climbed into the car and drove to our bungalow in Cairnhill Road. There I smashed everything that might possibly be of use to the Japanese, then

changed into clean clothes—putting on a faded khaki shirt still warm from Pat's ironing-board—and, a little after three o'clock, drove back to Seletar. I found the aerodrome nearly deserted.

The next few days had about them an air of nightmare unreality. More and more troops, civilians and refugees poured into the island making for the supposed safety of Singapore. The roads were packed; food and water were hard to come by; there was confusion but no panic. A pall of inevitability and acquiescence settled on the overcrowded island.

I was quite unable to trace 205 Squadron, which, I was later told, had left for Java. I eventually joined up with a mixed party of troops and civilians working on the Bukit Timor Road, near Woodlands. They were building a road-block. I walked across to a powerful thick-set man clad in white shorts and a faded blue silk shirt. He was squatting on his haunches, hungrily munching a sandwich.

"What goes on?" I asked him.

● He told me, in a lazy Australian drawl, that they were trying to block off the Bukit Timor Road; an idea which seemed to him "damn silly." He was, I thought, the sort of man to whom a lot of things would seem "damn silly"—a rugged, powerfully built fellow, a little over forty, with thinning ginger hair. His eyes were cold and intolerant, and his smile had little merriment in it. A tough customer. But tough or no, he believed in fair shares, and offered me half his food, not as if he were doing me a favour, but automatically as though any other procedure simply did not occur to him. In the months that followed I was to notice this trait again and again. No matter what the circumstances, it was, with Donaldson, always a case of share and share alike.

Conversation, at that first meeting, was not exactly easy. I told him briefly how I had rushed Pat aboard the *Wakefield*. He seemed interested.

"You married?" I asked him.

"Uh, uh," he grunted. And that was all I could get out of him—though I discovered later that he was in fact married, only he wasn't very popular with his wife, or (I forget which way round it was) his wife wasn't very popular with him.

That night, after posting sentries, we slept in scattered groups among the rubber trees of a small plantation. Stretched out with only the short grass beneath me—no pillow, no sheets, no mosquito-net above me; no Pat beside me—I fell into a light, troubled sleep. The last I remember, as the kaleidoscope of the day's events whirled around my mind, reappearing and alternating with forebodings of the future, was Pat's attempted smile, and I heard through the

pattern of my dreams the words "see you in Blighty" echoing and re-echoing, swelling ever louder in a harsh discordant crescendo.

Next day the road-blocking party to which I had attached myself worked on, adding bit by bit to the pile of stone and rubble which some of us optimistically thought would stop the Jap advance. But soon enthusiasm flagged and we passed the time keeping in touch with the neighbouring road-block parties, obtaining and storing ammunition and cleaning our weapons. Then came the shelling of Singapore by artillery fire from across the causeway. It was accurate fire, and made traffic almost impossible along the Bukit Timor Road. This, I realised, was the beginning of the last act, played to the accompaniment of almost continuous air raids. It was only a matter of time before the Japanese landed; and none of us were surprised when, early one morning, we heard through our bush telegraph that they had crossed the Straits away to the west.

We decided to stay where we were—not that we had much option about it, for the shelling was maintained so consistently that by far the safest place was in the shelter we had built. I tried to persuade Donaldson that our only hope was to escape across the Straits and take to the jungle in Malaya. But he was dead against it, and, once his mind was made up, Don had not time for a point of view opposed to his own.

"For Christ's sake don't be bloody silly," he snapped. "The Japs are coming over the Straits in their thousands. What chance would we have of getting through them? And how do we get across the water? I'm not a bleeding fish."

It was useless to argue with him.

The next night, while we sat hunched up under the trees discussing, not too optimistically, our chances of survival, a young Argyll private suddenly held up his hand.

"Listen a minute, chaps!"

We listened.

"Christ!" said Don. "It's quiet. What's happened?"

None of us moved. The gunfire had stopped. There was no sound but the soft slithering of leaves in the undergrowth, a couple of dogs barking in the distance.

"One of two things," a soft Scots voice broke in. "Either the Japs are wiped out or we've packed in."

For a few minutes none of us spoke; each of us putting his own interpretation on the sudden silence. After some discussion it was decided to stay where we were overnight, then next morning to split up into parties of two, each pair to act independently, as they thought fit.

So it was that the next morning found Don and me walking

slowly through the rubber trees, jumping for cover whenever we spotted any Malays—there seemed to be hundreds of them drifting aimlessly about—and avoiding the main roads which were crowded with transport.

"Hold it, Mac," he snapped suddenly.

Approaching down a side road at a smart pace was a company of some twenty Japanese soldiers, headed by an officer and a European in civilian clothes. Up came our guns. We held our breath as the party neared us. We were puzzled by the civilian. He was well dressed, with a soft Panama shielding his eyes from the sun, and he was talking authoritatively to the officer beside him. He seemed to be in charge. A slight rustle behind made us spin round sharply, but it was only two more of our road-block party who had caught up with us.

"What the hell's that civvy doing?" I whispered to Don.

"Let's find out." He stepped into the road. It was very much a mistake. A spray of bullets tumbled us into the undergrowth. My finger was curled round the trigger of my tommy gun and I squeezed hard. Three Japs fell writhing on the dusty road.

"Chuck it, you idiot," yelled Don. "We haven't got a chance." He dropped his gun, raised his hands and stepped into the roadway. He was, of course, quite right. We hadn't got a chance.

Reluctantly I threw my gun into the bushes, got to my feet, lifted my hands and followed him. Behind me came the other two.

The Japs broke ranks and surrounded us. One of them kicked me hard between the buttocks, sending me sprawling to the ground. I tried to get up, and another kick sent me flat on my face. There seemed no point in inviting a third, so I stayed where I was. Don, who had spoken to the European, turned to me.

"This bastard says there's no point in fighting. We've surrendered".

I looked across at the sleek, well-dressed European.

"And what the hell are you doing?" I asked him.

He ignored me and spoke to the officer, telling him in Malay—a language which he imagined none of us would understand—that we should only be a nuisance and ought to be shot on the spot.

Angrily I interrupted him.

"You bastard! Whose side are you on?" Again I was kicked flat and jabbed with a rifle butt. There was more talk, now in Japanese, while the soldiers kept us covered. Then the officer barked an order; the lot of us were herded together and the Japs, abandoning whatever mission they were on, turned back towards Singapore, leaving two of their number to bury the men I had shot.

"Sorry, Mac," whispered Don as we were marched down the narrow dusty road. "What a mess I've made of it."

"O.K., Don." I rubbed the bony end of my spine tenderly. "We're lucky to be still alive."

Our muttering was stopped by a jab each from a rifle butt.

We were prisoners. Prisoners of war. The fact did not immediately seep into our consciousness as the Japs marched us south towards the smoke-smudged town. It had all happened so quickly—the one sudden encounter, then we were walking down the concrete road as though on a route march with a bunch of surly N.C.O.s prodding us along. But I had killed three Japs; the tommy gun had fired almost without my knowing; my fingers had pressed the trigger and three lifeless bodies had sagged on to the road. I looked around me at the flat, oval, expressionless, slit-eyed faces. Jap faces; enemy faces; breathing like mine, sweating like mine in the wet, sticky heat. They looked emotionless, but what were they thinking? Were Jap troops buddies one with another like our own men; if so, what were they storing up for me? Torture? Or were they perhaps as devoid of sensitivity as their faces seemed to indicate? Their expressions gave nothing away.

More troops and lorries passed us on the way to Singapore. A column of tanks rumbled by—amateurish-looking affairs, the metal strung together with no indication of strength or craftsmanship. But their crews looked efficient enough, smart and well ordered, primed with victory. Beside the road were several Malays staring wide-eyed at our passing procession, and at Newton Circus we were watched by groups of Tamils and Indians and a small number of Chinese.

Raffles Place, in the heart of Singapore, seemed untouched by the bombardment, and the beautifully proportioned buildings glared white in the sun against a sky every now and then fogged over by smoke drifting northwards from the docks. A great crowd of Europeans was milling around; some of them were being packed together by guards; others were being marched away over Anderson Bridge (mostly women and children, I noticed), while other groups were waiting listlessly, numb with despair.

We were marched over to the Mercantile Bank, where a mixed party of Asiatics and Europeans, consisting of both servicemen and civilians, were shifting restlessly about under the guard of five or six armed Indians. The Indian Army, it seemed, had transferred lock, stock and barrel to the Japs; I noted that most of the guards were Indians, and they were revelling in their new-found power. I saw a Chinese shop-owner being clubbed to death by the rifle butts of four passive Indians, all wearing the King's uniform. Some of our party were sobbing, others were almost hysterical with terror. A few Asiatic women clung tightly to young children, while a group of prosperous-looking civilians muttered together, hopefully plan-

ning to buy their way to freedom. Donaldson was standing several yards away from me, and as none of us were allowed to move I could not get across to him.

Without food or water we stayed there for the rest of the long, weary hours of daylight. We were there at dusk, and we were still there at midnight, by which time most of us had dropped to the pavement, huddled together for warmth. I dozed off, stupid and fuddled with fatigue. Early in the morning it began to rain. I awoke, and then fell asleep again, my shirt soaked, the water dripping from my hair.

The sun had just risen when I was kicked into consciousness by a hefty Sikh. I was about to kick him back when I remembered. And remembering was a nightmare. I spotted Donaldson, and with a wary eye on the Sikh guard who was striding over the sleepers and kicking them into life, I crossed over to him.

"Know what's cooking?" I asked him.

"I guess we're going to be questioned about why we didn't surrender on the fifteenth. Cease-fire was ordered that night, and you, you stupid bastard, had to open up yesterday and kill three Japs."

"How the hell was I to know there was a cease fire? You didn't know either."

"Huh," he grunted, "you try and convince the bastards of that!" He looked at me curiously. "And say, Mac, what are you going to tell them when they ask what your occupation is?"

"Why, R.A.F., of course."

"Do you think they'll believe you? You're not in uniform."

"I'm wearing a service shirt."

"A lot of good that is. Have a dekko at it."

I did, and realised just a little of the sort of trouble I was in for. The shirt was dirty, but there was nothing khaki about it. It had been khaki once, but now it was bleached white from the sun and from its many journeys to the dhoby. My shoes too were of a civilian pattern.

"Christ, Don, they'll think I'm a spy."

He pulled his ear-lobe thoughtfully. "Too bloody true, cobber."

I sat down and tried to think it out. But I was tired and hungry and couldn't reason properly.

About two-thirty that afternoon, still without food or water, some thirty of us, including civilians, were assembled and marched out of Raffles Square down towards the docks. Don found himself with some half-dozen other Australians and I joined up with them.

Abandoned cars cluttered up the roadside, and the pavements were littered with merchandise. Jap soldiers with fixed bayonets

were half running in and out of shops and offices, searching everywhere. Tamil labourers, under guard, were sweating in gangs of fifteen to twenty, working harder than I'd ever seen them work before. Here and there bodies lay about, the faces distorted and the blood hard and brown in pools beside them.

As we passed the railway station on the Kepal Harbour Road, I noticed two tins of food lying in the gutter. I stooped quickly and picked them up; one I shoved into a pocket in my shorts and the other I hid under my shirt. One of the Jap guards spotted me. He stopped the party, pulled me out of line and shouted at me gesticulating angrily. I gave him the tin out of my pocket, and he kicked me back into the ranks. A little farther on I had another find—a service jack-knife. I trod on it, knelt down and started fiddling with my shoelace. By the time the guard came up the knife had joined the tin under my shirt. We started off again, the Jap gibbering at me like a provoked monkey and prodding me with his bayonet.

West of the docks, we left the coast road and struck inland. Just before dark, about five p.m., we came to a clearing in what was once a rubber plantation, not far from the sea. Here were a dozen or so half-finished atap huts, rickety on their supports; they were surrounded by deep coils of barbed wire. It was a small camp only about a hundred and fifty yards square. Beside the entrance gate was a dead Chinese hanging from a tree, his neck stretched and leathery, his swollen tongue black and covered with flies. At the foot of the tree sprawled two other bodies, grotesque and undignified in death.

Two at a time we were searched by a guard who gripped his bayonet and was obviously anxious to use it. I lost the knife to him, but got away with the tin, which I had pushed under my left armpit.

Inside the camp several hundred British and Australian troops were mixed indiscriminately with a crowd of Asiatics. Excreta was everywhere underfoot and the smell was nauseating. The cage stank with a vile sweaty putrescence. Everyone was crouching apathetically either in the huts or near the wire, doing absolutely nothing. Don began to mutter with his bunch of Australians and I flopped down on my haunches, exhausted. After a little while I cautiously pulled the tin from under my shirt. It was condensed milk. Looking round, I saw a Tamil woman with a young child, her eyes fixed, without hope, on the small metal tin. I gave it to her, and she grabbed it eagerly.

Just before dark, there was a stirring and shouting outside the cage, and a Jap officer, together with a European, stalked into the

centre of the camp. Behind him trotted a soldier carrying a small wooden box. The officer halted, barked out an order and the soldier smartly smacked the box on to the ground. The officer stood on it and in pidgin English commanded that we stand to attention. I looked around. Everyone was staring curiously at him but took not the slightest notice. The officer repeated his order several times, but there wasn't a stir. A young Tamil child started to cry. After a few minutes he gave it up, stepped down and strode off imperiously, followed by his small procession of N.C.O.s and the European, who looked puzzled.

Night came and with it the blinding glare of hastily erected arc-lamps, focused on the cage so that there was no spot unlit, except inside the few huts that retained some form of roofing. And with darkness came the mosquitoes.

I thought of Pat and of her family in Sarawak. I wondered if the Japs had reached them yet. Perhaps they had been able to get away. But it seemed hardly likely.

As the night wore on the cage grew to resemble, more and more, a slough of human despair. The limp bodies of the captives moved restlessly in sleep or wakefulness, their faces etched in sharp relief under the glare of countless arc-lamps. Unwashed Tamil bodies, unwashed British and Australian bodies, sweating, muttering troops, wailing children pitiful in their hunger, sick women crying softly, and one pathetic corporal suffering from shell-shock and screaming. I stood up to stretch my legs. As I walked towards the wire, a burst of machine-gun fire flashed only a few feet above my head. I sat down quickly and cursed myself for the hundredth time for not having taken a chance and tried to reach Malaya on my own. After a little while it again started to rain; a fine incessant drizzle.

The drizzle developed in the early hours into a steady downpour, but towards dawn it eased off into continuous light rain. The earth between the huddled captives became a slimy quagmire; excreta and urine spread into the pools and soaked away, leaving in the heavy air a stench that retched the stomach. It was forty-eight hours since I had eaten, but I was at least no longer thirsty for I could turn my face to the sky, catch the rain on my tongue, and let it trickle slowly down my throat. That rain was nectar.

Soon I drifted into a sort of coma, the events of the last few days patterning in together like the pieces of coloured glass in a child's kaleidoscope; recollection and imagination separated, then linked together again; faded and then sharpened.

At dawn it was still drizzling steadily. The crowd stirred uneasily into wakefulness. Some of the Asiatics produced food—from God knows where—which they passed round among themselves. Three

of the Australian soldiers had fixed up a sort of runnel off an atap hut which carried the rainwater into a tarpaulin and made there a small reservoir; so that we could at least help ourselves to a drink from the cigarette and fruit tins that most of us had managed to retain. We were a filthy-looking lot, unshaven, dirty and sweaty. I passed a hand round my chin and scratched into the sticky slimy beard.

Then I spotted Donaldson sitting alone and disconsolate a few yards away. I edged over to him and squatted down on my haunches, fishing out a packet of Double Ace cigarettes that I'd hidden in my shirt pocket; they were limp and stained brown from sweat and rain, but they were cigarettes.

"Smoke, Don?"

"Christ, where d'you got these?"

"I had 'em stuffed away in my shirt."

We looked round and noticed that several others had spotted the cigarettes. There was only one thing I could do.

"Anyone got a knife?"

"Sure." An Australian sergeant pulled one out of his handkerchief.

I cut each of the cigarettes in half and passed the pieces round. Don and I shared the last one.

The Tamil woman to whom I had given the condensed milk the night before came shuffling over and offered me a strange sort of leaf and a betel nut. I thanked her and she half smiled and nodded before turning away.

"Try some?" I asked Don.

He looked at it dubiously. "Hell, I can't eat that stuff."

"More fool you," I grunted. I popped the nut into my mouth, and its bitter taste was as good as any food I had ever eaten.

I looked around at the scores of mixed prisoners in the camp, if camp it could be called, for in reality it was nothing but a collection of crumbling huts enclosed by massive coils of barbed wire, which had obviously been hurriedly thrown down. Almost touching the wire was dense and tangled vegetation, ten to twenty feet high. If only, I thought we could surmount the wire, we would have a goodish chance of losing ourselves in the undergrowth; but how to get over the wire?

Don was watching me closely.

"Hopeless on your own," he muttered.

"We could try to organize a party."

"You try, cobber. Half the fools here think the Japs'll be kicked out in a few weeks, so they're content to stick it out."

"Any idea where we are?"

"Well, they call the camp Pasir Panjang, but according to my reckoning we're nowhere near the place."

It was close on ten o'clock when we were lined up; the Asiatics were separated from the Europeans and marched out of camp; and those who remained were each given a stub of pencil and a printed form which we were told to fill in. I entered my name and address, my R.A.F. number and my next-of-kin, stating Pat's address as "unknown." At any rate it seemed there was going to be some sort of system. Then we were told to stand up again and were counted off in twenties and marched out of camp, each party under two N.C.O.s carrying Tommy guns. Don and I were together.

"Wonder where we're off to now," I muttered as we passed out of the wire enclosure.

"Maybe they're taking us to Changi. I've heard the troops are being sorted there." Don had a remarkable flair for picking up news.

"That cuts you out," I ribbed him. "You'll end up with the other covies. In jail."

"Civvy yourself," he grunted, glaring at my shirt.

But we were not destined that morning either for Changi or for jail. We were taken to the docks where a gang of Tamils were clearing filth and debris from the drains with spades and long wooden poles. It was there that we had our first taste of Jap corrective treatment. As soon as we arrived the Tamils were told to stop work and to hand their implements to us. This they did, rather uncertainly and shyly at first; and we had no alternative, as we eyed the menacing Tommy guns, but to get to work. The Japs crossed over to the Tamil labourers and started talking to them. It soon became clear what had been said, for the Tamils began to boss us around.

"Work faster," one of them shouted to me in Tamil as he watched me sweating away.

I told him in his own language to go to hell. He picked up a spade and lashed out at my head; but I was quicker than he was, dodged out of the way and caught hold of the spade. I cursed him in his own language. He dropped his spade and scurried over to a Jap officer, crying out that I had sworn at him and tried to hit him.

The Jap officer walked slowly over, fingering his sword. This is it, I thought.

"Did you curse this man?" he asked, his face expressionless.

"Yes, I did. What right had he to start knocking me about?"

"Then you speak Tamil?"

I shrugged my shoulders, non-committally.

"What is your name?"

I told him. He wrote something in his notebook and walked away. And that was that. But I wondered what would happen next, and just how soon it would be before I could expect a different sort of questioning. Interrogation it seemed to me was a certainty, for the Japs knew, first, that I was a R.A.F. sergeant, a British subject; second, that I could speak Tamil with fluency; and, third, that I was not dressed as a serviceman, but as a civilian. All of which could easily make me in their eyes a spy.

Oddly enough, during that first day at the docks the Jap guards raised no objection when some of us, in between our bouts of drain-clearing, started to bargain for fruit with the crowd of watching Malays. We fairly stuffed ourselves with bananas and rambutans; and as at dusk we marched back to Pasir Panjang we passed more Malays, from whom we obtained armfuls of bananas, and the guards seemed not to mind as we ate them on the way. Another example of Jap inconsistency came when we neared the camp. We were passing an odd group of Tamils, Malays and Indians who watched wide-eyed as we slouched dejectedly along; most of them were quiet and impassive, but three or four Indians started cackling derisively, and one of them—a hefty six-footer—spat at us, some of his spittle landing on my face. I turned quickly out of line and booted him with all the force I could muster. The Jap guard ran up, turned the Indian round at the point of his bayonet and proceeded to kick hell out of him. Then he came back, smiled at me and we marched on.

"Queer lot, these Japs," I muttered to Don. "You don't know where you are with them. One minute they'll beat you up, and the next they grin at you."

"Shouldn't trust 'em too far, Mac, if I were you."

Back at camp we were each given half a Player's cigarette tin of rice and a sliver of salt fish; and then some of us made a big mistake. Having eaten their fill of fruit down at the docks, they had no stomach for rice and salt fish, so they threw it away. Over came the Jap guards and started to beat them up. Fortunately I was one of the last to get the ration, and I saw what was happening. I pretended to eat the food, but when the guards had left my part of the camp I tore a strip off the tail of my shirt, wrapped the rice and fish in it and stuffed the small bundle into my shorts pocket as a reserve. In the days that followed I was able to increase this small emergency ration by feeding off the fruit obtainable from the Malays down at the docks; this proved a godsend when, in the days to come, the Japs, as part of their corrective training, left us without any sort of food for five days.

That night—my third in captivity—when the arc-lamps in the camp were switched on, and we were counted by the Japs, one sergeant was missing. How he had escaped none of us seemed to know, nor did we discuss it, for none of us could trust his neighbours as far as he would have wished. All of us had heard of the stool-pigeon—the man pushed in to pick up information and pass it on to the guards. Any of us might have been a stool-pigeon, especially as we were a mixed bag of both civilians and servicemen, Europeans and Asiatics. We didn't even know if we were in a permanent P.O.W. camp; though I personally assumed that we were in transit, for no serviceman had yet been properly interrogated, and furthermore in the days that followed our numbers diminished steadily as each morning some of us were taken away—God alone knew where—and did not return.

THE CAPTAIN'S SON

BY

JERE WHEELWRIGHT

LIEUTENANT BRICE perched in a cane-bottomed chair set unevenly on the grass and watched a camp kettle that was bubbling furiously. He had retained his trousers, but the remainder of his clothes were spread out in the early afternoon sun, a reasonable, pleasant sun, not the choking, blazing one of the past few days. He still wore his hat, and to the covert amusement of the lounging watchers was observing a ritual about it. Whenever he stood up to stir the contents of the pot, he would tilt it to the back of his head, but when he sat down he would straighten it again with the regularity of clockwork.

"Going into town, Lieutenant?" inquired McComas, his silky yellow beard recovering its vanity under his comb.

"Whenever the captain gets back," Brice confirmed. "I know some people here; claim kin to them, as a matter of fact. I stayed with them when I was convalescing."

His freshly shaven face was nicked in a fashion that showed the stubborn resistance his stubble had made to the razor, but it showed also a relaxation which had not been present the previous night.

I Company had regained its normal pitch, though traces of the strain abode in the shadowed eye-sockets and the subconscious twitchings of those who drowsed. The men had slept, had enjoyed both supper and breakfast, something of a pleasant novelty, and, most heartening of all, knew that they were to remain with the Second Corps. The curt return wire had come ordering them to stay with the reserve wagon train until they were needed. At least they could still nurse the possibly delusive hope that they were on their way to Baltimore.

The strategists among them had already analysed Early's future movements to their own satisfaction and had become surprisingly close to reading that general's mind. With keen insight they had classified Hunter as a bluffer rather than a fighter and were sure he'd run from the action that they had heard was going on at Lynchburg. Those Germans he had with him weren't like the Army of the Potomac for whom they had a profound respect. With Hunter

out of the way, Old Jube would come a-hellin' down the Valley; reckon the Yanks in Harpers Ferry were already buyin' trunks.

Brice rose for the tenth time to peer into the kettle and swear. He was engaged in boiling his shirt and underwear in an attempt to rid them of greybacks, the doughty and persistent lice which several of the spectators were assaulting in a different but now familiar fashion by picking them off the seams and cracking them between their fingernails. Though most of the clothes had been washed, the vermin ignored cold water and, to Brice's exasperation, were apparently just as impervious to hot.

"Botherin' 'em any, sir?" inquired Reeder solemnly.

"Dry up," said McComas with mock severity. "You're watching another Stonewall Jackson. He's flankin' 'em."

"I've heard they don't like salt," ventured German Smith, and roused a chorus of jeers.

"Who told you that? A greyback? He was foolin' you. Salt's a treat to them."

"Anyway, where'd we get any?"

Their laughter came more easily under the cloudless sky with the Blue Ridge faint and brooding on the far horizon, with the cushiony feel of soft grass under them and the smell of its crushed spears soothing those who dozed. The stacked rifles were like rows of stunted wigwams waiting for the squaws to spread the covers. There was even a scattering of straw for the ones whose blankets had been left along the Cold Harbor road. They had camped in the home pasture of a brick house with porches almost reaching to its roof, and its owners had contributed buttermilk, a couple of chairs and several fascinated children to whom Niedlander was explaining the working of his Enfield. It took very little to reverse the surface mood of these infantrymen who had learned to be sparing in what they demanded as luxury.

Beeler pointed with his pipe. "Somebody comin' yonder."

The soldiers turned to look, even the sleepers who had stood sentry last night before the message came were aroused and sat up. Brice fished his garments from the kettle and spread them on a bush. If it was Heenan who was coming up the lane, he might have to interfere to keep him from bodily harm. The victims were nursing a dangerous grudge.

"Who is it? Is it him?"

"If it is, I'll break his damn neck."

Corporal Kirk strode officiously to the edge of the red clay track where the water still stood in pools. "This fellow isn't built like Heenan," he announced, and put his hands belligerently on his

hips. He had a professional grievance of his own. The captain had issued passes that morning to part of those who wanted to visit the town, but Hubbard was missing without one.

"Wonder if Heenan'd dare come back right now?"

"How should he know the Old Gentleman would open it? That wasn't Gettysburg yesterday, though it came mighty close to it."

"It's Cabell!" exclaimed the corporal. "He's caught up."

The straggler's messmates went into immediate action. Lucas and Reeder trotted to meet him while Burke threw a small heap of sticks together and lighted them with a burning twig from Brice's fire. Abbott began slicing fat bacon into a skillet.

"We got cornmeal enough to make 'coosh'?" he asked, and Burke nodded. "Coosh" was a nauseous-looking and worse-tasting compound of meal cooked in bacon grease which three years ago would have staggered them internally and externally.

Cabell was still limping, but he was carrying the rifle he had retrieved before he fell out. Captain Stowell was strict about retaining arms. He reported to Brice, who was in charge while the Old Gentleman sought news of his son in Charlottesville.

"Next time, Lieutenant, I'll know enough either to wear a whole sock or none at all instead of trying to march with one that's a lattice-work on the bottom. It blistered hell out of my foot. The others? I haven't seen any of them."

The camp relaxed into its lethargy, only to be aroused again by the arrival of Hubbard, magnificently drunk and escorted by two heated members of the provost guard.

"Is this yours?" asked one, propelling him towards Sergeant McComas. "We got a note for you about him. Seems he ran into your captain downtown."

He held out a pass with Stowell's name scrawled at the bottom. "Look at the back," he admonished.

Brice turned it over and saw a line of writing with the captain's signature repeated. "This side is genuine," it said. "The pass isn't. Give him the water treatment."

Hubbard was removed under Kirk's supervision to the bank of the shallow creek that ran through the bottom of the pasture where Lucas and Beeler held him while the corporal methodically dumped buckets of icy water over his head. They did not bother to remove his clothes.

"It must have worked on him quick," said Burke wistfully, and one of the provost guards whispered out of the corner of his mouth:

"Persimmon whisky. First mouthful gags you but clears the way. We get it off'n the folks from Ragged Mountain. Keep a few jugs

back of the guardhouse at a right reasonable price. Watch out for the officer of the day but don't pay no mind to the sergeant. He's in on it."

"I'll work a pass tonight."

By late afternoon Brice's clothes had dried and he dressed with meticulous care, finishing by greasing his brogans with a piece of bacon rind. The captain had not returned nor had the passes of the first detachment expired as yet, but the lieutenant and the remainder who expected to go into town were beginning to suffer from the impatience of anticipation. They were watching the lane and moving about restlessly. Hubbard was being dried out in front of a fire by his messmates, and was trying to beg coffee from them, having traded the last of his own ration for the persimmon brew. His urgent appeals were disregarded as a buggy drove up and a one-armed sergeant alighted, leaving a second man to hold the reins over the horse.

The newcomer picked out McComas's chevrons and spoke to him as one having authority. Their voices buzzed together briefly, and McComas gave an exclamation.

"I'll be damned! Well, better tell 'he lieutenant about it."

The one-armed sergeant, a fine-looking fellow, was very military about his reporting. He saluted stiffly, waited for the acknowledgment, and spoke in curt phrases.

"Sergeant Rixcy, sir, the Baltimore Light Artillery. Right now I belong to General Elzey's camp of instruction that used to be at Staunton. I've fetched along a recruit, sir, that General Elzey himself ordered me to deliver to you. 've had some trouble finding where you were."

General Elzey himself! Why was he. . . ? Brice fell upon a conclusion, then tried to dismiss it, but the answer that came to his question was the one he feared.

"Private Stowell, sir, Murray Stowell. The general says for you to carry him on your rolls and he'll see that the battalion is notified."

Hell and damnation, thought Brice, and he could see from McComas's expression that the other shared his feelings. General Elzey must have thought that he was doing Captain Stowell a kindness to send his son to serve under him, but Brice could see a hundred instant objections. However, there was nothing he could do about it. The assignment had been ordered by higher authority. Still, he had some trouble getting out the routine words of acknowledgment.

"Very good, sergeant. Is that him in the buggy?"

"Yes, sir," answered Rixcy, wooden-faced.

"McComas, here, will take charge of him. Can you drive back alone?"

"Easily, sir." The sergeant permitted himself a grim smile. He probably sensed the atmosphere. "The horse isn't too spirited even for a one-armed fellow to control. Matter of fact, I may have to carry him the last part of the way. The livery stable has had all its good ones impressed."

The news had spread with low-voiced rapidity, and the men were gravitating towards the buggy. The two sergeants went to it and spoke to the occupant who wrapped the reins about the whip socket and climbed down. Brice had a quick look at him as he turned to take his Enfield and his equipment out of the vehicle.

Bigger than Raby, his coarse homespun uniform, dyed butternut brown, nevertheless hung on him like an unmade bed, and the bottoms of the trousers were turned up to prevent their dragging on the ground. Probably the quartermaster who had issued it had nothing near the right size. His hat was the only article that fitted, and it was a decrepit black slouch that might have been salvaged from the Second Corps' discards. Brice was thankful to observe that he carried the full outfit of blanket roll, haversack, tin cup and the less essential bayonet. If he had lacked anything, there was nothing with which to make up deficiencies, for I Company had descended even below the necessary minimum. One of the captain's errands in Charlottesville had been to see if replacements could be obtained for lost equipment.

McComas was marching him across to where Brice stood and the latter made a hasty effort to assume a pleasant expression for what heartening effect it might have. Joining any new unit begets a preliminary nervous excitement, and he knew from experience the strangeness the recruit must be battling.

Hubbard was still partly drunk in spite of the heroic treatment to which he had been subjected. His scornful, maudlin voice rang out.

"For God's sake! He won't fill his old man's shoes."

The phrase had a double meaning that was altogether too apparent. The unfairness of it irritated Brice, and his pretended cheeriness gave place to a scowl just as the boy came to attention before him. Murray Stowell's expression was a compound of bewilderment and hurt. Undoubtedly he had heard Hubbard and had taken the officer's frown as directed towards himself.

The misapprehension added to Brice's anger, so that without intention he barked like a martinet:

"Do you know your drill?"

"Orly a little of it, sir," was the stammered reply. A lock of the

thick brown hair escaped at that moment from under the hat and fell over the boy's eye. His hand came up to brush it back, then fell hastily to his side as he remembered that he was at attention. He was very pale, more noticeably than Brice considered the experience called for, and his skin was spotted with reddish pits.

"What's the matter with your face?" the lieutenant blurted tactlessly, and grew angrier still as he saw McComas's lips quiver with suppressed laughter.

"I had measles, sir," Murray Stowell faltered. "They just let me out of hospital."

The sergeant came to his help. "Rixcy said as much sir. Said the lad got sick soon after he arrived in camp and he barely knows the drill with arms. We can take care of that," he finished cheerfully.

Brice held out his hand, and young Stowell took it in a startled fashion that nearly finished upsetting McComas's equanimity.

"I'm glad to see you," ground out Brice with a final unsuccessful attempt at heartiness. "Your father's in Charlottesville, hunting for you, I believe. The sergeant will show you what to do until he comes." He transferred his glower to McComas, who at once became demure. "Enter him on the roll and draw an extra ration. Who's on the commissary detail?"

"Henderson, sir," was the answer, but McComas added unnecessarily, "again." That detail was eagerly sought, and though Brice agreed with the captain's reasoning in keeping the shaken soldier back with the train, the company as a whole did not. In fact, there was a latent resentment against the apparent favoritism.

"I didn't ask you to comment," said Brice coldly. His underlying vexation against General Elzey focused temporarily on his humorous friend, whom he could cheerfully have kicked.

Having dismissed them, he leaned morosely against the fence for the next hour. Sergeant Rixcy had found a few acquaintances in camp, and after a short visit with them drove off, the old horse's broad hoofs spraying the standing water, and the buggy's wheels sinking deeply into the red clay. The men were questioning young Stowell for the latest news of Baltimore. Brice was just as curious, but he would get his later at second hand from McComas. Instinctively he had avoided the pitfall of displaying too much attentiveness to Murray at the beginning. If he had done so, he might have established an impression among the company that the captain's son was a privileged character and made the position twice as difficult. He dwelt with misgiving upon the Old Gentleman's probable reaction to Murray's arrival. He had good cause to respect the captain's consistent adherence to his principle of command. Fair, impartial, yet never pampering, and demanding the strictest per-

formance of duty—how was the father to square with the officer? Perhaps cleverer men might work out a compromise, but he did not believe that Stowel could do so.

He broke off a long stalk of weed and tore it absently into small pieces. Brice had taken a liking to young Murray in spite of the mutually embarrassing quality of their encounter. He'd better rally around and efface that first erroneous estimate that the latter must have formed. It looked like he'd have to apply Stowell's policy towards the company as a whole towards the boy individually, and watch him as closely as an officer legitimately could. The captain would never favour him. In fact, as an adherence to principle, he would probably lean over backwards to avoid favouring him. Brice tossed the last scrap of the weed viciously away. One of the few men in I Company that the Old Gentleman could not be a father to was his own son.

Private Bufford passed him, talking volubly to Private Duvall. They had been to town, and the latter exhaled an aroma of spirituous liquor. Brice came out from his meditation with a feeling of faint surprise. That Bufford should talk volubly was a real departure from the impression he had formed of him. To Brice he was hardly more than a name and an accustomed vision of a stocky, dark-complexioned figure, with the splash of an old scald on his forehead, who turned up silently in the right place at the right time. McComas had told him that Bufford had been a fireman on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, and he was popularly supposed to have spent the entire war thinking up something to say but never quite reaching his goal. However, something had happened to rouse his professional ire, and the floodgates of his tongue were opened at last.

"That Early!" he declaimed violently. "Never saw a lawyer yet that wasn't sure he could run anybody else's business better than the feller what's doin' it, an' now that he's general he's got a chance to try it out with nobody to stop him. I tell you he's got that Orange and Alexandria so snarled up that they're still carrying reinforcements down to him what should have been in Lynchburg yesterday. He made 'em run all their tea-kettles and their cars here and held them in the station till he had 'em all at one end of the line before he'd let any start back. Reckon he thinks a railroad runs like the tide, everything moving in one direction. Ain't he ever heard of passing sidings, or doesn't he believe they have any since he didn't invent them? The stationmaster told me that he said he'd shoot any railroader what didn't do what he told them to do. Reckon it'd be better if he shot himself an' let 'em run it, the dried-up atony . . ."

The indignant voice passed out of earshot, but left Brice chuckling. "A dried-up atomy" was an excellent description of Lieutenant-General Jubal Early, the egocentric, irascible and sarcastic corps commander.

The mud soughed again, and Captain Stowell spoke to him.

"Hello, Brice. Sorry to have kept you waiting, but it took a while to wheedle the quartermasters."

Brice turned as slowly as he could to meet the bearded face, meanwhile trying to improvise hastily a neat and not too abrupt speech which would announce Murray's arrival. The Old Gentleman was too preoccupied to notice his confusion. A gentle alcoholic aroma surrounded him also, but he was in no manner, as the phrase was "overtaken."

"Carney and Matthews are in the guardhouse," said the captain jovially. "Drunk, of course, and fighting. Understand they picked on a little Georgian who wouldn't be roostered. He beat the two of them up, and the provost guard took charge of the remains. Did you get Hubbard back?"

"Yes, sir," muttered Brice.

"Good. We'll let our warriors spend the night in the pen and put them to work tomorrow policing up the camp. I know the men say I'm always hunting extra labour, but they usually manage to volunteer for it the way these have done. You got any more to contribute?"

"No, sir. No trouble in camp."

"We'll get a few additions to our involuntary toilers tonight if I'm not mistaken. Burke probably and Watts for a certainty. Still, I'll give them the passes. It won't do them any harm to get a little elevated after what we've been through. Any of the stragglers come in?"

"Only Cabell, sir. He's all right."

The captain had got a full look at Brice's face.

"What's the matter? Anything wrong?" he demanded sharply.

"Not a thing, sir, like I said."

Stowell's voice grew strong. "If there's nothing here then . . . Have you heard anything about Murray?"

The neat little speech had failed to arrange itself satisfactorily. Brice came out baldly with the facts.

The Old Gentleman stood stock still. Brice could watch the play of expression from amazement to full comprehension as the import of the words sank in.

"Is the boy all right?" Stowell asked very slowly.

"He's just over the measles. Reckon that was why he didn't write and let you know that he'd gotten through the lines."

Deep in thought, the other put a clay-streaked shoe on the lower rail. Brice kept his eyes averted and went off on a mental tangent. Albemarle red clay made the worst walking in the world; his bacon-rind shine wasn't going to last him to town.

"It would be all right if we weren't on detached duty," said Stowell after a long pause. "If we were with the battalion, I'd ask Crane to transfer him to another company. I'd welcome him then. I could talk to him, I could advise him and let him find his own level with somebody else responsible for him." He began to speak in short explosive phrases. "Captain Torsch or Captain Thomas would have taken him—they're both fine men and would have given him a chance to make his way. Now because of this goddam 'favour' I can't help him. I dare not help him. It's bad enough that the men believe I'm favouring Henderson."

"I'll do my best for him," offered Brice awkwardly.

"I know you will. But even you mustn't favour him. We've got to think of the others, and if they once get the idea that we're doing that, they'll make life a worse hell for him than . . ." the voice hesitated, "than I'll have to."

He clicked his tongue, and with the tiny sound lowered the mask of authority over his feelings.

"Send him to me, Lieutenant. I'll see him. And have McComas prepare the rest of the passes for me to sign. Go on into town, you don't have to be back until morning. The wagon trains aren't to move for a few days yet, so we'll have a little while to ourselves."

The grey cluster broke up as the officers approached. The captain stopped near the fire, and McComas touched Murray's arm. They started together, the sergeant with the regulation stride, but the boy trotted past him with a glad smile, and McComas halted abruptly.

"Father! I'm sure glad to see you!"

Stowell's composure cracked. He took a step forward and nugged his son, patting him on the back and pushing him away to look at him. Brice, McComas and the others were ostentatiously busy about small unnecessary tasks that kept their backs to the reunion, but Hubbard stared and laughed jeeringly.

"You low-lived son of a bitch!" snarled Abbott passionately, but it was too late. The captain had heard.

"You're a soldier now. You have your duty to do. Begin it properly!" The words were stern, but the tone shook. The boy blinked in a startled fashion, then came to attention and saluted. The captain returned the salute and looked into the fire. "That's all I have to say."

"That hurt 'em both," said McComas between his teeth, as he and Brice ended their pretended conference. "Look at the kid."

Murray Stowell was coming back towards them. His head drooped and his eyes were full of tears.

"He hasn't growed yet, he doesn't know what's happened to his old man," McComas went on helplessly. "How'n hell will we explain it to him?"

"Hey, young 'un," called big Niedlander. "Spread your blankets over here with us."

"Fine," exclaimed Brice explosively but under his breath. "There's good men in the German mess. If they adopt him like they've done Raby, maybe he'll get along all right."

"Surely," McComas agreed, brightening. "The two of them will be playing together like hound pups. So 'em both good. 'Fraid Matthews is turning into a deadbeat since he's started living with all the other deadbeats of the company. This kid will do better."

There was a sharp hail from the lane.

"Lend me a hand here. I've got Offshore Gus."

Zollinger, returning from town, was helping Hammond through the sticky clay. The sergeant was still as they had been yesterday—muddy, nearly exhausted, and stinking with sweat. His Enfield was slung by a strap, and he leaned far forward as if he were afraid the weight of it might drag him over backwards.

"Give me that," cried McComas, running to his side, but the death's-head turned on him fiercely.

"In this company we comes back with our arms," it growled.

Hammond pushed Zollinger aside and reported to the captain.

"I carried out your orders, sir. Met Heenan on the way, but he had to go into hospital. The doctors say he's got malaria. They don't know when he'll rejoin because they've got no quinine, and they're using white oak bark instead, which don't seem to do much good. Raby won't be back either. I had to leave him at a house by the way. He's a mighty sick boy. an' he was out of his head."

He looked Stowell straight in the face, and there was a challenge in his tone.

"I done my best, sir, to bring up the stragglers. I tried to carry him, but I reckon I was too weak to tote him farther than the house."

2. Battles Long Ago

THE 'ARK OF THE COVENANT

FROM

THE BIBLE

AND the word of Samuel came to all Israel. Now Israel went out against the Philistines to battle, and pitched beside Ebenezer: and the Philistines pitched in Aphek.

And the Philistines put themselves in array against Israel: and when they joined battle, Israel was smitten before the Philistines: and they slew of the army in the field about four thousand men.

And when the people were come into the camp, the elders of Israel said, Wherefore hath the Lord smitten us today before the Philistines? Let us fetch the ark of the covenant of the Lord out of Shiloh unto us, that, when it cometh among us, it may save us out of the hand of our enemies.

So the people sent to Shiloh, that they might bring from thence the ark of the covenant of the Lord of hosts, which dwelleth between the cherubims: and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were there with the ark of the covenant of God.

And when the ark of the covenant of the Lord came to the camp, all Israel shouted with a great shout, so that the earth rang again.

And when the Philistines heard the noise of the shout, they said, What meaneth the noise of this great shout in the camp of the Hebrews? And they understood that the ark of the Lord was come into the camp.

And the Philistines were afraid, for they said, God is come into the camp. And they said, Woe unto us! for there hath not been such a thing heretofore.

Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods? these are the Gods that smote the Egyptians with all the plagues in the wilderness.

Be strong and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines, that ye be not servants unto the Hebrews, as they have been to you: quit yourselves like men, and fight.

And the Philistines fought, and Israel was smitten, and they fled every man into his tent: and there was a very great slaughter: for there fell of Israel thirty thousand footmen.

And the ark of God was taken: and the two sons of Eli, Hophni and Phinehas, were slain.

And there ran a man of Benjamin out of the army, and came to Shiloh the same day with his clothes rent, and with earth upon his head.

And when he came, lo, Eli was sat upon a seat by the wayside watching: for his heart trembled for the ark of God. And when the man came into the city, and told it, all the city cried out.

And when Eli heard the noise of the crying, he said, What *meaneth* the noise of this tumult? And the man came in hastily and told Eli.

Now Eli was ninety and eight years old; and his eyes were dim, that he could not see.

And the man said unto Eli, I *am* he that came out of the army, and I fled today out of the army. And he said, What is there done, my son?

And the messenger answered, and said, Israel is fled before the Philistines, and there hath been also a great slaughter among the people, and thy two sons also, Hophni and Phinehas, are dead, and the ark of God is taken.

And it came to pass, when he made mention of the ark of God, that he fell off the seat backward by the side of the gate, and his neck brake, and he died: for he was an old man, and heavy. And he had judged Israel forty years.

And his daughter in law, Phinehas' wife, was with child, *near* to be delivered: and when she heard the tidings that the ark of God was taken, and that her father in law and her husband were dead, she bowed herself and travailed; for her pains came upon her.

And about the time of her death the women that stood by her said unto her, Fear not; for thou hast born a son. But she answered not, neither did she regard it.

And she named the child Ichabod, saying, The glory is departed from Israel: because the ark of God is taken, and because of her father in law and her husband.

And she said, The glory is departed from Israel: for the ark of God is taken.

And the Philistines took the ark of God, and brought it from Ebenezer unto Ashdod.

When the Philistines took the ark of God, they brought it into the house of Dagon, and set it by Dagon.

And when they of Ashdod arose early on the morrow, behold, Dagon was fallen upon his face to the earth before the ark of the Lord. And they took Dagon, and set him in his place again.

And when they arose early on the morrow morning, behold, Dagon *was* fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the head of Dagon and both the palms of his hands *were* cut off upon the threshold; only *the stump of* Dagon was left to him.

Therefore neither the priests of Dagon, nor any that came into Dagon's house, tread on the threshold of Dagon in Ashdod unto this day.

But the hand of the Lord *was* heavy upon them of Ashdod, and he destroyed them, and smote them with emerods, *even* Ashdod and the coasts thereof.

And when the men of Ashdod saw that *it was* so, they said, The ark of the God of Israel shall not abide with us: for his hand is sore upon us, and upon Dagon our god.

They sent therefore and gathered all the lords of the Philistines unto them, and they said, What shall we do with the ark of the God of Israel? And they answered, Let the ark of the God of Israel be carried about unto Gath. And they carried the ark of the God of Israel about *thither*.

And it was so, that, after they had carried it about thither, the hand of the Lord was against the city with a very great destruction; and he smote the men of the city, both small and great, and they had emerods in their secret parts.

Therefore they sent the ark of God to Ekron. And it came to pass, as the ark of God came to Ekron, that the Ekronites cried out, saying, They have brought about the ark of the God of Israel to us, to slay us and our people.

So they sent and gathered together all the lords of the Philistines and said, Send away the ark of the God of Israel, and let it go again to his own place, that it slay us not, and our people: for there was a deadly destruction throughout all the city; the hand of God was very heavy there.

And the men that died not were smitten with the emerods: and the cry of the city went up to heaven.

And the ark of the Lord was in the country of the Philistines seven months.

And the Philistines called for the priests and the diviners, saying What shall we do with the ark of the Lord? tell us wherewith we shall send it to his place.

And they said, If ye send away the ark of the God of Israel send it not empty; but in anywise return him a trespass offering: then ye shall be healed, and it shall be known to you why his hand is not removed from you.

Then said they, What *shall be* the trespass offering which w

shall return to him? They answered, Five golden emerods and five golden mice, *according to* the number of the lords of the Philistines: for one plague *was* on you all, and on your lords.

Wherefore ye shall make images of your emerods, and images of your mice that mar the land, and ye shall give glory unto the God of Israel: peradventure he will lighten his hand from off you, and from off your gods, and from off your land.

Wherefore then do ye harden your hearts, as the Egyptians and Pharaoh hardened their hearts? when he had wrought wonderfully among them, did they not let the people go, and they departed?

Now therefore make a new cart, and take two milch kine, on which there hath come no yoke, and tie the kine to the cart, and bring their calves home from them:

And take the ark of the Lord, and lay it upon the cart; and put the jewels of gold, which ye return him for a trespass offering, in a coffer by the side thereof; and send it away, that it may go.

And see, if it goeth up by the way of his own coast to Bethshemesh, *then* he hath done this great evil: but if not, then we shall know that *it is* not his hand *that* smote us; *it was* a chance *that* happened to us.

And the men *did* so; and took two milch kine, and tied them to the cart, and shut up their calves at home:

And they laid the ark of the Lord upon the cart, and the coffer with the mice of gold and the images of their emerods.

And the kine took the straight way to the way of Bethshemesh, and went along the highway, lowing as they went, and turned not aside *to* the right hand or *to* the left; and the lords of the Philistines went after them unto the border of Bethshemesh.

And *they of* Bethshemesh *were* reaping their wheat harvest in the valley: and they lifted up their eyes, and saw the ark, and rejoiced to see *it*.

And the cart came into the field of Joshua, a Bethshemite, and stood there, where *there was* a great stone: and they clave the wood of the cart, and offered the kine a burnt offering unto the Lord.

And the Levites took down the ark of the Lord, and the coffer that *was* with it, wherein the jewels of gold *were*, and put them on the great stone: and the men of Bethshemesh offered burnt offerings and sacrificed sacrifices the same day unto the Lord.

And when the five lords of the Philistines had seen it, they returned to Ekron the same day.

And *these are* the golden emerods which the Philistines returned for trespass offering unto the Lord; for Ashdod one, for Gaza one, for Askelon one, for Gath one, for Ekron one;

And the golden mice, *according to* the number of all the cities

of the Philistines *belonging* to the five lords, *both* of fenced cities, and of country villages, even unto the great stone of Abel, whereon they set down the ark of the Lord: *which stone remaineth* unto this day in the field of Joshua the Bethshemite.

And he smote the men of Bethshemesh, because they had looked into the ark of the Lord, even he smote of the people fifty thousand and threescore and ten men: and the people lamented, because the Lord had smitten *many* of the people with a great slaughter.

And the men of Bethshemesh said, Who is able to stand before this holy Lord God? and to whom shall he go up from us?

And they sent messengers to the inhabitants of Kirjath-jearim, saying, The Philistines have brought again the ark of the Lord; come ye down, and fetch it up to you.

And the men of Kirjath-jearim came, and fetched up the ark of the Lord, and brought it into the house of Abinadab in the hill, and sanctified Eleazer his son to keep the ark of the Lord.

And it came to pass, while the ark abode in Kirjath-jearim, that the time was long; for it was twenty years: and all the house of Israel lamented after the Lord.

And Samuel spake unto all the house of Israel, saying, If ye do return to the Lord with all your hearts, *then* put away the strange gods and Ashtaroth from among you, and prepare your hearts unto the Lord, and serve him only; and he will deliver you out of the hand of the Philistines.

Then the children of Israel did put away Baalim and Ashtaroth, and served the Lord only.

And Samuel said, Gather all Israel to Mizpeh, and I will pray for you unto the Lord.

And they gathered together to Mizpeh, and drew water, and poured it out before the Lord, and fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord. And Samuel judged the children of Israel in Mizpeh.

And when the Philistines heard that the children of Israel were gathered together to Mizpeh, the lords of the Philistines went up against Israel. And when the children of Israel heard it, they were afraid of the Philistines.

And the children of Israel said to Samuel, Cease not to cry unto the Lord our God for us, that he will save us out of the hand of the Philistines.

And Samuel took a sucking lamb, and offered it for a burnt offering wholly unto the Lord: and Samuel cried unto the Lord for Israel; and the Lord heard him.

And as Samuel was offering up the burnt offering, the Philistines drew near to battle against Israel: but the Lord thundered with a

great thunder on that day upon the Philistines, and discomfited them; and they were smitten before Israel.

And the men of Israel went out of Mizpeh, and pursued the Philistines, and smote them, until *they came* under Bethcar.

Then Samuel took a stone, and set *it* between Mizpeh and Shen, and called the name of it Ebenezer, saying, Hitherto hath the Lord helped us.

So the Philistines were subdued, and *they* came no more into the coast of Israel: and the hand of the Lord was against the Philistines all the days of Samuel.

And the cities which the Philistines had taken from Israel were restored to Israel, from Ekron even unto Gath; and the coasts thereof did Israel deliver out of the hands of the Philistines.

THE BATTLE OF THE MACARAS

BY

GUSTAVE FLAUBERT

ON the following day Hannibal drew two hundred and twenty-three thousand kikars of gold from the syssitia, and decreed a tax of fourteen shekels upon the Rich. Even the women contributed; payment was made on behalf of the children, and he compelled the colleges of priests to furnish money—a monstrous thing according to Carthaginian customs.

He demanded all the horses, mules, and arms. A few tried to conceal their wealth, and their property was sold; and, to intimidate the avarice of the rest, he himself gave sixty suits of armour, and fifteen hundred gomers of meal, which was as much as was given by the Ivory Company.

He sent into Liguria to buy soldiers, three thousand mountaineers accustomed to fight with bears; they were paid for six moons in advance at the rate of four minæ a day.

Nevertheless an army was wanted. But he did not, like Hanno, accept all the citizens. First he rejected those engaged in sedentary occupations, and then those who were big-bellied or had a pusillanimous look; and he admitted those of ill-repute the scum of Malqua, sons of Barbarians, freed men. For reward he promised some of the New Carthaginians complete rights of citizenship.

His first care was to reform the Legion. These handsome young fellows, who regarded themselves as the military majesty of the republic, governed themselves. He reduced their officers to the ranks; he treated them harshly, made them run, leap, ascend the declivity of the Byrsa at a single burst, hurl javelins, wrestle together, and sleep in the squares at night. Their families used to come to see them and pity them.

He ordered shorter swords and stronger buskins. He fixed the number of serving-men, and reduced the amount of baggage; and as there were three hundred Roman pila kept in the temple of Moloch, he took them in spite of the pontiff's protests.

He organised a phalanx of seventy-two elephants with those which had returned from Uica, and others which were private property, and rendered them formidable. He armed their

drivers with mallet and chisel to enable them to split their skulls in the fight if they ran away.

He would not allow his generals to be nominated by the Grand Council. The Ancients tried to urge the laws in objection, but he set them aside; no one ventured to murmur again, and everything yielded to the violence of his genius.

He assumed sole charge of the war, the government, and the finances; and as a precaution against accusations he demanded the suffete Hanno as examiner of his accounts.

He set to work upon the ramparts, and had the old and now useless inner walls demolished in order to furnish stones. But difference of fortune, replacing the hierarchy of race, still kept the sons of the vanquished and those of the conquerors apart; thus the patricians viewed the destruction of these ruins with an angry eye, while the plebeians, scarcely knowing why, rejoiced.

The troops defiled under arms through the streets from morning till night; every moment the sound of trumpets was heard; chariots passed bearing shields, tents, and pikes; the courts were full of women engaged in tearing up linen; the enthusiasm spread from one to another, and Hamilcar's soul filled the republic.

He had divided his soldiers into even numbers, being careful to place a strong man and a weak one alternately throughout the length of his files, so that he who was less vigorous or more cowardly might be at once led and pushed forward by two others. But with his three thousand Ligurians, and the best in Carthage, he could form only a simple phalanx of four thousand and ninety-six hoplites, protected by bronze helmets, and handling ashen sarissæ fourteen cubits long.

There were two thousand young men, each equipped with a sling, a dagger, and sandals. He reinforced them with eight hundred others armed with round shields and Roman swords.

The heavy cavalry was composed of the nineteen hundred remaining guardsmen of the Legion, covered with plates of vermilion bronze, like the Assyrian Clinabarians. He had further four hundred mounted archers, of those that were called Tarentines, with caps of weasel's skin, two-edged axes, and leathern tunics. Finally there were twelve hundred Negroes from the quarter of the caravans, who were mingled with the Clinabarians, and were to run beside the stallions with one hand resting on the manes. All was ready, and yet Hamilcar did not start.

Often at night he would go out of Carthage alone and make his way beyond the lagoon towards the mouths of the Macaras. Did he intend to join the Mercenaries? The Ligurians encamped in the Mappalan district surrounded his house.

The apprehensions of the Rich appeared justified when, one day, three hundred Barbarians were seen approaching the walls. The suffete opened the gates to them; they were deserters; drawn by fear or by fidelity they were hastening to their master.

Hamilcar's return had not surprised the Mercenaries; according to their ideas the man could not die. He was returning to fulfil his promise—a hope by no means absurd, so deep was the abyss between country and arm^y. Moreover they did not believe themselves culpable; the feast was forgotten.

The spies whom they surprised undeceived them. It was a triumph for the bitter; even the lukewarm grew furious. Then the two sieges overwhelmed them with weariness; no progress was being made; a battle would be better! Thus many men had left the ranks and were scouring the country. But at news of the arming they returned; Matho leaped for joy. "At last! at last!" he cried.

Then the resentment which he cherished against Salammbô was turned against Hamilcar. His hate could now perceive a definite prey; and as his vengeance grew easier of conception he almost believed that he had realised it and he revelled in it already. At the same time he was seized with a loftier tenderness, and consumed by more acrid desire. He saw himself alternately in the midst of the soldiers brandishing the suffete's head on a pike, and then in the room with the purple bed, clasping the maiden in his arms, covering her face with kisses, passing his hands over her long, black hair; and the imagination of this, which he knew could never be realised, tortured him. He swore to himself that, since his companions had appointed him schalischim, he would conduct the war; the certainty that he would not return from it urged him to render it a pitiless one.

He came to Spendius and said to him:

"You will go and get your men! I will bring mine! Warn Autaritus! We are lost if Hamilcar attacks us! Do you understand me? Rise!"

Spendius was stupefied before such an air of authority. Matho usually allowed himself to be led, and his previous transports had quickly passed away. But just now he appeared at once calmer and more terrible; a superb will gleamed in his eyes like the flame of a sacrifice.

The Greek did not listen to his reasons. He was living in one of the Carthaginian pearl-bordered tents, drinking cool beverages from silver cups, playing at the cottabos, letting his hair grow, and conducting the siege with slackness. Moreover, he had entered into communications with some in the town and would not leave, being sure that it would open its gates before many days were over.

Narr' Havas, who wandered about among the three armies, was at that time with him. He supported his opinion, and even blamed the Libyan for wishing, in his excess of courage, to abandon their enterprise.

"Go, if you are afraid!" exclaimed Matho; "you promised us pitch, sulphur, elephants, foot-soldiers, horses! where are they?"

Narr' Havas reminded him that he had exterminated Hanno's last cohorts; as to the elephants, they were being hunted in the woods; he was arming the foot-soldiers, the horses were on their way; and the Numidian rolled his eyes like a woman and smiled in an irritating manner as he stroked the ostrich feather which fell upon his shoulder. In his presence Matho was at a loss for a reply.

But a man who was a stranger entered, wet with perspiration, scared, and with bleeding feet and loosened girdle; his breathing shook his lean sides enough to have burst them, and speaking in an unintelligible dialect he opened his eyes wide as though he were telling of some battle. The king sprang outside and called his horsemen.

They ranged themselves in the plain before him in the form of a circle. Narr' Havas, who was mounted, bent his head and bit his lips. At last he separated his men into two equal divisions, and told the first to wait; then with an imperious gesture he carried off the others at a gallop and disappeared on the horizon in the direction of the mountains.

"Master!" murmured Spendius, "I do not like these extraordinary chances—the suffete returning, Narr' Havas going away——"

"Why! what does it matter?" said Matho disdainfully.

It was a reason the more for anticipating Hamilcar by uniting with Autaritus. But if the siege of the towns were raised, the inhabitants would come out and attack them in the rear, while they would have the Carthaginians in front. After much talking the following measures were resolved upon and immediately executed.

Spendius proceeded with fifteen thousand men as far as the bridge built across the Macaras, three miles from Utica; the corners of it were fortified with four huge towers provided with catapults; all the paths and gorges in the mountains were stopped up with trunks of trees, pieces of rock, interlacings of thorn, and stone walls; on the summits heaps of grass were made which might be lighted as signals, and shepherds who were able to see at a distance were posted at intervals.

No doubt Hamilcar would not, like Hanno, advance by the mountain of the Hot Springs. He would think that Autaritus, being master of the interior, would close the route against him. Moreover, a check at the opening of the campaign would ruin him,

while if he gained a victory he would soon have to make a fresh beginning, the Mercenaries being farther off. Again, he could disembark at Cape Grapes and march thence upon one of the towns. But he would then find himself between the two armies, an indiscretion which he could not commit with his scanty forces. Accordingly he must proceed along the base of Mount Ariana, then turn to the left to avoid the mouths of the Macaras, and come straight to the bridge. It was there that Matho expected him.

At night he used to inspect the pioneers by torchlight. He would hasten to Hippo-Zarytus or to the works on the mountains, would come back again, would never rest. Spendius envied his energy, but in the management of spies, the choice of sentries, the working of the engines, and all means of defence, Matho listened docilely to his companion. They spoke no more of Salammbô—one not thinking about her, and the other being prevented by a feeling of shame.

Often he would go towards Carthage, striving to catch sight of Hamilcar's troops. His eyes would dart along the horizon; he would lie flat on the ground, and believe that he could hear an army in the throbbing of his arteries.

He told Spendius that if Hamilcar did not arrive within three days he would go with all his men to meet him and offer him battle. Two further days elapsed. Spendius restrained him; but on the morning of the sixth day he departed.

The Carthaginians were no less impatient for war than the Barbarians. In tents and in houses there was the same longing and the same distress; all were asking of another what was delaying Hamilcar.

From time to time he would mount to the cupola of the temple of Eschmoun beside the Announcer of the Moons and take note of the wind.

One day—it was the third of the month of Tibby—they saw him descending from the Acropolis with hurried steps. A great clamour arose in the Mappalian district. Soon the streets were astir, and the soldiers were everywhere beginning to arm surrounded by weeping women who threw themselves upon their breasts; then they ran quickly to the square of Khamon to take their places in the ranks. No one was allowed to follow them or even to speak to them, or to approach the ramparts; for some minutes the whole town was as silent as a great tomb. The soldiers as they leaned on their lances were thinking, and the others in the houses were sighing.

At sunset the army went out by the western gate; but instead of taking the road to Tunis or making for the mountains in the direction of Utica, they continued their march along the edge of the sea;

and they soon reached the Lagoon, where round spaces quite whitened with salt glittered like gigantic silver dishes forgotten on the shore.

Then the pools of water multiplied. The ground gradually became softer, and the feet sank in it. Hamilcar did not turn back. He went on still at their head; and his horse, which was yellow-spotted like a dragon, advanced into the mire flinging froth around him, and with great straining of the loins. Night—a moonless night—fell. A few cried out that they were going to perish; he snatched their arms from them, and gave them to the serving-men. Nevertheless the mud became deeper and deeper. Some had to mount the beasts of burden; others clung to the horses' tails; the sturdy pulled the weak, and the Ligurian corps drove on the infantry with the points of their pikes. The darkness increased. They had lost their way. All stopped.

Then some of the suffete's slaves went on ahead to look for the buoys which had been placed at intervals by his order. They shouted through the darkness, and the army followed them at a distance.

At last they felt the resistance of the ground. Then a whitish curve became dimly visible, and they found themselves on the bank of the Macaras. In spite of the cold no fires were lighted.

In the middle of the night squalls of wind arose. Hamilcar had the soldiers roused, but not a trumpet was sounded: their captains tapped them softly on the shoulder.

A man of lofty stature went down into the water. It did not come up to his girdle; it was possible to cross.

The suffete ordered thirty-two of the elephants to be posted in the river a hundred paces farther on, while the others, lower down, would check the lines of men that were carried away by the current; and holding their weapons above their heads they all crossed the Macaras as though between two walls. He had noticed that the western wind had driven the sand so as to obstruct the river and form a natural causeway across it.

He was now on the left bank in front of Utica, and in a vast plain, the latter being advantageous for his elephants, which formed the strength of his army.

This feat of genius filled the soldiers with enthusiasm. They recovered extraordinary confidence. They wished to hasten immediately against the Barbarians; but the suffete made them rest for two hours. As soon as the sun appeared they moved into the plain in three lines—first came the elephants, and then the light infantry with the cavalry behind it, the phalanx marching next.

The Barbarians encamped at Utica, and the fifteen thousand about the bridge, were surprised to see the ground undulating in

the distance. The wind, which was blowing very hard, was driving tornadoes of sand before it; they rose as though snatched from the soil, ascended in great light-coloured strips, then parted asunder and began again, hiding the Punic army the while from the Mercenaries. Owing to the horns which stood up on the edge of the helmets some thought they could perceive a herd of oxen; others, deceived by the motion of the cloaks, pretended that they could distinguish wings, and those who had travelled a good deal shrugged their shoulders and explained everything by the illusions of the mirage. Nevertheless something of enormous size continued to advance. Little vapours, as subtle as the breath, ran across the surface of the desert; the sun, which was higher now, shone more strongly: a harsh light, which seemed to vibrate, threw back the depths of the sky, and, permeating objects, rendered distance incalculable. The immense plain expanded in every direction beyond the limits of vision; and the almost insensible undulations of the soil extended to the extreme horizon, which was closed by a great blue line which they knew to be the sea. The two armies, having left their tents, stood gazing; the people of Utica were massing on the ramparts to have a better view.

At last they distinguished several transverse bars bristling with level points. They became thicker, larger; black hillocks swayed to and fro; square thickets suddenly appeared; they were elephants and lances. A single shout went up: "The Carthaginians!" and without signal or command the soldiers at Utica and those at the bridge ran pell-mell to fall in a body upon Hamilcar.

Spendius shuddered at the name. "Hamilcar! Hamilcar!" he repeated, panting, and Matho was not there! What was to be done? No means of flight! The suddenness of the event, his terror of the suffete, and above all, the urgent need of forming an immediate resolution, distracted him; he could see himself pierced by thousands of swords, decapitated, dead. Meanwhile he was being called for; thirty thousand men would follow him; he was seized with fury against himself; he fell back upon the hope of victory; it was full of bliss, and he believed himself more intrepid than Epaminodas. He smeared his cheeks with vermilion in order to conceal his paleness, then he buckled on his knemids and his cuirass swallowed a patera of pure wine, and ran after his troops, who were hastening towards those from Utica.

They united so rapidly that the suffete had not time to draw up his men in battle array. By degrees he slackened his speed. The elephants stopped; they rocked their heavy heads with their chargings of ostrich feathers, striking their shoulders the while with their trunks.

Behind the intervals between them might be seen the cohorts of the velites, and farther on the great helmets of the Clinabarians, with steel heads glancing in the sun, cuirasses, plumes, and waving standards. But the Carthaginian army, which amounted to eleven thousand three hundred and ninety-six men, seemed scarcely to contain them, for it formed an oblong, narrow at the sides and pressed back upon itself.

Seeing them so weak, the Barbarians, who were thrice as numerous, were seized with extravagant joy. Hamilcar was not to be seen. Perhaps he had remained down yonder? Moreover, what did it matter? The disdain which they felt for these traders strengthened their courage; and before Spendius could command a manœuvre they had all understood it, and already executed it.

They deployed in a long, straight line, overlapping the wings of the Punic army in order to completely encompass it. But when there was an interval of only three hundred paces between the armies, the elephants turned round instead of advancing; then the Clinabarians were seen to face about and follow them; and the surprise of the Mercenaries increased when they saw the archers running to join them. So the Carthaginians were afraid, they were fleeing! A tremendous hooting broke out from among the Barbarian troops, and Spendius exclaimed from the top of his dromedary: "Ah! I knew it! Forward! forward!"

Then javelins, darts, and sling-bullets burst forth simultaneously. The elephants feeling their croups stung by the arrows began to gallop more quickly; a great dust enveloped them, and they vanished like shadows in a cloud.

But from the distance there came a loud noise of footsteps dominated by the shrill sound of the trumpets, which were being blown furiously. The space which the Barbarians had in front of them, and which was full of eddies and tumult, attracted like a whirlpool; some dashed into it. Cohorts of infantry appeared; they closed up; and at the same time all the rest saw the foot soldiers hastening up with the horsemen at a gallop.

Hamilcar had, in fact, ordered the phalanx to break its sections, and the elephants, light troops, and cavalry to pass through the intervals so as to bring themselves speedily upon the wings, and so well had he calculated the distance from the Barbarians, that at the moment when they reached him, the entire Carthaginian army formed one long straight line.

In the centre bristled the phalanx, formed of syntagmata or full squares having sixteen men on each side. All the leaders of all the files appeared amid long, sharp lance-heads, which jutted out unevenly around them, for the six first ranks crossed their sarissæ,

holding them in the middle, and the ten lower ranks rested on them upon the shoulders of their companions in succession before them. Their faces were all half hidden beneath the visors of their helmets; their right legs were all covered with bronze knemids; broad cylindrical shields reached down to their knees; and the horrible quadrangular mass moved in a single body, and seemed to live like an animal and work like a machine. Two cohorts of elephants flanked it in regular array; quivering, they shook off the splinters of the arrows that clung to their black skins. The Indians, squatted on their withers among the tufts of white feathers, restrained them with their spoon-headed harpoons, while the men in the towers, who were hidden up to their shoulders, moved about iron distaffs furnished with lighted tow on the edges of their large bended bows. Right and left of the elephants hovered the slingers, each with a sling around his loins, a second on his head, and a third in his right hand. Then came the Clinabarians, each flanked by a negro, and pointing their lances between the ears of their horses, which, like themselves, were completely covered with gold. Afterwards, at intervals, came the light-armed soldiers with shields of lynx skin, beyond which projected the points of the javelins which they held in their left hands; while the Tarentines, each having two coupled horses, relieved this wall of soldiers at its two extremities.

The army of the Barbarians, on the contrary, had not been able to preserve its line. Undulations and blanks were to be found through its extravagant length; all were panting and out of breath with their running.

The phalanx moved heavily along with thrusts from all its sarissæ; and the too slender line of the Mercenaries soon yielded in the centre beneath the enormous weight.

Then the Carthaginian wings expanded in order to fall upon them, the elephants following. The phalanx, with obliquely pointed lances, cut through the Barbarians; there were two enormous, struggling bodies; and the wings with slings and arrows beat them back upon the phalangites. There was no cavalry to get rid of them, except two hundred Numidians operating against the right squadron of the Clinabarians. All the rest were hemmed in, and unable to extricate themselves from the lines. The peril was imminent, and the need of coming to some resolution urgent.

Spendius ordered attacks to be made simultaneously on both flanks of the phalanx so as to pass clean through it. But the narrower ranks glided below the longer ones and recovered their position, and the phalanx turned upon the Barbarians as terrible in flank as it had just been in front.

They struck at the staves of the sarissæ, but the cavalry in the

rear embarrassed their attack; and the phalanx, supported by the elephants, lengthened and contracted, presenting itself in the form of a square, a cone, a rhombus, a trapezium, a pyramid. A two-fold internal movement went on continually from its head to its rear; for those who were at the lowest part of the files hastened up to the first ranks, while the latter, from fatigue, or on account of the wounded, fell farther back. The Barbarians found themselves thronged upon the phalanx. It was impossible for it to advance; there was as it were an ocean wherein leaped red crests and scales of brass, while the bright shields rolled like silver foam. Sometimes broad currents would descend from one extremity to the other, and then go up again, while a heavy mass remained motionless in the centre. The lances dipped and rose alternately. Elsewhere there was so quick a play of naked swords that only the points were visible, while turmæ of cavalry formed wide circles which closed again like whirlwinds behind them.

Above the voices of the captains, the ringing of clarions, and the grating of lyres, bullets of lead and almonds of clay whistled through the air, dashing the sword from the hand or the brain out of the skull. The wounded sheltering themselves with one arm beneath their shields, pointed their swords by resting the pommels upon the ground, while others, lying in pools of blood, would turn and bite the heels of those above them. The multitude was so compact, the dust so thick, and the tumult so great that it was impossible to distinguish anything; the cowards who offered to surrender were not even heard. Those whose hands were empty clasped one another close; breasts cracked against cuirasses, and corpses hung with head thrown back between a pair of contracted arms. There was a company of sixty Umbrians who, firm on their hams; their pikes before their eyes, immovable and grinding their teeth, forced two syntagmata to recoil simultaneously. Some Epirote shepherds ran upon the left squadron of the Clinabarians, and whirling their staves, seized the horses by the mane; the animals threw their riders and fled across the plain. The Punic slingers scattered here and there stood gaping. The phalanx began to waver, the captains ran to and fro in distraction, the rearmost in the files were pressing upon the soldiers, and the Barbarians had reformed; they were recovering; the victory was theirs.

But a cry, a terrible cry broke forth, a roar of pain and wrath: it came from the seventy-two elephants which were rushing on in double line, Hamilcar having waited until the Mercenaries were massed together in one spot to let them loose against them; the Indians had goaded them so vigorously that blood was trickling down their broad ears. Their trunks, which were smeared with

minium, were stretched straight out in the air like red serpents; their breasts were furnished with spears and their backs with cuirasses; their tusks were lengthened with steel blades curved like sabres—and to make them more ferocious they had been intoxicated with a mixture of pepper, wine, and incense. They shook their necklaces of bells, and shrieked; and the elephantarchs bent their heads beneath the stream of phalaricas which was beginning to fly from the tops of the towers.

In order to resist them the better the Barbarians rushed forward in a compact crowd; the elephants flung themselves impetuously upon the centre of it. The spurs on their breasts, like ships' prows, clove through the cohorts, which flowed surging back. They stifled the men with their trunks, or else snatching them up from the ground delivered them over their heads to the soldiers in the towers; with their tusks they disembowelled them, and hurled them into the air, and long entrails hung from their ivory fangs like bundles of ropes from a mast. The Barbarians strove to blind them, to hamstring them; others would slip beneath their bodies, bury a sword in them up to the hilt, and perish crushed to death; the most intrepid clung to their straps; they would go on sawing the leather amid flames, bullets, and arrows, and the wicker tower would fall like a tower of stone. Fourteen of the animals on the extreme right, irritated by their wounds, turned upon the second rank; the Indians seized mallet and chisel, applied the latter to a joint in the head, and with all their might struck a great blow.

Down sank the huge beasts, falling one above another. It was like a mountain; and upon the heap of dead bodies and armour a monstrous elephant, called "The Fury of Baal," which had been caught by the leg in some chains, stood howling until the evening with an arrow in its eye.

The others, however, like conquerors delighting in extermination, overthrew, crushed, stamped, and raged against the corpses and the debris. To repel the maniples in serried circles around them, they turned about on their hind feet as they advanced, with a continual rotary motion. The Carthaginians felt their energy increase, and the battle began again.

The Barbarians were growing weak; some Greek hoplites threw away their arms, and terror seized upon the rest. Spendius was seen stooping upon his dromedary, and spurring it on the shoulders with two javelins. Then they all rushed away from the wings and ran towards Utica.

The Clinabarians, whose horses were exhausted, did not try to overtake them. The Ligurians, who were weakened by thirst, cried out for an advance towards the river. But the Carthaginians, who

were posted in the centre of the syntagmata, and had suffered less, stamped their feet with longing for the vengeance which was flying from them; and they were already darting forward in pursuit of the Mercenaries when Hamilcar appeared.

He held in his spotted and sweat-covered horse with silver reins. The bands fastened to the horns on his helmet flapped in the wind behind him, and he had placed his oval shield beneath his left thigh. With a motion of his triple-pointed pike he checked the army.

The Tarentines leaped quickly upon their spare horses and set off right and left towards the river and towards the town.

The phalanx exterminated all the remaining Barbarians at leisure. When the swords appeared they would stretch out their throats and close their eyelids. Others defended themselves to the last, and were knocked down from a distance with flints like mad dogs. Hamilcar had desired the taking of prisoners, but the Carthaginians obeyed him grudgingly, so much pleasure did they derive from plunging their swords into the bodies of the Barbarians. As they were too hot they set about their work with bare arms like mowers; and when they desisted to take a breath they would follow with their eyes a horseman galloping across the country after a fleeing soldier. He would succeed in seizing him by the hair, hold him thus for a while, and then fell him with a blow of his axe.

Night fell. Carthaginians and Barbarians had disappeared. The elephants which had taken to flight roamed in the horizon with their fired towers. These burned here and there in the darkness like beacons half lost in the mist; and no movement could be discerned in the plain save the undulation of the river, which was heaped with corpses, and was drifting them away to the sea.

Two hours afterwards Matho arrived. He caught sight in the starlight of long, uneven heaps lying upon the ground.

They were files of Barbarians. He stooped down; all were dead. He called into the distance, but no voice replied.

That very morning he had left Hippo-Zarytus with his soldiers to march upon Carthage. At Utica the army under Spendius had just set out, and the inhabitants were beginning to fire the engines. All had fought desperately. But the tumult which was going on in the direction of the bridge increasing in an incomprehensible fashion, Matho had struck across the mountain by the shortest road, and as the Barbarians were fleeing over the plain he had encountered nobody.

Facing him were little pyramidal masses rearing themselves in the shade, and on this side of the river and closer to him were motion-

less lights on the surface of the ground. In fact the Carthaginians had fallen back behind the bridge, and to deceive the Barbarians the suffete had stationed numerous posts upon the other bank.

Matho, still advancing, thought that he could distinguish Punic ensigns, for horses' heads which did not stir appeared in the air fixed upon the tops of piles of staves which could not be seen; and farther off he could hear a great clamour, a noise of songs, and clashing of cups.

Then, not knowing where he was nor how to find Spendius, assailed with anguish, scared, and lost in the darkness, he returned more impetuously by the same road. The dawn was growing grey when from the top of the mountain he perceived the town with the carcasses of the engines blackened by the flames and looking like giant skeletons leaning against the walls.

All was peaceful amid extraordinary silence and heaviness. Among his soldiers on the verge of the tents men were sleeping nearly naked, each upon his back, or with his forehead against his arm which was supported by his cuirass. Some were unwinding bloodstained bandages from their legs. Those who were going to die rolled their heads about gently; others dragged themselves along and brought them drink. The sentries walked up and down along the narrow paths in order to warm themselves, or stood in a fierce attitude with their faces turned towards the horizon, and their pikes on their shoulders. Matho and Spendius sheltered beneath a rag of canvas, supported by two sticks set in the ground, his knee in his hands and his head cast down.

They remained for a long time without speaking.

At last Matho murmured: "Conquered!"

Spendius rejoined in a gloomy voice: "Yes, conquered!"

And to all questions he replied by gestures of despair.

Meanwhile sighs and death-rattles reached them. Matho partially opened the canvas. Then the sight of soldiers reminded him of another disaster on the same spot, and he ground his teeth: "Wretch! once already——"

Spendius interrupted him: "You were not there either."

"It is a curse!" exclaimed Matho. "Nevertheless, in the end I will get at him! I will conquer him! I will slay him! Ah! if I had been there!——" The thought of having missed the battle rendered him even more desperate than the defeat. He snatched up his sword and threw it upon the ground. "But how did the Carthaginians beat you?"

The former slave began to describe the manoeuvres. Matho seemed to see them, and he grew angry. The army from Utica ought to have taken Hamilcar in the rear instead of hastening to the bridge.

"Ah! I know!" said Spendius.

"You ought to have made your ranks twice as deep, avoided exposing the velites against the phalanx, and given free passage to the elephants. Everything might have been recovered at the last moment; there was no necessity to fly."

Spendius replied:

"I saw him pass along in his large red cloak, with uplifted arms and higher than the dust, like an eagle flying upon the flank of the cohorts; and at every nod they closed up or darted forward; the throng carried us towards each other; he looked at me, and I felt the cold steel as it were in my heart."

"He selected the day, perhaps?" whispered Matho to himself.

They questioned each other, trying to discover what it was that had brought the suffetes just when circumstances were most unfavourable. They went on to talk over the situation, and Spendius, to extenuate his fault, or to revive his courage, asserted that some hope still remained.

"And if there be none, it matters not!" said Matho; "alone, I will carry on the war!"

"And I too!" exclaimed the Greek, leaping up; he strode to and fro, his eyes sparkling, and a strange smile wrinkling his jackal face.

"We will make a fresh start; do not leave me again! I am not made for battles in the sunlight—the flashing of the swords troubles my sight; it is a disease, I lived too long in the ergastulum. But give me walls to scale at night, and I will enter the citadels, and the corpses shall be cold before cock-crow! Show me any one, anything, an enemy, a treasure, a woman—a woman," he repeated, "were she a king's daughter, and I will quickly bring your desire to your feet. You reproach me for having lost the battle against Hanno, nevertheless I won it back again. Confess it! my herd of swine did more for us than a phalanx of Spartans." And yielding to the need that he felt of exalting himself and taking his revenge, he enumerated all that he had done for the cause of the Mercenaries. "It was I who urged on the Gaul in the suffetes' gardens! Later on, at Sicca, I maddened them all with fear of the Republic! Gisco was sending them back, but I prevented the interpreters speaking. Ah! how their tongues hung out of their mouths! do you remember? I brought you into Carthage; I stole the zaïmph. I led you to her. I will do more yet: you shall see!" He burst out laughing like a madman.

Matho regarded him with staring eyes. He felt in a measure uncomfortable in the presence of this man, who was at once so cowardly and so terrible.

The Greek resumed in jovial tones and cracking his fingers:

"Evoe! Sun after rain! I have worked in the quarries, and I have drunk Massic wine beneath a golden awning in a vessel of my own like a Ptolemæus. Calamity should help to make us cleverer. By dint of work we may make fortune bend. She loves politicians. She will yield!"

He returned to Matho and took him by the arm.

"Master, at present the Carthaginians are sure of their victory. You have quite an army which has not fought, and your men obey *you*. Place them in the front; mine will follow to avenge themselves. I have still three thousand Carians, twelve hundred slingers and archers, whole cohorts! A phalanx even might be formed: let us return!"

Matho, who had been stunned by the disaster, had hitherto thought of no means of repairing it. He listened with open mouth, and the bronze plates which circled his sides rose with the leapings of his heart. He picked up his sword, crying:

"Follow me; forward!"

But when the scouts returned, they announced that the Carthaginian dead had been carried off, that the bridge was in ruins, and that Hamilcar had disappeared.

THE BATTLE OF BEDER

BY

WASHINGTON IRVING

IN the second year of the Hegira, Mahomet received intelligence that his arch foe, Abu Sofian, with a troop of thirty horsemen, was conducting back to Mecca a caravan of a thousand camels, laden with the merchandise of Syria. Their route lay through the country of Medina, between the range of mountains and the sea. Mahomet determined to intercept them. About the middle of the month Ramadhan, therefore, he sallied forth with three hundred and fourteen men, of whom eighty-three were Mohadjerins, or exiles from Mecca; sixty-one Awsites, and a hundred and seventy Khazradites. Each troop had its own banner. There were but two horses in this little army,¹ but there were seventy fleet camels, which the troop mounted by turns, so as to make a rapid march without much fatigue.

Othman Ibn Affan, the son-in-law of Mahomet, was now returned with his wife Rokaia, from their exile in Abyssinia, and would have joined the enterprise, but his wife was ill almost unto death, so that he was obliged reluctantly to remain in Medina.

Mahomet for awhile took the main road to Mecca, then leaving it to the left turned towards the Red Sea, and entered a fertile valley watered by the Brook Beder. Here he lay in wait near a ford over which the caravans were accustomed to pass. He caused his men to dig a deep trench, and to divert the water therein, so that they might resort thither to slake their thirst out of reach of the enemy.

In the meantime, Abu Sofian having received early intelligence that Mahomet had sallied forth to waylay him with a superior force, dispatched a messenger named Omair, on a fleet dromedary, to summon instant relief from Mecca. The messenger arrived at the Caaba haggard and breathless. Abu Jahl mounted the roof and sounded the alarm. All Mecca was in confusion and consternation. Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian, a woman of a fierce and intrepid nature, called upon her father Otha, her brother Al Walid, her

¹ "The Arabs of the desert," says Burckhardt, "are not rich in horses. Among the great tribes on the Red Sea, between Akaba and Mecca, and to the south and south-east of Mecca, as far as Yemen, horses are very scarce, especially among those of the mountainous districts. The settled inhabitants of Hedjaz and Yemen are not much in the habit of keeping horses. The tribes most rich in horses are those who dwell in the comparatively fertile plains of Mesopotamia, on the banks of the river Euphrates, and on the Syrian plains."—Burkhardt, ii. 50.

uncle Šhaiba, and all the warriors of her kindred, to arm and hasten to the relief of her husband. The brothers, too, of the Koreishite slain by Abdallah Ibn Jasch, in the valley of Naklah, seized their weapons to avenge his death. Motives of interest were mingled with eagerness for vengeance, for most of the Koreishites had property embarked in the caravan. In a little while a force of one hundred horse and seven hundred camels hurried forward on the road towards Syria. It was led by Abu Jahl, now threescore and ten years of age, a veteran warrior of the desert who still retained the fire, and almost the vigour and activity of youth, combined with the rancour of old age.

While Abu Jahl, with his forces, was hurrying on in one direction, Abu Sofian was approaching in another. On arriving at the region of danger, he preceded his caravan a considerable distance, carefully regarding every track and footprint. At length he came upon the track of the little army of Mahomet. He knew it from the size of the kernels of the dates, which the troops had thrown by the wayside as they marched—those of Medina being remarkable for their smallness. On such minute signs do the Arabs depend in tracking their foes through the deserts.

Observing the course Mahomet had taken, Abu Sofian changed his route, and passed along the coast of the Red Sea until he considered himself out of danger. He then sent another messenger to meet any Koreishites that might have sallied forth, and to let them know that the caravan was safe, and they might return to Mecca.

The messenger met the Koreishites when in full march. On hearing that the caravan was safe, they came to a halt and held council. Some were for pushing forward and inflicting a signal punishment on Mahomet and his followers; others were for turning back. In this dilemma, they sent a scout to reconnoitre the enemy. He brought back word that they were about three hundred strong; this increased the desire of those who were for battle. Others remonstrated. "Consider," said they, "these are men who have nothing to lose; they have nothing but their swords; not one of them will fall without slaying his man. Beside, we have relatives among them; if we conquer, we will not be able to look each other in the face, having slain each other's relatives." These words were producing their effect, but the brothers of the Koreishite who had been slain in the valley of Naklah, were instigated by Abul Jahl to cry for revenge. That fiery old Arab seconded their appeal. "Forward!" cried he; "let us get water from the brook Beder for the feast with which we shall make merry over the escape of our caravan. The main body of the troops, therefore, elevated their standards and resumed their march, though a considerable number turned back to Mecca."

The scouts of Mahomet brought him notice of the approach of this force. The hearts of some of his followers failed them; they had come forth in the expectation of little fighting and much plunder, and were dismayed at the thoughts of such an overwhelming host; but Mahomet bade them be of good cheer, for Allah had promised him an easy victory.

The Moslems posted themselves on a rising ground, with water at the foot of it. A hut, or shelter of the branches of trees, had been hastily erected on the summit for Mahomet and a dromedary stood before it, on which he might fly to Medina in case of defeat.

The vanguard of the enemy entered the valley panting with thirst, and hastened to the stream to drink; but Hamza, the uncle of Mahomet, set upon them with a number of his men, and slew the leader with his own hand. Only one of the vanguard escaped, who was afterwards converted to the faith.

The main body of the enemy now approached with sound of trumpet. Three Koreishite warriors advancing in front defied the bravest of the Moslems to equal combat. Two of these challengers were Otha, the father-in-law of Abu Sofian, and Al Walid, his brother-in-law. The third challenger was Shaiba, the brother of Otha. These it will be recollected had been instigated to sally forth from Mecca by Henda, the wife of Abu Sofian. They were all men of rank in their tribe.

Three warriors of Medina stepped forward and accepted their challenge; but they cried "No! Let the renegades of our own city of Mecca advance, if they dare." Upon this Hamza and Ali, the uncle and cousin of Mahomet, and Obeidah Ibn al Hareth, undertook the fight. After a fierce and obstinate contest, Hamza and Ali each slew his antagonist. They then went to the aid of Obeidah, who was severely wounded and nearly overcome by Otha. They slew the Koreishite and bore away their associate, but he presently died of his wounds.

The battle now became general. The Moslems, aware of the inferiority of their number, at first merely stood on the defensive, maintaining their position on the rising ground, and galling the enemy with flights of arrows whenever they sought to slake their intolerable thirst at the stream below. Mahomet remained in his hut on the hill, accompanied by Abu Beker, and earnestly engaged in prayer. In the course of the battle he had a paroxysm, or fell into a kind of trance. Coming to himself, he declared that God in a vision had promised him the victory. Rushing out of the hut, he caught up a handful of dust and cast it into the air towards the Koreishites, exclaiming, "May confusion light upon their faces." Then ordering his followers to charge down upon the enemy: "Fight, and fear not," cried he;

"the gates of paradise are under the shade of swords. He will assuredly find instant admission who falls fighting for the faith."

In the shock of battle which ensued, Abu Jahl, who was urging his horse into the thickest of the conflict, received a blow of a scimitar in the thigh, which brought him to the ground. Abdallah Ibn Masoud put his foot upon his breast, and while the fiery veteran was still uttering imprecations and curses on Mahomet, severed his head from his body.

The Koreishites now gave way and fled. Seventy remained dead on the field, and nearly the same number were taken prisoners. Fourteen Moslems were slain, whose names remain on record as martyrs to the faith.

This signal victory was easily to be accounted for on natural principles; the Moslems being fresh and unwearied, and having the advantage of a rising ground, and a supply of water; while the Koreishites were fatigued by a hasty march, parched with thirst, and diminished in force, by the loss of numbers who had turned back to Mecca. Moslem writers, however, attribute this early triumph of the faith to supernatural agency. When Mahomet scattered dust in the air, say they, three thousand angelic warriors in white and yellow turbans, and long dazzling robes, and mounted on black and white steeds, came rushing like a blast, and swept the Koreishites before them. Nor is this affirmed on Moslem testimony alone, but given on the word of an idolater, a peasant who was attending sheep on an adjacent hill. "I was with a companion, my cousin," said the peasant, "upon the fold of the mountain watching the conflict, and waiting to join with the conquerors and share the spoil. Suddenly we beheld a great cloud sailing towards us, and within it were the neighing of steeds and braying of trumpets. As it approached, squadrons of angels sallied forth, and we heard the terrific voice of the archangel as he urged his mare Haizum, 'Speed! speed! Oh Haizum!' At which awful sound the heart of my companion burst forth with terror, and he died on the spot, and I had well nigh shared his fate."¹

¹ This miraculous aid is repeatedly mentioned in the Koran, e.g.:

"God had already given you the victory at Beder, when ye were inferior in number. When thou saidst unto the faithful, Is it not enough for you that your Lord should assist you with three thousand angels, sent down from heaven? Verily, if ye persevere, and fear God, and your enemies come upon you suddenly, your Lord will assist you with five thousand angels, distinguished by their horses and attire.

"O true believers, ye slew not those who were slain at Beder yourselves, but God slew them. Neither didst thou, O Mahomet, cast the gravel into their eyes, when thou didst seem to cast it; but God cast it."—Sale's *Koran*, chap. iii.

When the conflict was over, Abdallah Ibn Masoud brought the head of Abu Jahl to Mahomet, who eyed the grisly trophy with exultation, exclaiming, "This man was the Pharaoh of our nation." The true name of this veteran warrior was Amru Ibn Hasham. The Koreishites had given him the surname of Abu 'Ihoem, or Father of Wisdom, on account of his sagacity. The Moslems had changed it to Abu Jahl, Father of Folly. The latter appellation has adhered to him in history, and he is never mentioned by true believers without the ejaculation, "May he be accursed of God."

The Moslems who had fallen in battle were honourably interred; as to the bodies of the Koreishites, they were contemptuously thrown into a pit which had been dugged for them. The question was how to dispose of the prisoners. Omar was for striking off their heads; but Abu Beker advised that they should be given up on ransom. Mahomet observed that Omar was like Noah, who prayed for the destruction of the guilty by the deluge; but Abu Beker was like Abraham, who interceded for the guilty. He decided on the side of mercy. But two of the prisoners were put to death; one, named Nadhar, for having ridiculed the Koran as a collection of Persian tales and fables; the other, named Okba, for the attempt upon the life of Mahomet when he first preached in the Caaba, and when he was rescued by Abu Beker. Several of the prisoners who were poor were liberated on merely making oath never again to take up arms against Mahomet or his followers. The rest were detained until ransoms should be sent by their friends.

Among the most important of the prisoners was Al Abbas, the uncle of Mahomet. He had been captured by Abu Yaser, a man of small stature. As the bystanders scoffed at the disparity of size, Al Abbas pretended that he really had surrendered to a horseman of gigantic size, mounted on a steed the like of which he had never seen before. Abu Yaser would have steadily maintained the truth of his capture, but Mahomet, willing to spare the humiliation of his uncle, intimated that the captor had been aided by the angel Gabriel.

Al Abbas would have excused himself from paying ransom, alleging that he was a Moslem in heart, and had only taken part in the battle on compulsion; but his excuse did not avail. It is thought by many that he really had a secret understanding with his nephew, and was employed by him as a spy in Mecca, both before and after the battle of Beder.

Another prisoner of great importance to Mahomet was Abul Aass, the husband of his daughter Zeinab. The prophet would fain have drawn his son-in-law to him and enrolled him among his disciples, but Abul Aass remained stubborn in unbelief. Mahomet then offered

to set him at liberty on condition of his returning to him his daughter. To this the infidel agreed; and Zeid, the faithful freedman of the prophet, was sent with several companions to Mecca, to bring Zeinab to Medina; in the meantime, her husband, Abul Aass, remained a hostage for the fulfilment of the compact.

Before the army returned to Medina there was a division of the spoil: for though the caravan of Abu Sofian had escaped, yet considerable booty of weapons and camels had been taken in the battle, and a large sum of money would accrue from the ransom of the prisoners. On this occasion, Mahomet ordered that the whole should be equally divided among all the Moslems engaged in the enterprise; and though it was a long-established custom among the Arabs to give a fourth part of the booty to the chief, yet he contented himself with the same share as the rest. Among the spoil which fell to his lot was a famous sword of admirable temper, called Dhul Fakar, or the Piercer. He ever afterwards bore it when in battle; and his son-in-law, Ali, inherited it at his death.

This equal distribution of the booty caused great murmurs among the troops. Those who had borne the brunt of the fight, and had been most active in taking the spoil, complained that they had to share alike with those who had stood aloof from the affray, and with the old men who had remained to guard the camp. The dispute, observes Sale, resembles that of the soldiers of David in relation to spoils taken from the Amalekites; those who had been in the action insisting that they who tarried by the stuff should have no share of the spoil. The decision was the same—that they should share alike. (1 Samuel, xxx. 21-25.) Mahomet, from his knowledge of bible history, may have been guided by this decision. The division of the spoils was an important point to settle for a leader about to enter on a career of predatory warfare. Fortunately, he had a timely revelation shortly after his return to Mecca, regulating for the future division of all booty gained in fighting for the faith.

Such are the particulars of the famous battle of Beder the first victory of the Saracens under the standard of Mahomet; inconsiderable perhaps in itself, but stupendous in its results; being the commencement of a career of victories which changed the destinies of the world.

HOW THEY FOUGHT AT ALDRETH

BY

CHARLES KINGSLEY

WHEN William heard that the Danes were gone, he marched on Ely, as on an easy prey.

Ivo Taillebois came with him, hungry after those Spalding lands, the rents whereof Hereward had been taking for his men for now twelve months. William de Warrenne was there, vowed to revenge the death of Sir Fr  derick, his brother. Ralph Guader was there, flushed with his success at Norwich. And with them were all the Frenchmen of the east, who had been either expelled from their lands, or were in fear of expulsion.

With them, too, was a great army of mercenaries, ruffians from all France and Flanders, hired to fight for a certain term, on the chance of plunder or of fiefs in land. Their brains were all aflame with the tales of inestimable riches hidden in Ely. There were there the jewels of all the monasteries round; there were the treasures of all the fugitive English nobles; there were there—what was there not? And they grumbled, when William halted them and hutted them at Cambridge, and began to feel cautiously the strength of the place—which must be strong, or Hereward and the English would not have made it a camp of refuge.

Perhaps he rode up to Madingley windmill; and saw fifteen miles away, clear against the sky, the long line of what seemed nought but a low upland park, with the minster tower among the trees, and between him and them, a rich champaign of grass, over which it was easy enough to march all the armies of Europe; and thought Ely an easy place to take. But men told him that between him and those trees lay a black abyss of mud and peat and reeds, Haddenham fen and Smithy fen, with the deep sullen West water or “Ald-reche” of the Ouse winding through them. The old Roman road to Stretham was sunk and gone long since under the bog, whether by English neglect, or whether (as some think) by actual and bodily sinking of the whole land. The narrowest space between dry land and dry land was a full half-mile; and how to cross that half-mile, no man knew.

What were the approaches on the west? There were none.

Beyond Earith, where now runs the great washes of the Bedford Level, was a howling wilderness of meres, eas, reed-ronds and floating alder-beds, through which only the fen-men wandered with leaping-pole and log canoe.

What in the east? The dry land neared the island on that side. And it may be that William rowed round by Burwell to Fordham and Soham, and thought of attempting the island by way of Barra-way; and saw beneath him a labyrinth of islands, meres, fens, with the Cam, increased by the volume of the Ouse, spreading far deeper and broader than now between Barroway and Thetford-in-the-Isle; and saw, too, that a disaster in that labyrinth might be a destruction.¹

So he determined on the near and straight path through Long Stanton and Willingham, down the old bridle-way from Willingham ploughed field;—every village there, and in the ilse likewise, had and has still its “field,” or ancient clearing of ploughed land,—and then to try that terrible half-mile, with the courage and wit of a general to whom human lives were as those of the gnats under the hedge.

So all his host camped themselves in Willingham field, by the old earth-work which men now call Belsar’s Hills: and down the bridle-way poured countless men, bearing timber and faggots, cut from all the hills, that they might bridge the black half-mile.

They made a narrow firm path through the reeds, and down to the brink of the Ouse, if brink it could be called, where the water, rising and falling a foot or two each tide, covered the floating peat for many yards, before it sunk into a brown depth of bottomless slime. They would make a bottom for themselves by driving piles.

The piles would not hold; and they began to make a floating bridge with long beams, say the chroniclers, and blown-up cattle-hides to float them.

Soon they made a floating-sow, and thrust it on before them as they worked across the stream; for they were getting under shot from the island.

Meanwhile, the besieged had not been idle. They had thrown up a turf rampart on the island shore, and “ante-muralia et propugnacula,”—doubtless overhanging “hoarding,” or scaffolds, through the floor of which they could shower down missiles. And so they

¹ It may be well to explain to those who do not know the Fens, that the Ouse formerly parted at the Isle of Ely, half its waters running eastward by Aldreth into the Cam, half wandering northwards to inundate vast morasses to the west of the isle. Through those morasses (now fertile fields), and above their level, the great works of the Bedford Level now convey the Ouse straight to the tide at Denver sluice.

awaited the attack, contenting themselves with gliding in and out of the reeds in their canoes, and annoying the builders with arrows and crossbow bolts.

At last the bridge was finished, and the sow safe across the Westwater; and thrust in, as far as it would float, among the reeds on the high tide. They in the fort could touch it with a pole.

The English would have destroyed it if they could. But The Wake bade them leave it alone. He had watched all their work, and made up his mind to the event.

"The rats have set a trap for themselves," he said to his men; "and we shall be fools to break it up till the rats are safe inside."

So there the huge sow lay, black and silent, showing nothing to the enemy but a side of strong plank, covered with hide to prevent its being burned. It lay there for three hours, and The Wake let it lie.

He had never been so cheerful, so confident. "Play the man this day, everyone of you; and ere nightfall you will have taught the Frenchman once more the lesson of York. He seems to have forgotten that. It is time to remind him of it."

And he looked to his bow and to his arrows, and prepared to play the man himself; as was the fashion in those old days, when a general proved his worth by hitting harder and more surely than any of his men.

At last the army was in motion, and Willingham field, opposite was like a crawling ants' nest. Brigade after brigade moved down to the reed-beds, and the assault began.

And now advanced along the causeway, and along the bridge, a dark column of men, surmounted by glittering steel; knights in complete mail; footmen in leather coats and jerkins; at first orderly enough, each under the banner of his lord: but more and more mingled and crowded, as each hurried forward, eager for his selfish share of the inestimable treasures of Ely. They pushed along the bridge. The mass became more and more crowded; men stumbled over each other, and fell off into the mire and water, calling vainly for help: but their comrades hurried on unheeding, in the mad thirst for spoil.

On they came in thousands; and fresh thousands streamed out of the fields, as if the whole army intended to pour itself into the island at once.

"They are numberless," said Torfrida, in a serious and astonished voice, as she stood by Hereward's side.

"Would they were!" said Hereward. "Let them come on, thick and threefold. The more their numbers, the fatter will the fish below be, before tomorrow morning. Look there, already!"

And already the bridge was swaying, and sinking beneath their weight. The men, in places, were ankle deep in water. They rushed on all the more eagerly; filled the sow, and swarmed up to its roof.

Then, what with its own weight, what with the weight of the laden bridge which dragged upon it from behind, the huge sow began to tilt backwards, and slide down the slimy bank.

The men on the top tried vainly to keep their footing; to hurl grappels into the rampart; to shoot off their quarrels and arrows.

"You must be quick, Frenchmen," shouted Hereward in derision, "if you mean to come on board here."

The French knew that well: and as Hereward spoke, two panels in the front of the sow creaked on their hinges, and dropped landward, forming two draw-bridges, over which reeled to the attack a close body of knights, mingled with soldiers bearing scaling ladders.

They recoiled. Between the ends of the draw-bridges and the foot of the rampart was some two fathoms' breadth of black ooze. The catastrophe which The Wake had foreseen was come, and a shout of derision arose from the unseen defenders above.

"Come on, leap it like men! Send back for your horses, knights, and ride them at it like bold huntsmen!"

The front rank could not but rush on: for the pressure behind forced them forward, whether they would or not. In a moment they were wallowing waist deep; trampled on; disappearing under their struggling comrades, who disappeared in their turn.

"Look, Torfrida! If they plant their scaling ladders, it will be on a foundation of their comrades' corpses."

Torfrida gave one glance through the openings of the hoarding, upon the writhing mass below, and turned away in horror. The men were not so merciful. Down between the hoarding-beams rained stones, javelins, arrows, increasing the agony and death. The scaling ladders would not stand in the mire; if they had stood a moment, the struggles of the dying would have thrown them down. And still fresh victims pressed on from behind, shouting "Dex Aie! On to the gold of Ely!" And still the sow, under the weight, slipped further and further back into the stream, and the foul gulf widened between besiegers and besieged.

At last one scaling ladder was planted upon the bodies of the dead, and hooked firmly on the gunwale of the hoarding. Ere it could be hurled off again by the English, it was so crowded with men that even Hereward's strength was insufficient to lift it off. He stood at the top, ready to hew down the first comer; and he hewed him down.

But the French were not to be daunted. Man after man dropped

dead from the ladder top,—man after man took his place; sometimes scrambling over each other's backs.

The English, even in the insolence of victory, cheered them with honest admiration. "You are fellows worth fighting, you French!"

"So we are," shouted a knight, the first and last who crossed that parapet; for, thrusting Hereward back with a blow of his sword-hilt, he staggered past him over the hoarding, and fell on his knees.

A dozen men were upon him: but he was up again and shouting:

"To me, men at arms! A Deda! A Deda!" But no man answered.

"Yield!" quoth Hereward.

Sir Deda answered by a blow on Hereward's helmet, which felled The Wake to his knees, and broke the sword into twenty splinters.

"Well hit!" said Hereward, as he rose. "Don't touch him, men! this is my quarrel now. Yield, sir! you have done enough for your honour. It is madness to throw away your life."

The knight looked round on the fierce ring of faces, in the midst of which he stood alone.

"To none but The Wake."

"The Wake am I."

"Ah," said the knight, "had I but hit a little harder!"

"You would have broke your sword into more splinters. My armour is enchanted. So yield like a reasonable and valiant man."

"What care I?" said the knight, stepping on to the earthwork, and sitting down quietly. "I vowed to St. Mary and King William that into Ely I would get this day; and in Ely I am; so I have done my work."

"And now you shall taste—as such a gallant knight deserves—the hospitality of Ely."

It was Torfrida who spoke.

"My husband's prisoners are mine; and I, when I find them such gallant knights as you are, have no lighter chains for them than that which a lady's bower can afford."

Sir Deda was going to make an equally courteous answer, when over and above the shouts and curses of the combatants rose a yell so keen, so dreadful, as made all hurry forward to the rampart.

That which The Wake had foreseen was come at last. The bridge, strained more and more by its living burden, and by the falling tide, had parted,—not at the Ely end, where the sliding of the sow took off the pressure,—but at the end nearest the camp. One sideway roll it gave, and then, turning over, engulfed in that foul stream the flower of Norman chivalry; leaving a line—a full quarter of a mile in length—of wretches drowning in the dark water, or, more hideous still, in the bottomless slime of peat and mud.

Thousands are said to have perished. Their armour and weapons

were found at times, by delvers and dykers, for centuries after; are found at times unto this day, beneath the rich drained corn-fields which now fill up that black half-mile; or in the bed of the narrow brook to which the Westwater, robbed of its streams by the Bedford Level, has dwindled down at last.

William, they say, struck his tents and departed forthwith, "groaning from deep grief of heart." Eastward he went, and encamped the remains of his army at Brandon, where he seems to have begun that castle, the ruins of which still exist in Weeting Park hard by. He put a line of sentinels along the Rech-dyke, which men now call the Devil's Ditch; and did his best to blockade the isle, as he could not storm it. And so ended the first battle of Aldreth.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

BY

THOMAS BULFINCH

"It fell about a Lamasside,
When husbands wynn their hay,
The doughty Douglas bound him to ride
In England to take a pray."

ANOTHER famous battle in the border-warfare between England and Scotland was fought at Otterbourne. This is a town in Northumberland, and here, as in Chevy Chase, the Douglas and the Percy matched their strength. Earl Douglas was killed in the fight, and Sir Henry Percy, called Hotspur, was taken prisoner. The story as it is told here is from the works of that most entertaining and long-winded historian of chivalry, Sir John Froissart.

We begin *in medias res* with a Scotch foray, in which the Douglas, with the earl of March and Dunbar and the earl of Moray, has penetrated as far into England as the city of Durham and is now returning to Scotland.

The three Scots lords, having completed the object of their expedition into Durham, lay before Newcastle three days, where there was an almost continual skirmish. The sons of the earl of Northumberland, from their great courage, were always the first at the barriers, where many valiant deeds were done with lances hand to hand. The earl of Douglas had a long conflict with Sir Henry Percy, and in it, by gallantry of arms, won his pennon, to the great vexation of Sir Henry and the other English. The earl of Douglas said, "I will carry this token of your prowess with me to Scotland, and place it on the tower of my castle at Dalkeith, that it may be seen from afar." "By Heaven, Earl of Douglas," replied Sir Henry, "you shall not even bear it out of Northumberland: be assured you shall never have this pennon to brag of." "You must come then," answered Earl Douglas, "this night and seek for it. I will fix your pennon before my tent, and shall see if you will venture to take it away."

As it was now late, the skirmish ended, and each party retired to their quarters to disarm and comfort themselves. They had plenty of everything, particularly flesh meat. The Scots kept up a very

strict watch, concluding from the words of Sir Henry Percy they should have their quarters beaten up this night; they were disappointed, for Sir Henry Percy was advised to defer it.

On the morrow the Scots dislodged from before Newcastle; and, taking the road to their own country, they came to a town and castle called Ponclau, of which Sir Raymond de Laval, a very valiant knight of Northumberland, was the lord. They halted there about four o'clock in the morning, as they learned the knight to be within it, and made preparations for the assault. This was done with such courage that the place was won, and the knight made prisoner. After they had burnt the town and castle, they marched away for Otterbourne, which was eight English leagues from Newcastle, and there encamped themselves. This day they made no attack; but very early on the morrow their trumpets sounded, and they made ready for the assault, advancing towards the castle, which was tolerably strong, and situated among the marshes. They attacked it so long and so unsuccessfully that they were fatigued, and therefore sounded a retreat. When they had retired to their quarters, the chiefs held a council how to act; and the greater part were for decamping on the morrow, without attempting more against the castle, to join their countrymen in the neighbourhood of Carlisle. But the earl of Douglas overruled this by saying, "In despite of Sir Henry Percy, who the day before yesterday declared he would take from me his pennon, that I conquered by fair deeds of arms before Newcastle, I will not return home for two or three days; and we will renew our attack on the castle, for it is to be taken: we shall thus gain double honour, and see if within that time he will come for his pennon; if he do it shall be well defended." Everyone agreed to what Earl Douglas had said; for it was not only honourable, but he was the principal commander; and from affection to him they quietly returned to their quarters. They made huts of trees and branches, and strongly fortified themselves. They placed their baggage and servants at the entrance of the marsh on the road to Newcastle, and the cattle they drove into the marsh lands.

I will return to Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were greatly mortified that the earl of Douglas should have conquered their pennon in the skirmish before Newcastle. They felt the more for this disgrace because Sir Henry had not kept his word; for he had told the earl that he should never carry his pennon out of England, and this he explained to the knights who were with him in Newcastle. The English imagined the army under the earl of Douglas to be only the van of the Scots, and that the main body was behind; for which reason those knights who had the most experience in arms,

and were best acquainted with warlike affairs, strongly opposed the proposal of Sir Henry Percy to pursue them. They said, "Sir, many losses happen in war: if the earl of Douglas has won your pennon he has bought it dear enough; for he has come to the gates to seek it, and has been well fought with. Another time you will gain from him as much if not more. We say so, because you know as well as we do that the whole power of Scotland has taken the field. We are not sufficiently strong to offer them battle; and perhaps this skirmish may have been only a trick to draw us out of the town; and if they be, as reported, forty thousand strong, they will surround us, and have us at their mercy. It is much better to lose a pennon than two or three hundred knights and squires, and leave our country in a defenceless state." This speech checked the eagerness of the two brothers Percy, for they would not act contrary to the opinion of the council, when other news was brought them by some knights and squires who had followed and observed the Scots, their numbers, disposition, and where they had halted. This was all fully related by knights who had traversed the whole extent of country the Scots had passed through, that they might carry to their lords the most exact information. They thus spoke: "Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, we come to tell you that we have followed the Scottish army, and observed all the country where they now are. They first halted at Ponclau, and took Sir Raymond de Laval in his castle; thence they went to Otterbourne, and took up their quarters for the night. We are ignorant of what they did on the morrow, but they seem to have taken measures for a long stay. We know for certain that their army does not consist of more than three thousand men, including all sorts." Sir Henry Percy on hearing this was greatly rejoiced, and cried out, "To horse! to horse! for by the faith I owe my God, and to my lord and father, I will seek to recover my pennon and to beat up their quarters this night." Such knights and squires in Newcastle as learned this were willing to be of the party, and made themselves ready.

The Bishop of Durham was expected daily at the town; for he had heard of the irruption of the Scots, and that they were before it, in which were the sons of the Earl of Northumberland preparing to offer them combat. The bishop had collected a number of men, and was hastening to their assistance, but Sir Henry Percy would not wait; for he was accompanied by six hundred spears, of knights and squires, and upwards of eight thousand infantry, which he said would be more than enough to fight the Scots, who were but three hundred lances and two thousand others. When they were all assembled they left Newcastle after dinner, and took the field in good array, following the road the Scots had taken, making for

Otterbourne, which was eight short leagues distant; but they could not advance very fast, that their infantry might keep up with them.

As the Scots were supping,—some indeed had gone to sleep, for they had laboured hard during the day at the attack of the castle, and intended renewing it in the cool of the morning,—the English arrived, and mistook, at their entrance, the huts of the servants for those of their masters. They forced their way into the camp, which was, however, tolerably strong, shouting out, "Percy! Percy!" In such cases you may suppose an alarm is soon given, and it was fortunate for the Scots that the English had made their first attack on the servants' quarters, which checked them some little. The Scots, expecting the English, had prepared accordingly; for while the lords were arming themselves they ordered a body of infantry to join their servants and keep up the skirmish. As their men were armed, they formed themselves under the pennons of the three principal barons, who each had his particular appointment. In the meantime the night advanced, but it was sufficiently light, for the moon shone, and it was the month of August, when the weather is temperate and serene.

When the Scots were quite ready, and properly arrayed, they left their camp in silence, but did not march to meet the English. They skirted the side of the mountain which was hard by; for during the preceding day they had well examined the country round, and said among themselves, "Should the English come to beat up our quarters we will do so and so," and thus settled their plans beforehand, which was the saving of them; for it is of the greatest advantage to men-at-arms when attacked in the night to have previously arranged their mode of defence, and well to have weighed the chance of victory or defeat. The English had soon overpowered their servants; but as they advanced into the camp they found fresh bodies ready to oppose them, and to continue the fight. The Scots, in the meantime, marched along the mountain side, and fell upon the enemy's flank quite unexpectedly, shouting their cries. This was a great surprise to the English, who however formed themselves in better order and reinforced that part of their army. The cries of Percy and Douglas resounded on either side.

The battle now raged: great was the pushing of lances, and very many of each party was struck down at the first onset. The English being more numerous, and anxious to defeat the enemy, kept in a compact body, and forced the Scots to retire, who were on the point of being discomfited. The earl of Douglas being young, and impatient to gain renown in arms, ordered his banner to advance, shouting, "Douglas! Douglas!" Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, indignant for the affront the earl of Douglas had put on them, by

conquering their pennon, and desirous of meeting him, hastened to the place from whence the sounds came, calling out, "Percy! Percy!" The two banners met, and many gallant deeds of arms ensued. The English were in superior strength, and fought so lustily that they drove back the Scots. Sir Patrick Hepburn and his son of the same name did honour to their knighthood and country by their gallantry, under the banner of Douglas, which would have been conquered but for the vigorous defence they made; and this circumstance not only contributed to their personal credit, but the memory of it is continued with honour to their descendants.

The knights and squires of either party were anxious to continue the combat with vigour as long as their spears might be capable of holding. Cowardice was there unknown, and the most splendid courage was everywhere exhibited by the gallant youths of England and Scotland; they were so closely intermixed that the archers' bows were useless, and they fought hand to hand, without either battalion giving way. The Scots behaved most valiantly, for the English were three to one. I do not mean to say the English did not acquit themselves well; for they would sooner be slain or made prisoners in battle than reproached with flight. As I before mentioned, the two banners of Douglas and Percy met, and the men-at-arms under each exerted themselves by every means to gain the victory; but the English, at this attack, were so much the stronger, that the Scots were driven back. The earl of Douglas, who was of a high spirit, seeing his men repulsed, seized his battle-axe with both his hands, like a gallant knight, and to rally his men dashed into the midst of his enemies, and gave such blows on all around him that no one could withstand them, but all made way for him on every side; for there was none so well armed with helmets and plates but that they suffered from his battle-axe. Thus he advanced, like another Hector, thinking to recover and conquer the field, from his own prowess until he was met by three spears that were pointed at him. One struck him on the shoulder, another on the stomach, and the third entered his thigh. He could never disengage himself from these spears, but was borne to the ground, fighting desperately. From that time he never rose again. Some of his knights and squires had followed him, but not all; for, though the moon shone, it was rather dark. The three English lancers knew that they had struck down some person of considerable rank, but never thought it was Earl Douglas. Had they known it, they would have been so rejoiced that their courage would have been redoubled, and the fortune of the day had consequently been determined to their side. The Scots were ignorant also of their loss until the battle was over, otherwise they would certainly, from despair, have been discomfited.

I will relate what befell the earl afterward. As soon as he fell, his head was cleaved by a battle-axe, the spear thrust through his thigh, and the main body of the English marched over him, without paying any attention, not supposing him to be their principal enemy. In another part of the field, the earl of March and Dunbar combated valiantly; and the English gave the Scots full employment who had followed the earl of Douglas, and had engaged with the two Percies. The earl of Moray behaved so gallantly in pursuing the English, that they knew not how to resist him. Of all the battles that have been described in this history, great and small, this of which I am now speaking was the best fought and the most severe; for there was not a man, knight, or squire who did not acquit himself gallantly, hand to hand with the enemy. It resembled something that of Cocherel, which was as long and as hardily disputed. The sons of the earl of Northumberland, Sir Henry and Sir Ralph Percy, who were the leaders of this expedition, behaved themselves like good knights in the combat. Almost a similar accident befel Sir Ralph as that which happened to the earl of Douglas; for, having advanced too far, he was surrounded by the enemy and severely wounded, and, being out of breath, surrendered himself to a Scots knight, called Sir John Maxwell, who was under the command and of the household of the earl of Moray.

When made prisoner, the knight asked him who he was, for it was dark, and he knew him not. Sir Ralph was so weakened by loss of blood, which was flowing from his wound, that he could scarcely avow himself to be Sir Ralph Percy. "Well," replied the knight, "Sir Ralph, rescued or not, you are my prisoner; my name is Maxwell." "I agree to it," said Sir Ralph. "But pay some attention to me; for I am so desperately wounded, that my drawers and greaves are full of blood." Upon this the Scots knight was very attentive to him; when suddenly hearing the cry of Moray hard by, and perceiving the earl's banner advancing to him, Sir John addressed himself to the earl of Moray, and said, "My lord, I present you with Sir Ralph Percy as a prisoner; but let good care be taken of him, for he is very badly wounded." The earl was much pleased at this, and replied, "Maxwell, thou hast well earned thy spurs this day." He then ordered his men to take every care of Sir Ralph, who bound up and stanchd his wounds. The battle still continued to rage, and no one could say at that moment which side would be the conqueror, for, there were very many captures and rescues that never came to my knowledge.

The young earl of Douglas had this night performed wonders in arms. When he was struck down there was a great crowd round him, and he could not raise himself; for the blow on his head was

mortal. His men had followed him as closely as they were able, and there came to him his cousins, Sir James Lindsay, Sir John and Sir Walter Sinclair, with other knights and squires. They found by his side a gallant knight, that had constantly attended him, who was his chaplain, and had at this time exchanged his profession for that of a valiant man-at-arms. The whole night he had followed the earl, with his battle-axe in hand, and had by his exertions more than once repelled the English. This conduct gained the thanks of his countrymen, and turned out to his advantage, for in the same year he was promoted to the archdeaconry, and made canon of Aberdeen. His name was Sir William of North Berwick. To say the truth, he was well formed in all his limbs to shine in battle, and was severely wounded at this combat. When these knights came to the earl of Douglas they found him in a melancholy state, as well as one of his knights, Sir Robert Hart, who had fought by his side the whole of the night, and now lay beside him, covered with fifteen wounds from lances and other weapons.

Sir John Sinclair asked the earl, "Cousin, how fares it with you?" "But so so," replied he. "Thanks to God, there are but few of my ancestors who have died in chambers or in their beds. I bid you, therefore, revenge my death, for I have but little hope of living, as my heart becomes every minute more faint. Do you, Walter and the John Sinclair, raise up my banner, for certainly it is on the ground from the death of David Campbell, that valiant squire who bore it, and who refused knighthood from my hands this day, though he was equal to the most eminent knights for courage and loyalty; and continue to shout 'Douglas!' but do not tell friend or foe whether I am in your company or not; for, should the enemy know the truth, they will be greatly rejoiced."

The two brothers Sinclair and Sir John Lindsay obeyed his orders. The banner was raised, and "Douglas!" shouted. Their men, who had remained behind, hearing the shouts of "Douglas!" so often repeated, ascended a small eminence, and pushed their lances with such courage that the English were repulsed, and many killed or struck to the ground. The Scots, by thus valiantly driving the enemy beyond the spot where the earl of Douglas lay dead,—for he had expired on giving his last orders,—arrived at his banner which was borne by Sir John Sinclair. Numbers were continually increasing, from the repeated shouts of "Douglas!" and the greater part of the Scots knights and squires were now there. The earls of Moray and March, with their banners and men, came thither also. When they were all thus collected, perceiving the English retreat, they renewed the battle with greater vigour than before.

To say the truth, the English had harder work than the Scots, for

they had come by a forced march that evening from Newcastle-on-Tyne, which was eight English leagues distant, to meet the Scots, by which means the greater part were exceedingly fatigued before the combat began. The Scots, on the contrary, had reposed themselves, which was to them of the utmost advantage, as was apparent from the event of the battle. In this last attack they so completely repulsed the English, that the latter could never rally again, and the former drove them far beyond where the earl of Douglas lay on the ground. Sir Henry Percy, during this attack, had the misfortune to fall into the hands of the Lord Montgomery, a very valiant knight of Scotland. They had long fought hand to hand with much valour, and without hindrance from any one; for there was neither knight nor squire of either party who did not find there his equal to fight with, and all were fully engaged. In the end, Sir Henry was made prisoner by the Lord Montgomery.

THE BATTLE OF BOTHWELL BRIDGE

BY

SIR WALTER SCOTT

“But, hark! the tent has ^{*}changed its voice,
There’s peace and rest nae langer.”

BURNS.

“The Lowdien Mallisha they
Came with their coats of blew;
Five hundred men from London came,
Claid in a reddish hue.”

BOTHWELL LINES.

WHEN Morton had left the well-ordered outposts of the regular army, and arrived at those which were maintained by his own party, he could not but be peculiarly sensible of the difference of discipline, and entertain a proportional degree of fear for the consequences. The same discords which agitated the counsels of the insurgents, raged even among their meanest followers; and their picquets and patrols were more interested and occupied in disputing the true occasion and causes of wrath, and defining the limits of Erastian heresy, than in looking out for and observing the motions of their enemies, though within hearing of the royal drums and trumpets.

There was a guard, however, of the insurgent army, posted at the long and narrow bridge of Bothwell, over which the enemy must necessarily advance to the attack; but, like the others, they were divided and disheartened; and, entertaining the idea they were posted on a desperate service, they even meditated withdrawing themselves to the main body. This would have been utter ruin; for, on the defence or loss of this pass the fortune of the day was most likely to depend. All beyond the bridge was a plain open field, excepting a few thickets of no great depth, and, consequently, was ground on which the undisciplined forces of the insurgents, deficient as they were in cavalry, and totally unprovided with artillery, were altogether unlikely to withstand the shock of regular troops.

Morton, therefore, viewed the pass carefully, and formed the

hope, that by occupying two or three houses on the left bank of the river, with the copse and thickets of alders and hazels that lined its side, and by blockading the passage itself, and shutting the gates of a portal, which, according to the old fashion, was built on the central arch of the bridge of Bothwell, it might be easily defended against a very superior force. He issued directions accordingly, and commanded the parapets of the bridge, on the farther side of the portal, to be thrown down, that they might afford no protection to the enemy when they should attempt the passage. Morton then conjured the party at this important post to be watchful and upon their guard, and promised them a speedy and strong reinforcement. He caused them to advance videttes beyond the river to watch the progress of the enemy, which outposts he directed should be withdrawn to the left bank as soon as they approached; finally, he charged them to send regular information to the main body of all that they should observe. Men under arms, and in a situation of danger, are usually sufficiently alert in appreciating the merit of their officers. Morton's intelligence and activity gained the confidence of these men, and with better hope and heart than before, they began to fortify their position in the manner he recommended, and saw him depart with three loud cheers.

Morton now galloped hastily towards the main body of the insurgents, but was surprised and shocked at the scene of confusion and clamour which it exhibited, at the moment when good order and concord were of such essential consequence. Instead of being drawn up in line of battle, and listening to the commands of their officers, they were crowding together in a confused mass, that rolled and agitated itself like the waves of the sea, while a thousand tongues spoke, or rather vociferated, and not a single ear was found to listen. Scandalised at a scene so extraordinary, Morton endeavoured to make his way through the press to learn, and, if possible, to remove, the cause of this so untimely disorder. While he is thus engaged, we shall make the reader acquainted with that which he was some time in discovering.

The insurgents had proceeded to hold their day of humiliation, which, agreeably to the practice of the puritans during the earlier civil war, they considered as the most effectual mode of solving all difficulties, and waiving all discussions. It was usual to name an ordinary week-day for this purpose, but on this occasion the Sabbath itself was adopted, owing to the pressure of the time and the vicinity of the enemy. A temporary pulpit, or tent, was erected in the middle of the encampment; which, according to the fixed arrangement, was first to be occupied by the Reverend Peter Pound-text, to whom the post of honour was assigned, as the eldest clergy-

man present. But as the worthy divine, with slow and stately steps, was advancing towards the rostrum which had been prepared for him, he was prevented by the unexpected apparition of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the insane preacher, whose appearance had so much startled Morton at the first council of the insurgents after their victory at Loudon-hill. It is not known whether he was acting under the influence and instigation of the Cameronians, or whether he was merely compelled by his own agitated imagination, and the temptation of a vacant pulpit before him, to seize the opportunity of exhorting so respectable a congregation. It is only certain that he took occasion by the forelock, sprung into the pulpit, cast his eyes wildly round him, and, undismayed by the murmurs of many of the audience, opened the Bible, read forth as his text from the thirteenth chapter of Deuteronomy, "Certain men, the children of Belial, are gone out from among you, and have withdrawn the inhabitants of their city, saying, let us go and serve other gods, which you have not known;" and then rushed at once into the midst of his subject.

The harangue of Mucklewrath was as wild and extravagant as his intrusion was unauthorised and untimely; but it was provokingly coherent, in so far as it turned entirely upon the very subjects of discord, of which it had been agreed to adjourn the consideration until some more suitable opportunity. Not a single topic did he omit which had offence in it; and, after charging the moderate party with heresy, with crouching to tyranny, with seeking to be at peace with God's enemies, he applied to Morton, by name, the charge that he had been one of those men of Belial, who, in the words of his text, had gone out from amongst them, to withdraw the inhabitants of his city, and to go astray after false gods. To him, and all who followed him, or approved of his conduct, Mucklewrath denounced fury and vengeance, and exhorted those who would hold themselves pure and undefiled to come up from the midst of them.

"Fear not," he said, "because of the neighing of horses, or the glittering of breast-plates. Seek not aid of the Egyptians, because of the enemy, though they be numerous as locusts, and fierce as dragons. Their trust is not as our trust, nor their rock as our rock; how else shall a thousand fly before one, and two put ten thousand to the flight! I dreamed it in the visions of the night, and the voice said, 'Habakkuk, take thy fan and purge the wheat from the chaff, that they be not both consumed with the fire of indignation and the lightning of the fury.' Wherefore, I say, take this Henry Morton—this wretched Achan who hath brought the accursed thing among ye, and made himself brethren in the camp of the enemy—take him and stone him with stones, and thereafter burn him with fire

that the wrath may depart from the children of the Covenant. He hath not taken a Babylonish garment, but he hath sold the garment of righteousness to the woman of Babylon—he hath not taken two hundred shekels of fine silver, but he hath bartered the truth, which is more precious than shekels of silver or wedges of gold.”

At this furious charge, brought so unexpectedly against one of their most active commanders, the audience broke out into open tumult, some demanding that there should instantly be a new election of officers, into which office none should hereafter be admitted who had, in their phrase, touched of that which was accursed, or temporised more or less with the heresies and corruptions of the times. While such was the demand of the Cameronians, they vociferated loudly, that those who were not with them were against them,—that it was no time to relinquish the substantial part of the covenanted testimony of the Church, if they expected a blessing on their arms and their cause; and that, in their eyes, a lukewarm Presbyterian was little better than a Prelatist, an Anti-Covenanter, and a Nullifidian.

The parties accused repelled the charge of criminal compliance and defection from the truth with scorn and indignation, and charged their accusers with breach of faith, as well as with wrong-headed and extravagant zeal in introducing such divisions into an army, the joint strength of which could not, by the most sanguine, be judged more than sufficient to face their enemies. Poundtext, and one or two others, made some faint efforts to stem the increasing fury of the factious, exclaiming to those of the other party in the words of the Patriarch,—“Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, and between thy herdsmen and my herdsmen, for we be brethren.” No pacific overture could possibly obtain audience. It was in vain that even Burley himself, when he saw the dissension proceed to such ruinous lengths, exerted his stern and deep voice, commanding silence and obedience to discipline. The spirit of insubordination had gone forth, and it seemed as if the exhortation of Habakkuk Mucklewrath had communicated a part of his frenzy to all who heard him. The wiser, or more timid part of the assembly, were already withdrawing themselves from the field, and giving up their cause as lost. Others were moderating a harmonious call, as they somewhat improperly termed it, to new officers, and dismissing those formerly chosen, and that with a tumult and clamour worthy of the deficiency of good sense and good order implied in the whole transaction. It was at this moment when Morton arrived in the field and joined the army, in total confusion, and on the point of dissolving itself. His arrival occasioned loud exclamations of applause on the one side, and of imprecation on the other.

"What means this ruinous disorder at such a moment?" he exclaimed to Burley, who, exhausted with his vain exertions to restore order, was now leaning on his sword, and regarding the confusion with an eye of resolute despair.

"It means," he replied, "that God has delivered us into the hands of our enemies."

"Not so," answered Morton, with a voice and gesture which compelled many to listen; "it is not God who deserts us, it is we who desert him, and dishonour ourselves by disgracing and betraying the cause of freedom and religion.—Hear me," he exclaimed, springing to the pulpit which Mucklewrath had been compelled to evacuate by actual exhaustion—"I bring from the enemy an offer to treat, if you incline to lay down your arms. I can assure you the means of making an honourable defence, if you are of more manly tempers. The time flies fast on. Let us resolve either for peace or war; and let it not be said of us in future days, that six thousand Scottish men in arms had neither courage to stand their ground and fight it out, nor prudence to treat for peace, nor even the coward's wisdom to retreat in good time and with safety. What signifies quarrelling on minute points of church-discipline, when the whole edifice is threatened with total destruction? O, remember, my brethren, that the last and worst evil which God brought upon the people whom he had once chosen—the last and worst punishment of their blindness and hardness of heart, was the bloody dissensions which rent asunder their city, even when the enemy were thundering at its gates!"

Some of the audience testified their feeling of this exhortation, by loud exclamations of applause; others by hooting, and exclaiming—"To your tents, O Israel!"

Morton, who beheld the columns of the enemy already beginning to appear on the right bank, and directing their march upon the bridge, raised his voice to its utmost pitch, and, pointing at the same time with his hand, exclaimed,—*"Silence your senseless clamours, yonder is the enemy! On maintaining the bridge against him depend our lives, as well as our hope to reclaim our laws and liberties.—There shall at least one Scottishman die in their defence.—Let any one who loves his country follow me!"*

The multitude had turned their heads in the direction to which he pointed. The sight of the glittering files of the English Foot-Guards, supported by several squadrons of horse, of the cannon which the artillerymen were busily engaged in planting against the bridge, of the plaided clans who seemed to search for a ford, and of the long succession of troops which were destined to support the attack, silenced at once their clamorous uproar, and struck them

with as much consternation as if it were an unexpected apparition, and not the very thing which they ought to have been looking out for. They gazed on each other, and on their leaders, with looks resembling those that indicate the weakness of a patient when exhausted by a fit of frenzy. Yet when Morton, springing from the rostrum, directed his steps towards the bridge, he was followed by about an hundred of the young men who were particularly attached to his command.

Burley turned to Macbriar—"Dphraim," he said, "it is Providence points us the way, through the worldly wisdom of his latitudinarian youth.—He that loves the light, let him follow Burley!"

"Tarry," replied Macbriar; "it is not by Henry Morton, or such as he, that our goings-out and our comings-in are to be meted; therefore tarry with us. I fear treachery to the host from this *nullifidian* Achan—Thou shalt not go with him. Thou art our chariots and our horsemeh."

"Hinder me not," replied Burley; "he hath well said that all is lost, if the enemy win the bridge—therefore let me not. Shall the children of this generation be called wiser or braver than the children of the sanctuary?—Array yourselves under your leaders—let us not lack supplies of men and ammunition; and accursed be he who turneth back from the work on this great day!"

Having thus spoken, he hastily marched towards the bridge, and was followed by about two hundred of the most gallant and zealous of his party. There was a deep and disheartened pause when Morton and Burley departed. The commanders availed themselves of it to display their lines in some sort of order, and exhorted those who were most exposed to throw themselves upon their faces to avoid the cannonade which they might presently expect. The insurgents ceased to resist or to remonstrate; but the awe which had silenced their discords had dismayed their courage. They suffered themselves to be formed into ranks with the docility of a flock of sheep, but without possessing, for the time, more resolution or energy; for they experienced a sinking of the heart, imposed by the sudden and imminent approach of the danger which they had neglected to provide against while it was yet distant. They were, however, drawn out with some regularity; and as they still possessed the appearance of an army, their leaders had only to hope that some favourable circumstance would restore their spirits and courage.

Kettledrummle, Poundtext, Macbriar, and other preachers, busied themselves in their ranks, and prevailed on them to raise a psalm. But the superstitious among them observed, as an ill-omen, that their song of praise and triumph sunk into "a quaver of consternation," and resembled rather a penitentiary stave sung on the scaffold

of a condemned criminal, than the bold strain which had resounded along the wild heath of Loudon-hill, in anticipation of that day's victory. The melancholy melody soon received a rough accompaniment; the royal soldiers shouted, the Highlanders yelled, the cannon began to fire on one side, and the musketry on both, and the bridge of Bothwell, with the banks adjacent, were involved in wreaths of smoke.

Ere Morton or Burley had reached the post, to be defended, the enemy had commenced an attack upon it with great spirit. The two regiments of Foot-Guards, formed into a close column, rushed forward to the river; one corps, deploying along the right bank, commenced a galling fire on the defenders of the pass, while the other pressed on to occupy the bridge. The insurgents sustained the attack with great constancy and courage; and while part of their number returned the fire across the river, the rest maintained a discharge of musketry upon the further end of the bridge itself, and every avenue by which the soldiers endeavoured to approach it. The latter suffered severely, but still gained ground, and the head of their column was already upon the bridge, when the arrival of Morton changed the scene; and his marksmen, commencing upon the pass a fire as well aimed it is was sustained and regular, compelled the assailants to retire with much loss. They were a second time brought up to the charge, and a second time repulsed with still greater loss, as Burley had now brought his party into action. The fire was continued with the utmost vehemence on both sides, and the issue of the action seemed very dubious.

Monmouth, mounted on a superb white charger, might be discovered on the top of the right bank of the river, urging, intreating, and animating the exertions of his soldiers. By his orders, the cannon, which had hitherto been employed in annoying the distant main body of the presbyterians were now turned upon the defenders of the bridge. But these tremendous engines, being wrought much more slowly than in modern times, did not produce the effect of annoying or terrifying the enemy to the extent proposed. The insurgents, sheltered by copsewood along the bank of the river or stationed in the houses already mentioned, fought under cover, while the royalists, owing to the precautions of Morton, were entirely exposed. The defence was so protracted and obstinate, that the royal generals began to fear it might be ultimately successful. While Monmouth threw himself from his horse, and, rallying the Foot-Guards, brought them on to another close and desperate attack, he was warmly seconded by Dalzell, who, putting himself at the head of a body of Lennox-Highlanders, rushed forward with

their tremendous war-cry of Loch-sloy.¹ The ammunition of the defenders of the bridge began to fail at this important crisis; messages, commanding and imploring succours and supplies, were in vain dispatched, one after the other, to the main body of the presbyterian army, which remained inactively drawn up on the open fields in the rear. Fear, consternation, and misrule had gone abroad among them, and while the post on which their safety depended required to be instantly and powerfully reinforced, there remained none either to command or to obey.

As the fire of the defenders of the bridge began to slacken, that of the assailants increased, and in its turn became more fatal. Animated by the example and exhortations of their generals, they obtained a footing upon the bridge itself, and began to remove the obstacles by which it was blockaded. The portal-gate was broken open, the beams, trunks of trees, and other materials of the barricade, pulled down and thrown into the river. This was not accomplished without opposition. Morton and Burley fought in the very front of their followers, and encouraged them with their pikes, halberds, and partisans, to encounter the bayonets of the Guards, and the broad-swords of the Highlanders. But those behind the leaders began to shrink from the unequal combat, and fly singly, or in parties of two or three, towards the main body, until the remainder were, by the mere weight of the hostile column as much as by their weapons, fairly forced from the bridge. The passage being now open, the enemy began to pour over. But the bridge was long and narrow, which rendered the manœuvre slow as well as dangerous; and those who first passed had still to force the houses, from the windows of which the Covenanters continued to fire. Burley and Morton were near each other at this critical moment.

"There is yet time," said the former, "to bring down horse to attack them, ere they can get into order; and, with the aid of God, we may thus regain the bridge—hasten thou to bring them down while I make the defence good with this old and wearied body."

Morton saw the importance of the advice, and, throwing himself on the horse which Cuddie held in readiness for him behind the thicket, galloped towards a body of cavalry which chanced to be composed entirely of Cameronians. Ere he could speak his errand, or utter his orders, he was saluted by the execrations of the whole body.

"He flies!" they exclaimed—"the cowardly traitor flies like a hart

¹ This was the slogan or war-cry of the MacFarlanes, taken from a lake near the head of Loch Lomond, in the centre of their ancient possessions on the western banks of that beautiful inland sea.

from the hunters, and hath left valiant Burley in the midst of the slaughter!"

"I do not fly," said Morton. "I come to lead you to the attack. Advance boldly, and we shall yet do well."

"Follow him not!—Follow him not!"—such were the tumultuous exclamations which resounded from the ranks;—"he hath sold you to the sword of the enemy!"

And while Morton argued, entreated, and commanded in vain, the moment was lost in which the advance might have been useful; and the outlet from the bridge, with all its defences, being in complete possession of the enemy, Burley and his remaining followers were driven back upon the main body, to whom the spectacle of their hurried and harassed retreat was far from restoring the confidence which they so much wanted.

In the meanwhile, the forces of the King crossed the bridge at their leisure, and, securing the pass, formed in line of battle; while Claverhouse, who, like a hawk perched on a rock, and eyeing the time to pounce on its prey, had watched the event of the action from the opposite bank, now passed the bridge at the head of his cavalry, at full trot, and, leading them in squadrons through the intervals and round the flanks of the royal infantry, formed them in line on the moor, and led them to the charge, advancing in front with one large body, while other two divisions threatened the flanks of the Covenanters. Their devoted army was now in that situation when the slightest demonstration towards an attack was certain to inspire panic. Their broken spirits and disheartened courage were unable to endure the charge of the cavalry, attended with all its terrible accompaniments of sight and sound;—the rush of the horses at full speed, the shaking of the earth under their feet, the glancing of the swords, the waving of the plumes, and the fierce shouts of the cavaliers. The front ranks hardly attempted one ill-directed and disorderly fire, and their rear were broken and flying in confusion ere the charge had been completed; and in less than five minutes the horsemen were mixed with them, cutting and hewing without mercy. The voice of Claverhouse was heard, even above the din of conflict, exclaiming to his soldiers—"Kill, kill—no quarter—think on Richard Grahame!" The dragoons, many of whom had shared the disgrace of Loudon-hill, required no exhortations to vengeance as easy as it was complete. Their swords drank deep of slaughter among the unresisting fugitives. Screams for quarter were only answered by the shouts with which the pursuers accompanied their blows, and the whole field presented one general scene of confused slaughter, flight and pursuit.

About twelve hundred of the insurgents who remained in a body

a little apart from the rest, and out of the line of the charge of the cavalry, threw down their arms and surrendered at discretion, upon the approach of the Duke of Monmouth at the head of the infantry. That mild-tempered nobleman instantly allowed them the quarter which they prayed for; and, galloping about through the field, exerted himself as much to stop the slaughter as he had done to obtain the victory. While busied in this humane task he met with General Dalzell, who was encouraging the fierce Highlanders and royal volunteers to show their zeal for King and country, by quenching the flame of the rebellion with the blood of the rebels.

"Sheathe your sword. I command you, General!" exclaimed the Duke, "and sound the retreat. Enough of blood has been shed; give quarter to the King's misguided subjects."

"I obey your Grace," said the old man, wiping his bloody sword and returning it to the scabbard; "but I warn you, at the same time, that enough has *not* been done to intimidate these desperate rebels. Has not your Grace heard that Basil Olifant has collected several gentlemen and men of substance in the west, and is in the act of marching to join them?"

"Basil Olifant?" said the Duke; "who, or what is he?"

"The next male heir to the last Earl of Torwood. He is disaffected to government from his claim to the estate being set aside in favour of Lady Margaret Bellenden; and I suppose the hope of getting the inheritance has set him in motion."

"Be his motives what they will," replied Monmouth, "he must soon disperse his followers, for this army is too much broken to rally again. Therefore, once more, I command that the pursuit be stopped."

"It is your Grace's province to command, and to be responsible for your commands," answered Dalzell, as he gave reluctant orders for checking the pursuit.

But the fiery and vindictive Grahame was already far out of hearing of the signal of retreat, and continued with his cavalry an unwearied bloody pursuit, breaking, dispersing, and cutting to pieces all the insurgents whom they could come up with.

Burley and Morton were both hurried off the field by the confused tide of fugitives. They made some attempt to defend the streets of the town of Hamilton; but, while labouring to induce the fliers to face about and stand to their weapons, Burley received a bullet which broke his sword-arm.

"May the hand be withered that shot the shot!" he exclaimed, as the sword which he was waving over his head fell powerless to his side. "I can fight no longer."

Then turning his horse's head, he retreated out of the confusion.

Morton also now saw that the continuing his unavailing efforts to rally the fliers could only end in his own death or captivity, and, followed by the faithful Cuddie, he extricated himself from the press, and, being well mounted, leaped his horse over one or two enclosures, and got into the open country.

From the first hill which they gained in their flight, they looked back, and beheld the whole country covered with their fugitive companions, and with the pursuing dragoons, whose wild shouts and halloo, as they did execution on the groups whom they overtook, mingled with the groans and screams of their victims, rose shrilly up the hill.

"It is impossible they can ever make head again," said Morton.

"The head's taen aff them, as clean as I wad bite it aff a sybo!" rejoined Cuddie. "Eh, Lqrd! see how the broadswords are flashing! war's a fearsome thing. They'll be cunning that catches me at this wark again.—But, for God's sake, sir, let us mak for some strength!"

Morton saw the necessity of following the advice of his trusty squire. They resumed a rapid pace, and continued it without intermission, directing their course towards the wild and mountainous country, where they thought it likely some part of the fugitives might draw together, for the sake either of making defence, or of obtaining terms.

THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE

BY

SIR GEORGE BELL

OUR men began to fix their flints and examine their powder on the 9th as we approached the town, and took up our quarters in front of St. Cyprian. The weather was fine, everyone jolly, and the Patlanders in particular cracking their jokes. "How the d—— are we to get over that big sthrame av a river to leather them vagabones out o' that?" says Paddy Muldoon, for he wasn't kilt yet. "O, niver mind," says another old cripple, who lost an eye on the Nive, "that countryman av yours, wid the long nose will show you the way when he's riddy." O, be gar, then, we'll not wait very long, for I seen him over here this morn wid our Farmer Hill, spying them wid his long eye-glass, an' he won't keep us waiting. But there's oceans on 'em down there in the town pickin' holes in the wall, and fencen all the houses, so mind that other eye av yours!" They were ever laughing and cracking their Irish jokes at the worst of times.

The Duke crossed the river about fourteen miles below the town, on his pontoon bridge, with the Light Division; and early in the morning he formed his army. On Easter Sunday morning, the 10th of April 1814, I was very comfortably seated in the library of a château belonging to some stupid fellow who had run away in alarm, leaving his hall door open. We were preparing a breakfast of fresh eggs and bacon, which were quarrelling in the frying-pan outside in the sunshine, when bang! went the signal-gun, and Freeman, our trusty bugleman, sounded the assemblée at once. Whilst the men were getting on their packs and their arms ready, we gobbled up the contents of the frying-pan, left our traps in charge of servants, fell into our places, and marched down to join in the bloody fray of another Sabbath day's unholy work. It was very handy for us, not far to go, and all fresh as young colts. In twenty minutes we came to the scratch, and were hard at work fighting in the town, on the suburbs on the left bank of the river, where the enemy had two divisions under the command of Count Reille. It is always ugly, dangerous work fighting in a town; so many holes and corners, hiding-places and loop-holes, where one may be picked off by an unseen enemy. This was just our case, fighting from

From: *Soldier's Glory*, being "*Rough Notes of an Old Soldier*," edited by BRIAN STUART

house to house and from street to street, our men having their bones cracked, and dropping off at every corner. As the enemy retired, or were driven back, they fired the houses they left, to arrest our progress, not sparing their own property. We found in many houses the furniture piled up in rooms, ready for the torch. The streets were barricaded, and cannon planted at every entrance, pounding away at the first blink of any red-coat. But our men dashed on through fire and smoke, and carried on the work surely and gradually, for we lost nothing that we gained. Our senior Captain Baker, had that morning got his majority, and was one of the first killed. He had come all the way from India to join our battalion. Other officers had been with the regiment in all its battles, and had never been hit five years—such is the fate of war!

There was a furious row going on across the river, a tremendous crash of great guns and small-arms. The two Marshals had met, with their valiant armies, and quarrelled. They were always fighting and quarrelling. Saturday or Sunday was all the same to them, and here they were at it on an Easter Day, a festival of solemnity in all Christian lands, but not the least regarded on the banks of the Garonne. The battle went on with desperate fury, both sides determined to win the fight. It was a charming day, and worthy of better deeds than destroying life. We had the bravest, the best, the finest-disciplined and well-seasoned army in the world; fighting was their daily bread—it gave them an appetite. No other soldiers on earth had a chance against them in fair and open ground. The Duke knew it, and let them loose this morning.

There was pounding on both sides of the river in full force about noon, the French having all the advantage. Their two miles of position along Mont Rave were defended by intrenchments, breastworks, redoubts, and immense batteries bristling with cannon. Our side, too, looked as formidable. I never had, personally, any taste for fighting in the dark, or in the streets, although we used to practise the art of "street-firing and retiring." All fudge!

The advance towards the French position was very swampy and unfit for cavalry or the passage of guns. This alone would shake the nerves of any other man than Wellington, but, always confident, he relied on his own British soldiers.

General Freyre, a Spanish leader, asked permission to have the honour of leading his troops first into battle. Granted—and away they went nine thousand strong, with a good reserve, very resolved to have all the victory to themselves. The French began to torment them, as they advanced, with a shower of lead. They wavered, and rushed for shelter into a deep hollow. The French, now taking the advantage of war, turned out of their breastworks and poured

volley after volley into the poor Spaniards, the bullets hissing through their quivering flesh as hard as they could tear, the enemy at their heels, until too near our cavalry, mortifying to the Duke, but the only remark he made was——

“Well, I have seen some curious sights, but I never saw ten thousand men running a race before!”

Sir Thomas Picton failed in his attack at another point, entirely from disobeying his master's orders; turning a false attack into a real one, and losing thereby his chance of success, and four hundred men and officers. Poor Sir Thomas never could bridle his ardour when he had a chance of a dash at the French. But dashing in war means courage without prudence.

We had now forced the first line of intrenchments and barricades on our side. The second we looked at, but it had such a very angry appearance that we slackened our fire to bide our time and listen to the music on the other side. The crisis was approaching with some good promise to the French, the Spaniards being utterly routed. General Picton had been repulsed, and our men frightfully reduced in numbers, were making their way to the French position through a deep swamp tangled with many other obstacles, a heavy fire of great guns and musketry being poured into their teeth the whole way, they not returning a single shot. What other troops in the world would have faced such a storm of death? But they did advance, and met Taupin's whole force rushing down upon them. At this moment some rockets were discharged from our side, got amongst the Frenchmen's legs with an unheard-of hissing, curving, serpentine, biting, and kicking noise that they never saw or heard before. It staggered their courage and steadiness long enough to let General Lambert's brigade make a rush with a cheer amongst them, with such irresistible power that they went to the right-about and fled. Taupin was killed, and our people gained the platform.

Soult, seeing this danger, brought up all his artillery to make a clearance of this little force, aided by double numbers of infantry. But the dominating courage of British soldiers overcame this obstacle, and decided the first act of the play. The Scotch Brigade and the Portuguese, with Marshal Beresford's division, dashed on next, scrambling up the hill; all the breastworks and batteries in their front pouring a wasting fire into their face, did not stagger their courage. The French yielded here for a little, but rallied and returned with their reserves, and there was an awful struggle. General Harispe encouraged his men, and fought with them with great vigour. He surrounded the redoubts we had taken, and broke in upon the 42nd Highlanders. This gallant corps fought so bravely against such long odds that there were but few blue bonnets left in

half an hour. The fighting was desperate here. Our men fell fast and were soon reduced to a "thin red line" of old bricks. The French had the advantage from numbers and position, but the British, regardless of numbers at any time, go in to win. Harispe and another General had now fallen, fighting like game-cocks. Our 6th Division rushed on madly for a victory, and kept the ground until the French left the platform. Soult, seeing that the red-coats had won the day, abandoned the field, covered with slain, relinquished the whole of Mont Ravé, further resistance being useless, and retired into Toulouse.

This was what I would call honest good fighting, face to face, hand to hand on the open field, the usual practice in the Peninsula. On the other side we had gained a good many streets, and kept them. Wherever a head appeared from under cover it was in danger of being cracked with a dozen bullets I had myself some providential escapes. Passing into a long, narrow, shady street, very quiet, and no one visible, a cannon-shot came whistling past my head so close I felt the wind of the ball on my cheek, which whift me round. I darted into a house in a jiffy, when another came bang after me, passed through the room, and fell from the opposite wall. My captain had just turned the same corner, when I warned him to look out, and only just in time to save his life, for which he blew me up, saying, "You never keep your eyes open, or you might have seen that gunner at the top of the street, just waiting to crack your wild head." I peeped out at the door, and, sure enough, there he was, standing by his gun, ready to blow the match. I rolled his own shot out into the street, keeping my eye on him but he fired no more. One of our men saw him, and "made him lave that sure," as he said, for "I saw him fire on the captain, and only waited to creep near enough to pitch him over!"

Curious to see how the battle was going on over the river, I invited our colonel, Worsley, to accompany me for a belle-vue quite at hand. "Where are you going to take me?" he said, "remember every house is full of sharpshooters, and if I follow you, it will surely be into their company." "Oh no, 'tis all safe. I have got a ladder here, we will top this house and see a bit of the fight on the other side. Did you ever hear a more terrific fire?" By this time we had clambered up to the top of a house, keeping a big brick chimney in our front, just high enough to look over to see some of the murder over the way, but had not long enjoyed the view when the brick-dust was knocked out of the chimney by a shower of bullets, we not having calculated that our heads were not only visible, but the very shell of humanity exposed to be cracked like an egg.

When the ostrich is pressed hard in the chase he runs his head into a bush or into the sand, and considers himself safe! I don't think we much exceeded the wisdom of this stupid bird upon this occasion of our curiosity. The next volley, which came fast, sent us away double quick rolling down, ladder and all, and nearly broke our necks. I got off cheap enough with a slight wound; Colonel Worsley had his epaulet spoiled with a shot, and a ventilator made in his shako.

We kept pounding away until night drew the curtain over a wide scene of painful misery. Multitudes of wounded lay scattered over miles of ground; the agony and torment and shrieks and helpless condition of thousands found no relief for a long time. Hundreds died in the night for want of care, for it was impossible for the medicos to attend to half the wounded. The living had a heavy day of fatigue and fighting with great excitement, but their hands and their hearts were up to their work, in spite of any reaction.

The programme of the Easter Sunday was now closed. The men lighted the camp-fires and sat round them cooking and chatting over the ration dinner and absent comrades.

Next day was a *dies non*, i.e. we had no fighting worth talking of. We kept all the town we gained, and the French kept the rest. We buried the dead in shallow graves. Both parties kept a sharp look-out on each other all day. I went on outlying picket at night with instructions to be wide awake, and feel my way at the dawn of day towards the bridge if I met with no opposition.

On the morning of the 12th, at grey dawn, I was feeling my way with the picket without opposition. Arriving at the fine stone bridge, I found it barricaded all the way over with hogsheads filled with earth and stones and gravel. Walking over these, I came to the ponderous iron gate, locked and fastened with heavy chains. When the people saw me advance with my party of red-coats, they came down with goodwill, with crowbars, and forced the gate open, and gave us a cheer and a welcome, so that I had the honour of being the first British officer that entered Toulouse. Here I halted until my own corps came up. We then marched in, colours flying, drums beating, all very jolly, and halted for an hour in the street waiting for orders. In the meantime most of the officers popped into a café to get some breakfast. The windows and balconies were soon crowded with ladies, waving their white kerchiefs, and throwing down amongst us bouquets of fresh flowers, as if they had sprung up spontaneously. The white cockade appeared as if by magic everywhere, although the French army had not been out of the town twelve hours.

We fancied that we were now to be left here, in this garden of

Eden amongst sweet flowers and pretty girls that were smiling down upon our tattered red coats—vain imagination! An atrocious cocked hat of an aide-de-camp came riding up with a smirk, saying, "Colonel Worsley, you are to follow up the enemy on the Toulbn road with your regiment as quickly as you can. You will receive subsequent orders," and away he went, after destroying all our hopes and pleasant waking dreams. I believe our fighting colonel was the only one who wished to advance in such a hurry, and not to retard our progress a moment; he paid the breakfast at the café and hurried us off.

The whole French army had taken to their heels in the night and filed through the town. As they passed on they broke down the bridges over the canal to impede our line of march. But we never came up with them again, nor smelt the perfume of tobacco and onions which tainted the air behind them. We halted at the little town of Villefranche, and there we heard by an express from Paris that Napoleon the Grand had abdicated, and that the Allies were in the capital of la belle France, and all the rest of it. This was all very serene, and I believe joyful news to most of us, for in reality we had enough fighting and marching and starving for a long time to come. At all events I thought so, and was quite content with the little share and small part I had in the campaign, having marched through Portugal, all over Spain, and well into France. I had been in thirteen engagements with the next best troops in the world, and escaped for three years out of the hands of the Philistines without any broken bones, a providential and rare occurrence in those days, when one considers the rough usages of war, and that we left in Spain and France the bones of nearly one hundred thousand men; most of them bleaching in the sun, after being picked bare by the vulture and the wolf.

We now considered the war at an end, and began to enjoy ourselves in a fashion, proud of our conquests and the glory of our arms, a stirring sound amongst all ranks. But war is never far away. From man to the very smallest insect, all are at strife.

After conquest one begins to count the cost. War is a great evil, and a very expensive trade. In this one England expended more than a hundred millions sterling money on her own operations, besides an immense expenditure on Spain and Portugal. Her land forces fought and won eighteen pitched battles, besides *affaires* and combats without number, took four great fortresses by siege, and sustained ten others. Two hundred thousand of the enemy were killed, wounded, and prisoners.

It was said the Duke of Wellington committed faults. Who ever heard or read of a great commander making war in all things

faultless? He was a great general, with a patient foresight, a clear judgment, prompt and decisive, insuring the whole confidence of his army, and yet had to contend against the Governments of England, Spain, and Portugal; all retarding his progress and casting dust in his eyes. All those to whom he looked for support were jealous and vindictive, even the Cabinet Ministers of his own country. And they say he committed faults—what were they? England had no army until he made one. He landed in Portugal with nine thousand men, and beat back the armies of France to their own firesides. He had rare qualities as a commander. He overthrew the great conqueror Napoleon, the swell and dash of a mighty wave, before whom kingdoms fell. If you fight for England you should always win, and what English general was ever so victorious as Wellington?

In summing up accounts and returns for the last few days, it appeared that we had lost four generals and four thousand, six hundred and fifty-nine officers and men, killed and wounded. Total loss of the French five generals and three thousand officers and men, ditto; a useless and lamentable sacrifice of life, Napoleon having abdicated before the battle. A Colonel Cook and a French colonel, St. Simon, had been dispatched from Paris to make known to the two armies that hostilities must now cease. These officers were detained on the road by the police, near Blois, where the Empress Louisa was holding a court. This officious detention cost the blood of seven thousand brave men, which flowed over Mount Rave and through the streets of Toulouse.

My regiment returned to the gay city of Toulouse, where we were quartered. The officers were billeted here and there through the town. 'Tis all a lottery; one may get into a hospitable house, another may find a vinegar-face of a landlady. I was not over lucky, but my room was clean, and I lived as best I could on my promissory note, the six months' pay due, the great sum of about £55, deducting income tax, which was levied from the pay of the junior ensign!

The Duke of Wellington established his headquarters in Toulouse. There was no end to gaiety. We were out at balls, concerts, and evening parties. We had the *entrée* into all the theatres to any part of the house for a franc. The people seemed happy and rejoiced over the new order of things. The town had not suffered in the least during the killing and slaying outside, excepting on our side of the river, which was plundered, fired, and demolished by the French troops as they were beaten back. The Duke did not suffer a shot or shell to be thrown into the city when held by the vanquished troops after their retreat from Mont Rave, and of course

gained the respect and esteem of the citizens for his consideration and humanity.

The Duke d'Angoulême made his public *entrée* into the city escorted by Wellington and his staff, and all the dignitaries of the town and country. I went out with the rest of the cocked hats and feathers to meet him some distance off, being well mounted on a spunky horse, who would be in the front. He carried me, *nolens, volens*, alongside of the Royal Duke, when and where I was admonished by Sir E. P——, and ordered to fall back! I never had a very thin skin, and did not torment myself at this checkmate. But I have known an officer who was so hurt by receiving a rebuke at the head of his regiment that he went deranged, was placed in an asylum, and never recovered. He was a most excellent officer, and had his regiment in first-rate order, until he met this uncouth savage of an inspecting-general.

The Duke's welcome home was echoed everywhere by old and young. Fresh and fair, aged men in heads of snow, all pressed forward to kiss his stirrup.

After six weeks of refreshing jollification, we got the route for Bordeaux. I was glad of the expected change of quarters; we had a few days' notice to quit, and lighten our baggage. I sold my three horses to raise the wind and pay my debts. I did not realise for the three so many dollars as one of them had cost me, the market being overstocked with horses, mules, and donkeys, all at a fearful discount, every officer selling off. I was not very well at this time. I suppose a regular kind of life and a feather-bed did not agree with my former manner of life on the green sod. Our doctor recommended me to go down the river with the invalids in an open boat. Barges were provided for the sick and wounded soldiers, small boats for small parties of officers. The weather being charming, we required neither sails nor oars, so away we went, smoothly gliding over the silver stream, one man steering (it was hard work for the poor horses pulling up those heavy barges against the stream).

We landed every evening at some village on the banks of the fine river to pass the night. The dames from the different auberges made a rapid descent upon us the moment we landed, with such a clatter and noisy invitation to go to their respective houses—everything so nice, so good, superior, and such moderate terms. They were abusing each other all the time in the most *distingué* fashion.

We knew pretty well what was meant by moderate terms, all that they could screw out of famished pockets. After exhausting all their polite language, if it is possible to tire a Frenchwoman's tongue, we took a peep into their respective shells, selected our

lodgings and made our bargain. This was a necessary arrangement in France, and all over the Continent, to prevent disputes, overcharges, and imposition.

However, they bustled about with good humour, and made us all so very comfortable, that we would have remained there willingly for weeks if we could. The situation was so charming, so peaceful; no parades nor drills, nor a chance of one's bones being broken with shot or shell. How wonderful was the feeling of quiet; no trampling of horses, nor clashing of arms, nor tir-whit of a shell, or the whop of a cannon-ball, splashing the mud in one's face, or perhaps the brains of your camarado.

Three delightful days we passed on the Garonne, and then brought up in the beautiful town of Bordeaux, amongst fruit and flowers, choice wine, and nice friendly people. The first stage, homeward bound—it all appeared as a holy dream. Our last run down was a short one. On landing, four of us went to a café and ordered breakfast—a good one, and no mistake. We were hungry as hunters, and were well served. We cast lots who was to pay the bill. I was the Jonas, and it just cleared me out to a cent, and left me in every sense in light marching order. Not a penny at my command—let loose in a large city, full of luxury, frolic, and fun. I searched all my pockets in vain for a single franc to get a scrubby dinner, but it was no go; so I went in search of my billet. After roving about the city for some hours, I found No. 2 Rue St. Colomb—Monsieur Ducasse—knocked at the door and presented my ticket to the servant, who took it up for examination. After surveying me with wonder or admiration, never having seen a red-coat at No. 2 before, I was received kindly, and shown upstairs to a suitable room, for sitting and sleeping in combined, and left there to look out at the window, to turn over in my mind how or where I was to find my servant and my baggage, which was reduced into so small a compass that he could easily carry it on the top of his knapsack, along with firelock and the rest of his war tools, for I had discarded the frying-pan and all the other camp toggerly. I made a start into the town, without money or credit—nothing but an alarming appetite. I knew I had my rations to fall back upon, but I could not find my servant, nor could he find me—we were both lost. I rambled about in search of him for hours, and did not find No. 2 till late, when I was presented with some light supper of salad or vegetable diet. A round of boiled beef would have been more in my way, but I never saw one in France.

The kind landlord now told me that I must never be out of the way at three o'clock—it was their dining hour. I must always breakfast and dine with the family, and be one of themselves while

I remained, or he would be very angry, with an emphasis on the word and a smile on his honest face—a friendly offer which I accepted with thanks. Particularly lucky I thought myself, as there was nothing in my department but the rations and a thundering appetite. I had permission to draw my rations once a week in a heap, which was sent to the kitchen of my landlord. The next morning I made my *début* at the breakfast table, after waiting about three hours beyond my usual time. An early tasse of *café noir* keeps a Frenchman alive until the *déjeuner* at eleven o'clock. I was introduced to Madame and the fair Clementine, not out of her teens, and the son, an agreeable young fellow, who spoke English a leetle. We became great allies and correspondents for many years afterwards. I found my stray cook and butler, who was also a guest and lived in clover—nothing to do but clean my boots and study French in the *cuisine*. His name was Death, which may account for many escapes in battle, he being the destroyer never to be destroyed; but he was a stupid fellow at any foreign language!

The young lady played on the harp and piano, and was really an accomplished, pretty, bashful girl, who was sent to Mass very often with her maid, and to confess her sins to a crafty old priest who might have excused her innocence. The absolution was required within the box, not from the simple child on its knees outside.

They had little music parties of an evening. On one of those occasions a French officer came up to me and looked at my buttons, being, as he said, familiar with the No. 34, and asked me if there was an officer named Day in the regiment, and if I knew anything of him. "Oh, yes! he was our Adjutant, but was unfortunately killed on the Pyrenees on the 25th of July last, when you paid us that most unfriendly visit." "Not so," he said, "but was mortally wounded. I found him on the battlefield after he had been plundered, and spoke to him. He gave me the sign and token of a brother of our craft, and, being a Freemason myself, I took him from that moment under my charge. I was sent to Bayonne with our wounded and many of your prisoners. Poor Day was my especial care—I got him so far, and made his wasting life as quiet to him as possible. He wanted for many things that I had not in my power to provide. I got him cash for a bill on England, which I may say was duly honoured, but he did not survive over a couple of weeks or so, and was buried with Masonic honours."

This was the finale of a good soldier. He fell into the kind hands of a brother Mason, and was not left, as we thought, on the field amongst the slain, to be devoured by the vultures. I resolved, after hearing this little chivalric story, to become a Freemason if I got safe

home, and I kept my word. The Brethren are to be found amongst all nations; and if you can make yourself known, you may be sure of aid, friendship, and security. Although denounced by the Pope as heretics and out of the pale of the Church, I can assure his Holiness they are the most loyal of her Majesty's subjects, staunch supporters of her Crown and dignity, and of the Church of England as established by law, and on this subject the opinion of the Pope is worthless beyond the Vatican.

Our army was now encamped about seven miles from Bordeaux. As if we had not fighting enough, certain regiments were selected to embark for America, to begin a new war with people who could speak English. Our wise law-makers at home were too fond of settling disputes in those days with powder and lead. The expedition embarked for New Orleans under the command of Lieutenant-General Sir Edward Pakenham, brother-in-law to the Duke of Wellington, an able and gallant officer who passed through the Peninsular war to be killed by an American rifleman from behind a bale of cotton.

The rest of our army began to embark for England as ships arrived. In the meantime there was much unpleasant work and bad feeling between French and English officers. Both were so habituated to fighting it seemed quite out of their power to give it up—like two game-cocks who meet on the same path, they must have a kick at each other! There was a feeling of deep jealousy against us; we received much attention, and the ladies favoured the British officers with smiles, which made things worse. There were many quarrels, and the *Duello* came into practice. The theatres were crowded, and some of our officers were insulted one night by their antagonists. To insult one red-coat then was an insult to all, and so there was a general row, the French officers being driven out of the house. The next night there was a great muster of both parties, I believe for the purpose of renewing the war or opening a new campaign at Bordeaux. The Frenchmen had their swords, the English officers none. The Irish gentlemen carried shillelaghs, as they do at Ballymacrack, in Tipperary. Somehow a nice little quarrel was soon got up about some ladies who were receiving attention from the boys of Kilkenny, every one of them nearly six feet high. Indeed, the sweet girls of Kilkenny, although not so tall, are very fine specimens of Divine art—so fair and so fresh—

“Their cheeks are like roses,
Their lips just the same,
Or like a dish of ripe strawberries
Smothered in cream.”

The French ladies not appearing to countenance any but those big Irishmen, sharp words were spoken against all red-coats, a great many frowns. Swords were half unsheathed and dashed back into the metal scabbard with a sort of clang of defiance—the blood of St. Patrick was roused. Those gentle creatures, whose trade was killing and slaying, did not require much fuel to get up their steam. One of the Fitzgerald's "Light Division," a battering-ram of himself, drew his stick half-way up through his left hand, and sent it down again with a bang on the floor, locking pistols and daggers. There were some sarcastic words, then a shove and a scuffle, which soon increased to something like an Irish row at Donnybrook Fair, when the Frenchmen were banged out of the theatre wholesale. All this play began in the lobby between the acts, and, as the last of the blue-coats went rolling down the stairs, someone above cried out 'Exeunt omnes!' and all was quiet. Next morning was fixed for the *Duello*, the general-finale of such sports. Blood was spilt on both sides very freely, and one or two gentlemen were qualified for a wake. Preparations were being made for a great fighting field-day on the following morning, but the whole of last night's campaign being reported to our Commander-in-Chief, hostilities were suspended by a general order. All officers were prohibited going again to this theatre, under certain pains and penalties.

The French officers were ordered by their chiefs to retire across the Garonne to their own quarters.

In defiance of the general order, some of our officers had the imprudence to return to the same theatre, but found a sergeant there with a book to insert the name of any who insisted on going in. With one exception they all retired, and that exception was the senior captain of my own regiment, an old officer who ought to have shown a better example. When the book was sent next morning to the Adjutant-General, Captain B—— was placed in arrest, and had his choice to stand a court-martial or quit the service. He chose the latter, and gave a step in the corps, a most unfortunate finale and deeply regretted by all his friends. But the first duty of the British soldier is to obey orders!

My regiment lay in camp some miles from the city. I was too comfortable myself with my kind friends at No. 2 to mix in any of these broils. Their hours were early, and the family quiet and happy, nor was it my part to be out late, so I stayed at home. The good landlord used to say to me every day at dinner, "No ros-beff, Monsieur George," and the kind lady always gave me Benjamin's portion at breakfast *à la fourchette*!

My corps had nothing to do, so they did not want me, nor was I at all anxious to leave my town residence.

I went out one day to pay them a visit, and to see Sir Lowry Cole on a little private affair. General Cole was a neighbour of ours when at home, and always ready to do me a service, but we seldom met. He commanded the 4th Division of the army. On this occasion he got me leave of absence to precede my regiment going home. My turn for leave was far distant, so I came the old soldier over my seniors. But they forgave me after much chaffing, such as "We suppose that General Cole is going to take you on his personal staff, and, of course you must go home for your cocked hat and feather." "O, no doubt, old fellow, lucky enough for the man who has a home to go to. I will be happy to see you all at my château when your time comes to be quartered in our country town." And the time did come in reality, and the officers, one and all, were welcome guests at Belle-vue when I was far away, frying in the East Indies, in another campaign, and in another regiment.

But here I am, still passing a day at the camp near Bordeaux hearing all the news, seeing all my old comrades, the men of my company, and everyone, as if I had been absent a year, everybody jolly, oceans of money, and no end to good living for man and horse! An issue of six months' back pay in gold opened the eyes, and the mouths, and the hands, and the hearts of a whole army. The matter was how to spend it. Soldiers like sailors win their money like horses, and spend it like asses. There was no lack of wine-houses and restaurant dominoes, pitch and toss: Head, I win!—tail, you lose!—anything to catch the penny. So their thirty or forty dollars did not last long.

"What about our old friend, Mrs. Commissary-General Skiddy?" I asked one of my sergeants. "O, be gad, sir, she's all right and fresh as a chamrog. There she is, sir, crossing the green, would you like to speak to her?" "Yes, I will hail her myself. Hiloo, mother Skiddy, come over here till I look at you, and see if it's yourself or your ghost?" "Oh then, Musha, God bless you my dear, sure it's myself that's glad to see your honour alive, after being kilt on the top of a house in the great battle when I was away in the care of Dan. Sure they reported down there where I was, you were kilt entirely. But, my fegs, it's right well you're looking, the Lord preserve ye, and sure Dan was so sorry for yer honour, and said, 'how many's the mile you carried his firelock for him on the long march,' for he was sometimes bent, tired, and ready to drop. An ye know, sir, when I found him smashed up in that battle at Saint Peter's, he says to me, 'Biddy,' says he, 'I'll never march any more, for my leg's bruck in two heves, by that pagan that kilt me.' Well, sir, when the doctor cum to set his leg, it wasn't bruck at all, only a big hole in it, but 'twas mighty sore; an sure I have him here now

as good as new. All the men as was wounded, barrin' the killed cum up here t'other day. Would you like to see Dan, sir?"

"Surely I must see him before I go home—I'm going to Ireland soon."

"Is it to ould Ireland, sir? sure that's me own counthry, the blessin' av all the saints be wid yer honour, sure it makes me heart bounce when I think av being there agin." And wiping her eye with the corner of her very white apron, she ran away for Dan.

He was a very wiry piece of stuff, not over five feet three, but able to do more work than two lanky fellows all backbone and no muscle. He was always at his post, and a great enemy to them vagabones, the French!

"Well, Dan Skiddy, I'm glad to see you looking so fresh after being killed at Saint Pierre in that big fight. You will soon be qualified for the pension, and we hope you'll get the shilling." "O, then good luck to yer honour, and sure it's yourself that would make it fifteen pence if ye cud, for I marched a power in Spain, and kilt a good dale av the French, bad scram to them the vagabones." "O Dan, avourneen, don't be cursin' the frinch now that we're done wid 'em; sure they couldn't help it, the crathers, bein' paid to fight for ould Bony himself."

"Well, you know how they murdered my leg, Biddy." "Sure that's their naither, dear, to murder every one av us, but the pace has made them quiet and civil now. O, me back!" "What's the matter with your back, Biddy?" "O, yer honour knows how my back was bruck on the retreat from Madrid down to Portugal in the short days of winter rains, when everybody was lost. But Dan made promise niver to tell any one, and there he is forenenst me," giving him a sly look for permission to tell her story.

"Yer honour minds how we were all kilt and destroyed on the long march last winter, and the French at our heels, an' all our men droppin' and dyin' on the roadside, waitin' to be killed over agin by them vagabones comin' after us. Well, I don't know if you seed him, sir, but down drops poor Dan, to be murdered like all the rest. Says he, 'Biddy dear, I can't go on further one yard to save me life.' 'O, Dan jewel,' sis I, 'I'll help you on a bit; tak' a hould av me, an' throw away your knapsack.' 'I'll niver part wid my knapsack,' says he, 'nor my firelock, while I'm a soger.' 'Dogs then,' sis I, 'you 'ont live long, for the French are comin' up quick upon us.' Thinkin', ye see, sir, to give him sperret to move, but the poor crather hadn't power to stir a lim. Now I heerd the firin' behind, and saw them killin' Dan, as if it was! So I draws him up on the bank and coaxed him to get on me back, for, sis I, 'the French will have ye in half an hour, an' me too, the pagans.'

In truth I was just thinkin' they had hould av us both, when I draws him up on me back, knapsack an' all. 'Throw away your gun,' sis I. 'I won't,' says he. 'Biddy, I'll shoot the first vagabone lays hould av your tail,' says he. He was always a conthrary crather when any one invaded his firelock.

"Well, sir, I went away wid him on me back, knapsack, firelock, and all, as strong as Sampson, for the fear I was in. An' fegs, I carried him half a league after the regiment into the bivwack. Me back was bruck entirely from that time to this, an' it'll never get strait till I go to the Holy Well in Ireland, and have Father McShane's blessin', an' his hand laid over me! An' that's all the thruth, yer honour, I've told ye."

"Well, Mrs. Skiddy, you are a wonderful little woman. You saved a good soldier for yourself and the service. All the regiment knows how well you acted on the march, where we lost so many of our gallant comrades. You have been always a most useful person, well respected, and I wish you safe home to the Green Isle, and a safe meeting with your friends and Father McShane! But where was your donkey all this time?" "Och then, yer honour knows when that murderin' villain shot our poor donkeys. I helped on the back of my wee fellow all that he could carry, to save what I could for the poor women whose dead beasts were left on the roadside. So I was left to walk myself, and carry poor Dan a bit. The curse av the crows be on his fire nger that shot the donkeys."

I bid this wonderful structure of humanity a friendly farewell, after squaring a long account with her for about a year's washing and darning. She was reluctant to take anything, saying, "O, sir, sure you always belonged to me own company, an' you're welcome to the bit av washing."

I hope Dan got the shilling, i.e. a shilling a day pension for life. But the Government of the day that wasted with unsparing hand England's gold in millions, passed off with a sixpenny pension the old soldier, bearing many scars, and very often with sixpence or ninepence a day for nine, twelve, eighteen, or twenty-four months, when it ceased and he became a pauper. The sinecures held in those days by the aristocracy and their friends and relations for doing nothing would have pensioned for life thousands of brave men who fought nobly for their country and their king. But the war was now over, and as the historian, the great and gallant good Napier, said in his conclusion, "Thus the war terminated, and with it all remembrance of its veterans' services."

THE BATTLE OF TOULOUSE

BY

G. R. GLEIG

HAVING extricated his army from the danger which threatened it, Soult halted between Maubeurguet and Rubastein, in a position which enabled him to cover Tarbes, and to watch the development of his adversary's designs. The English, he persuaded himself, must of necessity move, either upon Bordeaux or Toulouse. If they took the former route, he, as his letters show, was prepared to throw himself upon their rear; if the latter, then he hoped that he should be able seriously to disturb their left. He seems never to have contemplated the probability of their attempting both objects at the same time; he, therefore, took no steps to prevent it. Yet such was Lord Wellington's plan. Weakening himself to the extent of twelve thousand English and Portuguese troops, he detached Beresford on the 8th with the 4th and 7th divisions, and Vivian's light dragoons, to take possession of Bordeaux, while with the remainder, consisting of the 2nd, 3rd, 6th, and light divisions, and the bulk of the cavalry, he himself stood fast at Aire, ready to take advantage of any false move into which his adversary might be hurried.

And here there befell one of those contingencies which are not very frequent in war, but on which, when they do occur, the success of campaigns almost always turns. Their sources of intelligence failed both Lord Wellington and Soult. Each received exaggerated reports of the strength of the other; each believed what he heard, and was guided by it. Lord Wellington, convinced that Suchet had joined Soult, abstained from molesting him in Beresford's absence; Soult, unacquainted with the fact of Beresford's march, was content to maintain a purely defensive attitude. At last, however, on the 12th Soult took the initiative. Orders had reached him from Paris to move upon Pau, so that his left might rest upon the Pyrenees; and he now pushed forward between Aire and Garlin, hoping to strike a blow against one or other of the somewhat scattered divisions of the allies. But Lord Wellington was not to be surprised. His troops closed rapidly in, and for three days the hostile armies faced one another. On the 16th, however, Soult heard of the capture of Bordeaux by Beresford, and labouring under the

impression that his adversary had been strongly reinforced (though, in truth, the only troops which joined him were Freyre's corps of eight thousand Spaniards, and they came up on the 13th and 14th), he became alarmed for his own communications, and retreated before dawn by St. Gaudens towards Toulouse.

While these things were going on along the course of the Upper Adour, Marshal Beresford effected his purpose at Bordeaux. The French garrison retired as he approached, and the magistracy and people received him with open arms. It was to no purpose that, acting on Lord Wellington's instructions, he advised the authorities to pause before committing themselves; the loyalty of the mayor could not be restrained, and Louis XVIII was proclaimed, amid the wildest rejoicing. The forts which commanded the navigation of the river still, however, held out, and the means at Beresford's disposal were not, upon investigation, considered adequate to the reduction of the most important of them. But the only inconvenience arising out of this circumstance was, that the estuary of the Garonne could not, as yet, be used as a harbour for the British fleet; an arrangement for which, till the army should be more advanced, there was no very urgent necessity.

Satisfied with what had been done, and believing that one infantry division, with a few squadrons of horse, would suffice to maintain order in Bordeaux, Lord Wellington directed Marshal Beresford to return with the rest to his old position on the Adour. He had previously instructed General Clinton in Catalonia to break up his force altogether, and to send to him, through the valley of the Ebro, four thousand of the best of his infantry. Neither this detachment, however, nor others, which were on the move by sea and land, from Lisbon and from England, arrived in time to take part in the operations which he meditated. Soult had retired on the 16th; Beresford came in late on the 17th; and at an early hour on the 18th the advance began.

It was Lord Wellington's object to throw himself, by a rapid march, into the valley of the Adour, and to bar against the French the great road leading from Tarbes to St. Gaudens and Toulouse. Soult had anticipated the danger, and now occupied not only Tarbes itself, but Vic-de-Bigorre, a small town distant from Tarbes about three leagues. With the corps which held that place, the English advanced guard became engaged on the 19th, and forced it to retire. Next day the allies, moving as they had heretofore done, in two columns, had a second affair at and around Tarbes, where the left, under Hill, found itself confronted by d'Erlon's, Clausel's, and Reille's divisions. The allies were again successful, but the enemy escaped, because the pursuers, encumbered with their bridge-

train, and a long array of baggage animals, were unable to cut in upon the fugitives at Trie, and to head them in the plains of Muret. Indeed, herein lay the great hindrance to Lord Wellington throughout the whole of his campaign in the South of France. The innumerable rivers with which the country is intersected were all passable at will by the defending army. So long as they ran in Soult's rear the bridges remained; but the moment Soult crossed, he broke the bridges down; thus interposing between him and his pursuers obstacles which would have proved insurmountable, had not Lord Wellington carried with him the necessary appliances for repairing them. And so with respect to supplies of forage and provisions. Moving through a country where, for political reasons, it was essential to conciliate, and as much as possible, to spare the inhabitants, his commissariat mules were, to the leader of the allied troops, as necessary as his guns. The enemy, on the other hand, divested themselves of all impediments. They compelled each district as they arrived in it to feed them, and they pressed, without scruple, cattle and horses for draft, as often as they were required. Hence they could not well fail to out-march their pursuers, and to choose from time to time their points of resistance. The consequence was that Soult arrived in Toulouse three whole days before Lord Wellington; an interval of the greatest possible importance to him, and which he did not fail, with his usual sagacity, to turn to good account.

The selection of Toulouse as the point on which he should retire, indicated both talent and resolution on the part of Soult. It gave him the command of several lines of operation; such as by Carcassonne towards Suchet, or by Alby upon Lyons, while it placed him in the best possible attitude for watching the schemes of the Legitimists, and maintaining the authority of the existing government. Covered on three sides by the canal of Languedoc, and on the fourth by the Garonne, the town itself was surrounded within these barriers by an old wall, which having towers at intervals, was capable of offering serious resistance, except to heavy artillery. Soult displayed great engineering skill in improving these defences. He converted the canal, from the point where it falls into the Garonne as far up as the bridge of Demoiselles, into an outer line. This line protected the Carcassonne road, by which a junction between himself and Suchet could be effected, whether the latter should decide on operating a diversion in his favour from Catalonia, or that both should retire upon Beziers.

The canal of Languedoc lay, for a considerable space, within musket-shot of the town wall. It could everywhere be swept by cannon. But further to the north-east, between it and the river Ers,

runs a range of heights, called Mount Rave. These Soult fortified by throwing up, at convenient distances, five redoubts, and connecting them with retrenchments. On the south-west side, with the Garonne flowing between, stood the faubourg of St. Cyprien, which, like the town, was defended by an old wall, and served all the purposes of a *tête-de-pont*. Thus was constructed an entrenched camp of the most formidable kind, of which Toulouse itself may be described as the citadel, every avenue of approach being covered by field-works, and protected by a numerous artillery.

From this position, which he not unnaturally regarded as impregnable, Soult wrote to Suchet, imploring him to forget everything, except the condition of their country and to come to his support. It was the last appeal, and it met with no response. Suchet pleading that he had not three thousand men disposable, though, in point of fact, he could muster thirteen thousand, refused to give up his separate command, and Soult was left with his own army and the division of General Paris to wage such a war as he could. Yet, even unassisted from Catalonia, he cannot be said to have stood at great disadvantage towards his adversary. His position was excellent. The muster-rolls of his army show that he had thirty-nine thousand one hundred and sixty combatants under arms, and that his artillery amounted to eighty pieces. Lord Wellington, on the other hand, was able to bring against him only forty-five thousand infantry, of whom fifteen thousand were Spaniards, with six thousand cavalry and sixty-four guns. Whatever the English general might gain, therefore, by mere excess of numbers, he more than lost, partly in the composition of his infantry, partly in the difficulties of the ground on which he was about to operate. It was, in every point of view, a fair fight, the assailants having, indeed, a harder part to play in it than the defenders.

Lord Wellington moving slowly, as the state of the roads compelled him to do, arrived on the 26th in sight of Toulouse. The enemy drew in their outposts on his approach, and took post behind the Garonne and the Lers. It was the first intention of the English general to pass the Garonne above the town, and thereby to interpose between Soult and Montauban. Indeed, Sir Rowland Hill's corps was actually thrown across in the night, just above the junction of the Ariège with the Garonne, and directed to march upon Cintegabelle, where there was a bridge upon the latter stream. But the melting of the snow in the mountains, together with the heavy rains of the past week, had so filled the marshes which lie between the Garonne and the Ariège that to move even infantry through them, far more cavalry and guns, proved impossible. Hill was in consequence, recalled, and another point of attack chosen.

It was nearer to the town, though still on the left of the enemy's position, at a place called Portet. There, however, on trying them, the pontoons proved to be of insufficient span; and Soult, warned by the attempt, threw up works to avert the danger. Nothing now remained, except to assault the heights between the Ers and the canal, and as a preliminary step, to force the passage of the Garonne below the town.

I must refer the curious in such matters to the larger edition of this work, for a detail of the *manœuvres* which preceded and led up to the battle of Toulouse. They were executed in spite of the hindrances which ceaseless rains and roads wellnigh impassable offer to the movement of troops. But determination and perseverance overcame them all, and on the 10th of April the fight began. It was maintained on both sides with greater obstinacy than any other which had occurred since the opening of the war. Confident in the strength of their position, and well supported by the fire of a superior artillery, the French disputed every inch of ground, and when the evening closed were still in possession of the town, and of the line of the canal. But the redoubts which commanded the town had fallen, and Soult knew that his game was lost. On the other hand the English had expended the whole of their great-gun ammunition, and till supplies could be brought up from the rear, an operation which required time, they were not in a state to renew an offensive battle. Favoured by this circumstance, Soult was able in the course of the 11th to send away such baggage as could be moved without attracting attention, and the same night he withdrew by the only road which lay open to him, leaving, besides his wounded, all his heavy cannon and stores, with a considerable depot of small arms, to become the prey of the conquerors.

Lord Wellington fought the battle of Toulouse upon a plan which as much as possible guarded the inhabitants from becoming more than spectators of the horrors of war. Not a shot or shell from an English gun fell within the town. And now his arrangements were made for investing the place, so as to compel the French army either to come out and fight, or else to lay down its arms. His troops, indeed, had begun to move towards the single carriage road of which they were not already masters, when daybreak on the 12th made the fact apparent, that Soult and his people were gone. Not a picket guard stood to their arms, not a sentry showed himself, and presently, while men yet wondered what the cause of such unlooked-for silence might be, the silence was broken by the pealing of bells in the city. Suddenly upon every tower and housetop visible a white flag was seen to wave, and by and by the air rang with the shouts of people rejoicing. Toulouse, freed from the presence of Napoleon's

garrison, declared for Louis XVIII, and the British troops were greeted as they drew near, not as enemies, but as deliverers.

With the battle of Toulouse the great Peninsular War may be said to have come to an end. At Bayonne, indeed, four days later, a profitless encounter took place, the garrison making a sortie, by which they gained nothing, and some valuable lives on both sides were sacrificed. And in the Upper Garonne and on the borders of Catalonia, Soult and Suchet hesitated before they could bring themselves to believe the truth; but Lord Wellington's firmness and the preparations which he made to resume hostilities overcame their scruples. They sent in their adhesion to the new order of things, and there was peace everywhere.

In describing these operations I have referred as yet only to the public acts of the great mover in them, and to the consequences of these acts. Let us not bring this chapter to a close without detailing one or two incidents which seem to me to throw a good deal of light upon the character of the Duke of Wellington as a man as well as an officer.

The idea of bridging the estuary of the Adour with *chasse-marées* and schooners sent in from the sea, was entirely his own. The engineer officers whom he consulted on the subject condemned it. And even Admiral Penrose and his gallant captains pronounced the scheme hazardous to a degree. "If you get the vessels over the Bar," demanded the former, "whence are we to procure planking?" "Haven't you just got from England a quantity of timber, sawed, and ready for laying platforms?" "Certainly," was the answer, "but that we shall require for our batteries." "Nonsense, take the platform timber for the bridge, we must have the bridge before we can begin the siege of Bayonne." "And what are we to do afterwards?" "There's plenty of pinewood near Bayonne; you can cut and saw that, and till it is ready the guns must be worked on the sand." And sure enough to the purposes of the bridge the new platforms were applied, without any hindrance or mischief arising in the course of future operations.

Lord Wellington's conduct on this occasion reminds me of the promptitude and decision with which, at the siege of Ciudad-Rodrigo, he applied a sudden remedy to a pressing want. It was necessary, in order to break ground for the trenches, to *brusque* a lunette, which crowned the great Teso hill. There were no ladders at hand wherewith to escalate, and the engineer told him so, and asked for time. "How much time do you want?" "If we had the wood a few hours would suffice, but we have nothing of which to make either side pieces or rounds!" "What are those carts that I see there? there seem to be some hundreds of them." "They are the

country carts on which the spare ammunition was brought up from Almeida." "Very well, take them. You see that you have the side pieces ready made to your hand in the beams and shafts, the rounds you can easily make out of the boarding." The fitness of the project was acknowledged as soon as expressed, and that same night the lunette was carried by means of ladders improvised out of a few bullock-carts.

With respect to Admiral Penrose and his brother officers, they argued reasonably enough, that the Bar alone presented an obstacle which was not to be surmounted in all weathers, and that, granting it to be surmounted, an enemy in possession of one bank of a river must be very remiss indeed if he failed to render the anchorage too hot for such craft as were about to approach it. "I have no fear," was Lord Wellington's answer, "but that your fellows will carry the craft over the Bar, and depend upon it I'll take care that nothing hurts them afterwards." And so it was. A battalion of guards seized the right bank, while a field-battery of eighteen-pounders held the left, and the craft took up their stations, and the bridge was constructed without the slightest damage done, except by the accidents of navigation.

Lord Wellington's personal activity, especially at the opening of this campaign, astonished even the members of his staff, who knew him best. He rode over and over again from one extremity of his line to another, as much as sixty or seventy miles, and back again, with scarcely a halt. He ate his meals more than once by the wayside, and not unfrequently fasted from dawn till late at night. His aversion to the pomp and circumstance in which the generals of other armies delight, he sometimes carried to a fault. His famous ride, for example, from Gacis to the site of the bridge of boats on the Adour, carried him through a country which was by no means safe, yet he performed it without an escort, Lord Fitzroy alone attending him. Indeed, escorts he entirely rejected except when engaged in the act of reconnoitring close to the enemy's position. More than once he had, in consequence, a narrow escape for his life. When the enemy were falling back from the Gave d'Oleron to Orthez, he shot ahead of his own advanced guard, and made for a hill, whence he conceived that he should command a full view of their line of march. Colonel Gordon, Lord Fitzroy, and several other officers were with him, but no escort. Gordon happened to be well mounted, and rode a little ahead of the rest, by which means he gained the brow of the hill while Lord Wellington was yet a yard or two from the summit. Right in his teeth came a party of French cavalry whom he had just time to escape by wheeling round and galloping back. Down came the troopers upon Gordon, and

away went Lord Wellington and his staff, their swords out, but trusting more to the speed of their horses than to their right arms. And by the speed of their horses alone they escaped.

On the other hand, this habit of passing from point to point well-nigh like a private person, gave him opportunities of seeing with his own eyes what might have been hidden from him had he approached the point of vision in a crowd. He was extremely anxious about his pontoon bridge during the days of preparation which led up to the battle of Toulouse. And perhaps his anxiety on that head was not the less keen, that in consequence of some changes of construction proposed by himself, the pontoons did not appear to possess the same amount of flotation which had previously belonged to them. Twice the bridge was carried away; once, when tried, it proved too short for the span of the river, and once it sank, with the weight of a heavy gun.

Of the point where these attempts had been made the French became naturally jealous, and more than one working and covering party was driven off by a heavy fire down from the other side. Lord Wellington became impatient, and down he went, absolutely alone, to reconnoitre. He had justly calculated the chances. A French sentry immediately fired, but missed him, whereupon a French officer, seeing only one man, and not observing about him anything to indicate that he was of superior rank, ran down to the river-side and apologised for the outrage in words which the Duke often repeated afterwards with great glee, "Pardon, Monsieur, c'est un nouveau." The kindness was acknowledged, and the two entered into conversation, which Lord Wellington kept up till he had seen and comprehended all that he was desirous of looking into. He then raised his hat and went away, to turn the knowledge which he had thus acquired to excellent account.

The bridge being at length laid, and two divisions, under Beresford, sent across, a fresh came on in the night, and to save the pontoons from being carried away, the engineers were obliged to remove some of them. This rendered the passage impracticable for horses, and not very safe for men; indeed it was only one by one that individuals could cross at all. Lord Wellington, bent upon reconnoitring Soult's inner line, passed the bridge when it was in this state. He went on foot and he went alone. A troop horse was furnished to him on the other side, and he thus took a survey of the enemy's position.

"Was not Beresford in great danger then, and you also, duke?"
"No, there was no danger. Soult ought to have attacked us, I allow, but we were in a condition to put our back to the river, and he could not have done us any harm."

Those who saw the duke pass, as I have just described, were not of that opinion at the moment, and their satisfaction was proportionately great, when he returned the same evening, and they heard him tell over his own dinner-table how the troop-horse had carried him.

The style of his arrival in Toulouse itself, on the morning of the 12th, when the retreat of Soult's army became known, was entirely in keeping with all that went before. While the maire and municipal body, followed by an enormous crowd, waited at one gate to receive him with all due honour, Lord Wellington rode round to another, with a single aide-de-camp in his train, and entered unnoticed. He made for the Hôtel de Ville, nobody knowing or caring to ask who he was; and there, by and by, the authorities found him. Then it became necessary that he should show himself, and he stood upon the balcony and bowed to the crowd. The same day he gave a dinner, to which many general officers and all the leading gentlemen of the city were invited. While the company sat at table, Colonel Cooke arrived from Paris, bringing with him the astounding intelligence of Napoleon's abdication. Lord Wellington immediately rose, and glass in hand, proposed the health of Louis XVIII. The shout with which the company received the toast, was soon taken up out of the doors, and ran from street to street. Yet it was scarcely so loud, and certainly far less cordial than the greeting which attended the next toast, of which General Alava was the proposer—"Lord Wellington, Liberador di Espagna."

Every person in the room sprung to his feet; some stood on chairs, several upon the table, and there followed in quick succession, uttered in Portuguese and in French, "Liberador de Portugal," "Le redémpteur de la France," "Le Libérateur de l'Europe." Probably the no occasion during his long and varied life, was Lord Wellington safe, much overcome; and no wonder. Men shook each other by the attend, or rushed into each other's arms, shrieking, laughing,—some even them weeping from excitement. So tremendous was the revulsion, from a state of chronic war to a state of peace, so unbounded their admiration of the man, whom they regarded as the chief instrument of bringing it about. As to Lord Wellington, he rose to return a hill, s, but could not utter a word. He looked round at the com- their livith tears in his eyes, and calling for coffee, sat down again. other officers nance as the theatre followed the dinner, the piece well mounted, an *œuvre de Lion*, and after the play, there came a he gained the bro by Lord Wellington at the house which had been yard or two from and went off, as may be imagined, with great spirit. French cavalry day to day, feasting and rejoicing took the place of and galloping nations. But this is not all.

Hostilities having ceased, it was not perhaps unnatural that the inhabitants of a conquered country should endeavour to conciliate the victors by treating them well. But in the present instance, the inhabitants of the invaded country had never, except in very isolated cases, treated the invaders otherwise than well. The rear of the British army, and its followers, were just as safe in the south of France as they had ever been in Spain. It more than once occurred that the sick, the wounded, the commissariat stores, and the military chest were left without a guard in some town removed by three or four leagues from the nearest English division. Yet no attempt was made to rob them, far less to massacre the helpless soldiers and servants, or to carry off the booty. How different this from the condition of the French army in Portugal and Spain! Yet both facts are easily accounted for. The strictest discipline prevailed in one army; the loosest morale in the other. No British officer or soldier ever took from a French civilian an article of any kind without paying for it. No French officer or soldier ever thought of paying for anything which a Spaniard or Portuguese civilian might own, of which he stood in need. In the south of France women and children passed to and fro through the English lines unmolested, and were treated by the officers and men, when quartered upon them, with the utmost kindness and respect. How the wretched inhabitants of Spain, and still more of Portugal, fared, when Junot and Masséna and Marmot and Soult were their masters, it is not necessary to say. Indeed, so confident was Lord Wellington in the good-will of the people, whom his justice and the excellent conduct of his troops had conciliated, that he caused his hounds to travel in the rear of the army, and had more than one day's hunting in the intervals of battles. They were regularly kennelled in Toulouse, where many a French gentleman saw for the first time—himself vainly striving to keep pace with the field—what English fox-hunting was.

REACTIONS OF SOME CIVILIANS ON THE DAY OF WATERLOO

BY

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

ALL the superior officers being summoned on duty elsewhere, Jos Sedley was left in command of the little colony at Brussels, with Amelia invalided, Isidor, his Belgian servant, and the *bonne*, who was maid-of-all-work for the establishment, as a garrison under him. Though he was disturbed in spirit, and his rest destroyed by the occurrences of the morning, Jos nevertheless remained for many hours in bed, wakeful and rolling about there until his usual hour of rising had arrived. The sun was high in the heavens, and our gallant friends of the —th miles on their march, before the civilian appeared in his flowered dressing-gown at breakfast.

About George's absence, his brother-in-law was very easy in mind. Perhaps Jos was rather pleased in his heart that Osborne was gone, for during George's presence, the other had played but a very secondary part in the household, and Osborne did not scruple to show his contempt for the stout civilian. But Emmy had always been good and attentive to him. It was she who ministered to his comforts, who superintended the dishes that he liked, who walked or rode with him (as she had many, too many, opportunities of doing, for where was George?) and who interposed her sweet face between his anger and her husband's scorn. Many timid remonstrances had she uttered to George in behalf of her brother, but the former in his trenchant way cut these entreaties short. "I'm an honest man," he said, "and if I have a feeling I show it, as an honest man will. How the deuce, my dear, would you have me behave respectfully to such a fool as your brother?" So Jos was pleased with George's absence. His plain hat, and gloves on a side-board, and the idea that the owner was away, caused Jos I don't know what secret thrill of pleasure. "*He* won't be troubling me this morning," Jos thought, "with his dandified airs and his impudence."

"Put the Captain's hat into the anteroom," he said to Isidor, the servant.

"Perhaps he won't want it again," replied the lackey, looking

knowingly at his master. He hated George too, whose insolence towards him was quite of the English sort.

"And ask if Madame is coming to breakfast," Mr. Sedley said with great majesty, ashamed to enter with a servant upon the subject of his dislike for George. The truth is, he had abused his brother to the valet a score of times before.

Alas! Madame could not come to breakfast, and cut the *tartines* that Mr. Jos liked. Madame was a great deal too ill, and had been in a frightful state ever since her husband's departure, so her *bonne* said. Jos showed his sympathy, by pouring her out a large cup of tea. It was his way of exhibiting kindness: and he improved on this; he not only sent her breakfast, but he bethought him what delicacies she would most like for dinner.

Isidor, the valet, had looked on very sulkily, while Osborne's servant was disposing of his master's baggage previous to the Captain's departure: for in the first place he hated Mr. Osborne, whose conduct to him, and to all inferiors, was generally overbearing (nor does the Continental domestic like to be treated with insolence, as our own better-tempered servants do): and secondly, he was angry that so many valuables should be removed from under his hands, to fall into other people's possession when the English discomfiture should arrive. Of this defeat he and a vast number of other persons in Brussels and Belgium did not make the slightest doubt. The almost universal belief was, that the Emperor would divide the Prussian and English armies, annihilate one after the other, and march into Brussels before three days were over: when all the movables of his present masters, who would be killed, or fugitives, or prisoners, would lawfully become the property of Monsieur Isidor.

As he helped Jos through his toilsome and complicated daily toilette, this faithful servant would calculate what he should do with the very articles with which he was decorating his master's person. He would make a present of the silver essence-bottles and toilet nicknacks to a young lady of whom he was fond; and keep the English cutlery and the large ruby pin for himself. It would look very smart upon one of the fine frilled shirts, which, with the gold-laced cap and the frogged frock-coat, that might easily be cut down to suit his shape, and the Captain's gold-headed cane, and the great double ring with the rubies, which he would have made into a pair of beautiful earrings, he calculated would make a perfect Adonis of himself, and render Mademoiselle Reine an easy prey. "How those sleeve-buttons will suit me!" thought he, as he fixed a pair on the fat pudgy wrists of Mr. Sedley. "I long for sleeve-buttons; and the Captain's boots with brass spurs, in the

next room, *corbleu!* what an effect they will make in the Allée Verte!" So while Monsieur Isidor with bodily fingers was holding on to his master's nose, and shaving the lower part of Jos's face, his imagination was rambling along the Green Avenue, dressed out in a frogged coat and lace, and in company with Mademoiselle Reine; he was loitering in spirit on the banks, and examining the barges sailing slowly under the cool shadows of the trees by the canal, or refreshing himself with a mug of Faro at the bench of a beerhouse on the road to Laeken.

But Mr. Joseph Sedley, luckily for his own peace, no more knew what was passing in his domestic's mind than the respected reader and I suspect what John or Mary, whose wages we pay, think of ourselves. What our servants think of us!—Did we know what our intimates and our dear relations thought of us, we should live in a world that we should be glad to quit, and in a frame of mind and a constant terror, that would be perfectly unbearable. So Jos's man was marking his victim down, as you see one of Mr. Paynter's assistants in Leadenhall Street ornament an unconscious turtle with a placard on which is written, "Soup tomorrow."

Amelia's attendant was much less selfishly disposed. Few dependants could come near that kind and gentle creature without paying their usual tribute of loyalty and affection to her sweet and affectionate nature. And it is a fact that Pauline, the cook, consoled her mistress more than anybody whom she saw on this wretched morning; for when she found how Amelia remained for hours, silent, motionless, and haggard, by the windows in which she had placed herself to watch the last bayonets of the column as it marched away, the honest girl took the lady's hand, and said, *Tenez, Madame, est-ce qu'il n'est pas aussi à l'armée, mon homme à moi?* with which she burst into tears, and Amelia falling into her arms, did likewise, and so each pitied and soothed the other.

Several times during the afternoon Mr. Jos's Isidor went from his lodgings into the town, and to the gates of the hotels and lodging-houses round about the Parc, where the English were congregated, and there mingled with other valets, couriers, and lackeys, gathered such news as was abroad, and brought back bulletins for his master's information. Almost all these gentlemen were in heart partisans of the Emperor, and had their opinions about the speedy end of the campaign. The Emperor's proclamation from Avesnes had been distributed everywhere plentifully in Brussels. "Soldiers!" it said, "this is the anniversary of Marténgo and Friedland, by which the destinies of Europe were twice decided. Then, as after Austerlitz, as after Wagram, we were too generous.

We believed in the oaths and promises of princes whom we suffered to remain upon their thrones. Let us march once more to meet them. We and they, are we not still the same men? Soldiers! these same Prussians who are so arrogant today, were three to one against you at Jena, and six to one at Montmirail. Those among you who were prisoners in England can tell their comrades what frightful torments they suffered on board the English hulks. Madmen! a moment of prosperity has blinded them, and if they enter into France it will be to find a grave there!" But the partisans of the French prophesied a more speedy extermination of the Emperor's enemies than this; and it was agreed on all hands that Prussians and British would never return except as prisoners in the rear of the conquering army.

These opinions in the course of the day were brought to operate upon Mr. Sedley. He was told that the Duke of Wellington had gone to try and rally his army, the advance of which had been utterly crushed the night before.

"Crushed, psha!" said Jos, whose heart was pretty stout at breakfast-time. "The Duke has gone to beat the Emperor, as he has beaten all his generals before."

"His papers are burned, his effects are removed, and his quarters are being got ready for the Duke of Dalmatia," Jos's informant replied. "I had it from his own *maitre d'hôtel*. Milor Duc de Richemont's people are packing up everything. His Grace has fled already, and the Duchess is only waiting to see the plate packed to join the King of France at Ostend."

"The King of France is at Ghent, fellow," replied Jos, affecting incredulity.

"He fled last night to Bruges, and embarks today from Ostend. The Duc de Berri is taken prisoner. Those who wish to be safe had better go soon, for the dykes will be opened tomorrow, and who can fly when the whole country is under water?"

"Nonsense, sir, we are three to one, ~~so~~, against any force Boney can bring into the field," Mr. Sedley objected; "the Austrians and the Russians are on their march. He must, he shall be crushed," Jos said, slapping his hand on the table.

"The Prussians were three to one at Jena, and he took their army and kingdom in a week. They were six to one at Montmirail, and he scattered them like sheep. The Austrian army is coming, but with the Empress and the King of Rome at its head; and the Russians, bah! the Russians will withdraw. No quarter is to be given to the English, on account of their cruelty to our braves on board the infamous pontoons. Look here, here it is in black and white. Here's the proclamation of His Majesty the Emperor and King,"

said the now declared partisan of Napoleon, and taking the document from his pocket, Isidor sternly thrust it into his master's face, and already looked upon the frogged coat and valuables as his own spoil.

Jos was, if not seriously alarmed as yet, at least considerably disturbed in mind. "Give me my coat and cap, sir," said he, "and follow me. I will go myself and learn the truth of these reports." Isidor was furious as Jos put on the braided frock. "Milor had better not wear that military coat," said he; "the Frenchmen have sworn not to give quarter to a single British soldier."

"Silence, sirrah!" said Jos, with a resolute countenance still, and thrust his arm into the sleeve with indomitable resolution, in the performance of which heroic act he was found by Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, who at this juncture came up to visit Amelia, and entered without ringing at the antechamber door.

Rebecca was dressed very neatly and smartly as usual: her quiet sleep after Rawdon's departure had refreshed her, and her pink smiling cheeks were quite pleasant to look at, in a town and on a day when everybody else's countenance wore the appearance of the deepest anxiety and gloom. She laughed at the attitude in which Jos was discovered, and the struggles and convulsions with which the stout gentleman thrust himself into the braided coat.

"Are you preparing to join the army, Mr. Joseph?" she said. "Is there to be nobody left in Brussels to protect us poor women?" Jos succeeded in plunging into the coat, and came forward blushing and stuttering out excuses to his fair visitor. "How was she after the events of the morning—after the fatigues of the ball the night before?" Monsieur Isidor disappeared into his master's adjacent bedroom, bearing off the flowered dressing-gown.

"How good of you to ask," said she, pressing one of his hands in both her own. "How cool and collected you look when everybody else is frightened! How is our dear little Emmy? It must have been a n awful, awful parting."

"Tremendous," Jos said.

"You men can bear anything," replied the lady. "Firting or danger are nothing to you. Own now that you were going to join the army and leave us to our fate. I know you were—something tells me you were. I was so frightened, when the thought came into my head (for I do sometimes think of you when I am alone, Mr. Joseph), that I ran off immediately to beg and entreat you not to fly from us."

This speech might be interpreted, "My dear sir, should an accident befall the army, and a retreat be necessary, you have a very comfortable carriage, in which I propose to take a seat." I

don't know whether Jos understood the words in this sense. But he was profoundly mortified by the lady's inattention to him during their stay at Brussels. He had never been presented to any of Rawdon Crawley's great acquaintances: he had scarcely been invited to Rebecca's parties; for he was too timid to play much, and his presence bored George and Rawdon equally, who neither of them, perhaps, liked to have a witness of the amusements in which the pair chose to indulge. "Ah!" thought Jos, "now she wants me she comes to me. When there is nobody else in the way she can think about old Joseph Sedley!" But besides these doubts he felt flattered at the idea Rebecca expressed of his courage. He blushed a good deal, and put on an air of importance. "I should like to see the action," he said. "Every man of any spirit would, you know. I've seen a little service in India, but nothing on this grand scale."

"You men would sacrifice anything for a pleasure," Rebecca answered. "Captain Crawley left me this morning as gay as if he were going to a hunting party. What does he care? What do any of you care for the agonies and tortures of a poor forsaken woman? (I wonder whether he *could* really have been going to the troops, this great lazy gourmand?) Oh, dear Mr. Sedley, I have come to you for comfort—for consolation. I have been on my knees all the morning. I tremble at the frightful danger into which our husbands, our friends, our brave troops and allies, are rushing. And I come here for shelter, and find another of my friends—the last remaining to me—bent upon plunging into the dreadful scene!"

"My dear madam," Jos replied, now beginning to be quite soothed, "don't be alarmed. I only said I should like to go—what Briton would not? But my duty keeps me here: I can't leave that poor creature in the next room." And he pointed with his finger to the door of the chamber in which Amelia was.

"Good, noble brother!" Rebecca said, putting her handkerchief to her eyes, and smelling the eau-de-cologne with which it was scented. "I have done you injustice: you have got a heart. I thought you had not."

"Oh, upon my honour!" Jos said, making a motion as if he would lay his hand upon the spot in question. "You do me injustice, indeed you do—my dear Mrs. Crawley."

"I do, now your heart is true to your sister. But I remember two years ago—when it was false to me!" Rebecca said, fixing her eyes upon him for an instant, and then turning away into the window.

Jos blushed violently. That organ which he was accused by Rebecca of not possessing began to thump tumultuously. He recalled the days when he had fled from her, and the passion which had

once inflamed him—the days when he had driven her in his curricule : when she had knit the green purse for him : when he had sate enraptured gazing at her white arms and bright eyes.

"I know you think me ungrateful," Rebecca continued, coming out of the window, and once more looking at him and addressing him in a low tremulous voice. "Your coldness, your averted looks, your manner when we have met of late—when I came in just now, all proved it to me. But were there no reasons why I should avoid you? Let your own heart answer that question. Do you think my husband was too much inclined to welcome you? The only unkind words I have ever had from him (I will do Captain Crawley that justice) have been about you—and most cruel, cruel words they were."

"Good gracious! what have I done?" asked Jos in a flurry of pleasure and perplexity! "what have I done—to—to—?"

"Is jealousy nothing?" said Rebecca. "He makes me miserable about you. And whatever it might have been once—my heart is all his. I am innocent now. Am I not, Mr. Sedley?"

All Jos's blood tingled with delight, as he surveyed this victim to his attractions. A few adroit words, one or two knowing tender glances of the eyes, and his heart was inflamed again and his doubts and suspicions forgotten. From Solomon downwards, have not wiser men than he been cajoled and befooled by women? "If the worst comes to the worst," Becky thought, "my retreat is secure; and I have a right-hand seat in the barouche."

There is no knowing into what declarations of love and ardour the tumultuous passion of Mr. Joseph might have led him, if Isidor the valet had not made his reappearance at this minute and begun to busy himself about the domestic affairs. Jos, who was just going to gasp out an avowal, choked almost with the emotion that he was obliged to restrain. Rebecca too bethought her that it was time she should go in and comfort her dearest Amelia. "*Au revoir*," she said, kissing her hand to Mr. Joseph, and tapped gently at the door of his sister's apartment. As she entered and closed the door on herself, he sank down in a chair, and gazed and sighed and puffed portentously. "That coat is very tight for Milor," Isidor said, still having his eye on the frogs. But his master heard him not: his thoughts were elsewhere: now glowing, maddening, upon the contemplation of the enchanting Rebecca: anon shrinking guiltily before the vision of the jealous Rawdon Crawley, with his curling, fierce mustachios, and his terrible duelling pistols loaded and cocked.

Rebecca's appearance struck Amelia with terror, and made her shrink back. It recalled her to the world, and the remembrance of

yesterday. In the overpowering fears about tomorrow she had forgotten Rebecca,—jealousy,—everything except that her husband was gone and was in danger. Until this dauntless worldling came in and broke the spell, and lifted the latch, we too have forborne to enter into that sad chamber. How long had that poor girl been on her knees! what hours of speechless prayer and bitter prostration had she passed there! The war-chroniclers who write brilliant stories of fight and triumph scarcely tell us of these. These are too mean parts of the pageant: and you don't hear widow's cries or mother's sobs in the midst of the shouts and jubilation in the great Chorus of Victory. And yet when was the time, that such have not cried out: heart-broken humble protestants, unheard in the uproar of the triumph!

After the first movement of terror in Amelia's mind—when Rebecca's green eyes lighted upon her, and rustling in her fresh silks and brilliant ornaments, the latter tripped up with extended arms to embrace her—a feeling of anger succeeded, and from being deadly pale before, her face flushed up red, and she returned Rebecca's look after a moment with a steadiness which surprised and somewhat abashed her rival.

"Dearest Amelia, you are very unwell," the visitor said, putting forth her hand to take Amelia's. "What is it? I could not rest until I knew how you were."

Amelia drew back her hand—never since her life began had that gentle soul refused to believe or to answer any demonstration of goodwill or affection. But she drew back her hand, and trembled all over. "Why are you here, Rebecca," she said, still looking at her solemnly with her large eyes. These glances troubled her visitor.

"She must have seen him give me the letter at the ball," Rebecca thought. "Don't be agitated, dear Amelia," she said, looking down. "I came but to see if I could—if you were well."

"Are you well?" said Amelia. "I daresay you are. You don't love your husband. You would not be here if you did. Tell me, Rebecca, did I ever do you anything but kindness?"

"Indeed, Amelia, no," the other said, still hanging down her head.

"When you were quite poor, who was it that befriended you? Was I not a sister to you? You saw us all in happier days before he married me. I was all in all then to him; or would he have given up his fortune, his family, as he nobly did, to make me happy? Why did you come between my love and me? Who sent you to separate those whom God joined, and take my darling's heart from me—my own husband? Do you think you could love him as I did? His love was everything to me. You knew it, and wanted to rob me of it.

For shame, Rebecca; bad and wicked woman—false friend and false wife.”

“Amelia, I protest before God, I have done my husband no wrong,” Rebecca said, turning from her.

“Have you done *me* no wrong, Rebecca? You did not succeed, but you tried. Ask your heart if you did not.”

She knows nothing, Rebecca thought.

“He came back to me. I knew he would. I knew that no falsehood, no flattery, could keep him from me long. I knew he would come. I prayed so that he should.” The poor girl spoke these words with a spirit and volubility which Rebecca had never before seen in her, and before which the latter was quite dumb. “But what have I done to you,” she continued in a more pitiful tone, “that you should try and take him from me? I had him but for six weeks. You might have spared me these, Rebecca. And yet, from the very first day of our wedding, you came and blighted it. Now he is gone, are you come to see how unhappy I am?” she continued. “You made me wretched enough for the past fortnight: you might have spared me today.”

“I—I never came here,” interposed Rebecca, with unlucky truth.

“No. You didn’t come. You took him away. Are you come to fetch him from me?” she continued in a wilder tone. “He was here, but he is gone now. There on that very sofa he sate. Don’t touch it. We sate and talked there. I was on his knee, and my arms were round his neck, and we said ‘Our Father.’ Yes, he was here: and they came and took him away, but he promised me to come back.”

“He will come back, my dear,” said Rebecca, touched in spite of herself.

“Look,” said Amelia, “this is his sash—isn’t it a pretty colour?” and she took up the fringe and kissed it. She had tied it round her waist at some part of the day. She had forgotten her anger, her jealousy, the very presence of her rival seemingly. For she walked silently and almost with a smile on her face, towards the bed, and began to smooth down George’s pillow.

Rebecca walked, too, silently away. “How is Amelia?” asked Jos, who still held his position in the chair.

“There should be somebody with her,” said Rebecca. “I think she is very unwell,” and she went away with a very grave face, refusing Mr. Sedley’s entreaties that she would stay and partake of the early dinner which he had ordered.

Rebecca was of a good-natured and obliging disposition; and she liked Amelia rather than otherwise. Even her hard words, reproach-

ful as they were, were complimentary—the groans of a person stinging under defeat. Meeting Mrs. O'Dowd, whom the Dean's sermons had by no means comforted, and who was walking very disconsolately in the Parc, Rebecca accosted the latter, rather to the surprise of the Major's wife, who was not accustomed to such marks of politeness from Mrs. Rawdon Crawley, and informing her that poor little Mrs. Osborne was in a desperate condition, and almost mad with grief, sent off the good-natured Irishwoman straight to see if she could console her young favourite.

"I've cares of my own enough," Mrs. O'Dowd said gravely, "and I thought poor Amelia would be little wanting for company this day. But if she's so bad as you say, and you can't attend to her, who used to be so fond of her, faith I'll see if I can be of service. And so good mornin' to ye, Madam;" with which speech and a toss of her head, the lady of the repayther took a farewell of Mrs. Crawley, whose company she by no means courted.

Becky watched her marching off, with a smile on her lip. She had the keenest sense of humour, and the Parthian look which the retreating Mrs. O'Dowd flung over her shoulder almost upset Mrs. Crawley's gravity. "My service to ye, me fine Madam, and I'm glad to see ye so cheerful," thought Peggy. "It's not *you* that will cry your eyes out with grief, any way." And with this she passed on, and speedily found her way to Mrs. Osborne's lodgings.

The poor soul was still at the bedside, where Rebecca had left her, and stood almost crazy with grief. The Major's wife, a stronger-minded woman, endeavoured her best to comfort her young friend. "You must bear up, Amelia dear," she said kindly, "for he mustn't find you ill when he sends for you after the victory. It's not you are the only woman that are in the hands of God this day."

"I know that. I am very wicked, very weak," Amelia said. She knew her own weakness well enough. The presence of the more resolute friend checked it, however; and she was the better of this control and company. They went on till two o'clock; their hearts were with the column as it marched farther and farther away. Dreadful doubt and anguish—prayers and fears and griefs unspeakable—followed the regiment. It was the women's tribute to the war. It taxes both alike, and takes the blood of the men, and the tears of the women.

At half-past two, an event occurred of daily importance to Mr. Joseph: the dinner-hour arrived. Warriors may fight and perish, but he must dine. He came into Amelia's room to see if he could coax her to share that meal. "Try," said he; "the soup is very good. Do try, Emmy," and he kissed her hand. Except when she was married, he had not done so much for years before. "You are very good and

kind, Joseph," she said. "Everybody is, but, if you please, I will stay in my room today."

The savour of the soup, however, was agreeable to Mrs. O'Dowd's nostrils; and she thought she would bear Mr. Jos company. So the two sate down to their meal. "God bless the meat," said the Major's wife solemnly; she was thinking of her honest Mick, riding at the head of his regiment: "'Tis but a bad dinner those poor boys will get 'oday," she said, with a sigh, and then, like a philosopher, fell to.

Jos's spirits rose with his meal. He would drink the regiment's health; or, indeed, take any other excuse to indulge in a glass of champagne. "We'll drink to O'Dowd and his brave —th," said he bowing gallantly to his guest. "Hey, Mrs. O'Dowd? Fill Mrs. O'Dowd's glass, Isidor."

But all of a sudden, Isidor started, and the Major's wife laid down her knife and fork. The windows of the room were open and looked southward, and a dull distant sound came over the sun-lighted roofs from that direction. "What is it?" said Jos. "Why don't you pour, you rascal?"

"*C'est le feu!*" said Isidor, running to the balcony.

"God defend us; it's cannon!" Mrs. O'Dowd cried, starting up, and followed too to the window. A thousand pale and anxious faces might have been seen looking from other casements. And presently it seemed as if the whole population of the city rushed into the streets

We of peaceful London City have never beheld—and please God never shall witness—such a scene of hurry and alarm, as that which Brussels presented. Crowds rushed to the Namur gate, from which direction the noise proceeded, and many rode along the level *chaussee*, to be in advance of any intelligence from the army. Each man asked his neighbour for news; and even great English lords and ladies condescended to speak to persons whom they did not know. The friends of the French went abroad, wild with excitement, and prophesying the triumph of their Emporor. The merchants closed their shops, and came out to swell the general chorus of alarm and clamour. Women rushed to the churches, and crowded the chapels, and knelt and prayed on the flags and steps. The dull sound of the cannon went on rolling, rolling. Presently carriages with travellers began to leave the town, galloping away by the Ghent barrier. The prophecies of the French partisans began to pass for facts. "He has cut the armies in two," it was said. "He is marching straight on Brussels. He will overpower the English, and be here tonight." "He will overpower the English," shrieked Isidor to his master, "and will

be here tonight." The man bounded in and out from the lodgings to the street, always returning with some fresh particulars of disaster. Jos's face grew paler and paler. Alarm began to take entire possession of the stout civilian. All the champagne he drank brought no courage to him. Before sunset he was worked up to such a pitch of nervousness as gratified his friend Isidor to behold, who now counted surely upon the spoils of the owner of the laced coat.

The women were away all this time. After hearing the firing for a moment, the stout Major's wife bethought her of her friend in the next chamber, and ran in to watch, and if possible to console Amelia. The idea that she had that helpless and gentle creature to protect, gave additional strength to the natural courage of the honest Irishwoman. She passed five hours by her friend's side, sometimes in remonstrance, sometimes talking cheerfully, oftener in silence, and terrified mental supplication. "I never let go her hand once," said the stout lady afterwards, "until after sunset, when the firing was over." Pauline, the *bonne*, was on her knees at church hard by, praying for *son homme à elle*.

When the noise of the cannonading was over, Mrs. O'Dowd issued out of Amelia's room into the parlour adjoining, where Jos sate with two emptied flasks, and courage entirely gone. Once or twice he had ventured into his sister's bedroom, looking very much alarmed, and as if he would say something. But the Major's wife kept her place, and he went away without disburthening himself of his speech. He was ashamed to tell her that he wanted to fly. But when she made her appearance in the dining-room, where he ate in the twilight in the cheerless company of his empty champagne bottles, he began to open his mind to her.

"Mrs. O'Dowd," he said, "hadn't you better get Amelia ready?"

"Are you going to take her out for a walk?" said the Major's lady; "sure she's too weak to stir."

"I—I've ordered the carriage," he said, "and—and post-horses; Isidor is gone for them," Jos continued.

"What do you want with driving tonight!" answered the lady. "Isn't she better on her bed? I've just got her to lie down."

"Get her up," said Jos; "she must get up, I say;" and he stamped his foot energetically. "I say the horses are ordered—yes, the horses are ordered. It's all over, and——"

"And what?" asked Mrs. O'Dowd.

"I'm off for Ghent," Jos answered. "Everybody is going; there's a place for you! We shall start in half-an-hour."

The Major's wife looked at him with infinite scorn. "I don't move till O'Dowd gives me the route," said she. "You may go if you like, Mr. Sedley; but faith, Amelia and I stop here."

"She *shall* go," said Jos, with another stamp of his foot. Mrs. O'Dowd put herself with arms akimbo before the bedroom door.

"Is it her mother you're going to take her to?" she said; "or do you want to go to Mamma, yourself, Mr. Sedley? Good marning—a pleasant journey to ye, sir. *Bon voyage*, as they say, and take my counsel, and shave off them mustachios, or they'll bring you into mischief."

"D——n!" yelled out Jos, wild with fear, rage, and mortification; and Isidor came in at this juncture, swearing in his turn. "*Pas de chevaux, sacrebleu!*" hissed out the furious domestic. All the horses were gone. Jos was not the only man in Brussels seized with panic that day.

But Jos's fears, great and cruel as they were already, were destined to increase to an almost frantic pitch before the night was over. It has been mentioned how Pauline, the *bonne*, had *son homme à elle* also in the ranks of the army that had gone out to meet the Emperor Napoleon. This lover was a native of Brussels, and a Belgian hussar. The troops of his nation signalised themselves in this war for anything but courage, and young Van Cutsum, Pauline's admirer, was too good a soldier to disobey his Colonel's orders to run away. Whilst in garrison at Brussels young Regulus (he had been born in the revolutionary times) found his great comfort, and passed almost all his leisure moments, in Pauline's kitchen; and it was with pockets and holsters crammed full of good things from her larder, that he had taken leave of his weeping sweetheart, to proceed upon the campaign a few days before.

As far as his regiment was concerned, this campaign was over now. They had formed a part of the division under the command of his sovereign apparent, the Prince of Orange, and as respected length of swords and mustachios, and the richness of uniform and equipments, Regulus and his comrades looked to be as gallant a body of men as ever trumpet sounded for.

When Ney dashed upon the advance of the allied troops, carrying one position after the other, until the arrival of the great body of the British army from Brussels changed the aspect of the combat of Quatre Bras, the squadrons among which Regulus rode showed the greatest activity in retreating before the French, and were dislodged from one post after another which they occupied with perfect alacrity on their part. Their movements were only checked by the advance of the British in their rear. Thus forced to halt, the enemy's cavalry (whose bloodthirsty obstinacy cannot be too severely reprehended) had at length an opportunity of coming to close quarters with the brave Belgians before them; who preferred to encounter

the British rather than the French, and at once turning tail rode through the English regiments that were behind them, and scattered in all directions. The regiment in fact did not exist any more. It was nowhere. It had no headquarters. Regulus found himself galloping many miles from the field of action, entirely alone; and whither should he fly for refuge so naturally as to that kitchen and those faithful arms in which Pauline had so often welcomed him!

At some ten o'clock the clinking of a sabre might have been heard up the stair of the house where the Osbornes occupied a storey in the Continental fashion. A knock might have been heard at the kitchen door; and poor Pauline, come back from church, fainted almost with terror as she opened it and saw before her her haggard hussar. He looked as pale as the midnight dragoon who came to disturb Leonora. Pauline would have screamed, but that her cry would have called her masters, and discovered her friend. She stifled her scream, then, and leading her hero into the kitchen, gave him beer, and the choice bits from the dinner, which Jos had not had the heart to taste. The hussar showed he was no ghost by the prodigious quantity of flesh and beer which he devoured—and during the mouthfuls he told his tale of disaster.

His regiment had performed prodigies of courage, and had withstood for a while the onset of the whole French army. But they were overwhelmed at last, as was the whole British army by this time. Ney destroyed each regiment as it came up. The Belgians in vain interposed to prevent the butchery of the English. The Brunswickers were routed and had fled—their Duke was killed. It was a general *debacle*. He sought to drown his sorrow for the defeat in floods of beer.

Isidor, who had come into the kitchen, heard the conversation, and rushed out to inform his master. "It is all over," he shrieked to Jos. "Milor Duke is a prisoner; the Duke of Brunswick is killed; the British army is in full flight; there is only one man escaped, and he is in the kitchen now—come and hear him." So Jos tottered into that apartment, where Regulus still sate on the kitchen table, and clung fast to his flagon of beer. In the best French which he could muster, and which was in sooth of a very ungrammatical sort, Jos besought the hussar to tell his tale. The disasters deepened as Regulus spoke. He was the only man of his regiment not slain on the field. He had seen the Duke of Brunswick fall, the black hussars fly, the Ecossais pounded down by the cannon.

"And the—the?" gasped Jos.

"Cut in pieces," said the hussar—upon which Pauline cried out, "O my mistress, *ma bonne petite dame*," went off fairly into hysterics, and filled the house with her screams.

Wild with terror, Mr. Sedley knew not how or where to seek for safety. He rushed from the kitchen back to the sitting-room, and cast an appealing look at Amelia's door, which Mrs. O'Dowd had closed and locked in his face; but he remembered how scornfully the latter had received him, and after pausing and listening for a brief space at the door, he left it, and resolved to go into the street, for the first time that day. So, seizing a candle, he looked about for his gold-laced cap, and found it lying in its usual place, on a console-table, in the anteroom, placed before a mirror at which Jos used to coquet, always giving his side-locks a twirl, and his cap the proper cock over his eye, before he went forth to make appearance in public. Such is the force of habit, that even in the midst of his terror he began mechanically to twiddle with his hair, and arrange the cock of his hat. Then he looked amazed at the pale face in the glass before him, and especially at his mustachios, which had attained a rich growth in the course of near seven weeks, since they had come into the world. They *will* mistake me for a military man, thought he, remembering Isidor's warning, as to the massacre with which all the defeated British army was threatened; and staggering back to his bed-chamber, he began wildly pulling the bell which summoned his valet.

Isidor answered that summons. Jos had sunk in a chair—he had torn off his neckcloths, and turned down his collars, and was sitting with both his hands lifted to his throat.

"*Coupez-moi*, Isidor," shouted he: "*vite! Coupez-moi!*"

Isidor thought for a moment he had gone mad, and that he wished his valet to cut his throat.

"*Les moustaches*," gasped Jos; "*les moustaches—coupy, rasy, vite!*"—his French was of this sort—voluble, as we have said, but not remarkable for grammar.

Isidor swept off the mustachios in no time with the razor, and heard with inexpressible delight his master's orders that he should fetch a hat and a plain coat. "*Ne porty ploo—habit militair—bonny—bonny a voo, prenny dehors*"—were Jos's words,—the coat and cap were at last his property.

This gift being made, Jos selected a plain black coat and waist-coat from his stock, and put on a large white neckcloth, and a plain beaver. If he could have got a shovel-hat he would have worn it. As it was, you would have fancied he was a flourishing, large parson of the Church of England.

"*Vent'y maintenong*," he continued, "*sweevy—al'y—party—dong la roo.*" And so having said, he plunged swiftly down the stairs of the house, and passed into the street.

Although Regulus had vowed that he was the only man of his

regiment, or of the allied army, almost, who had escaped being cut to pieces by Ney, it appeared that his statement was incorrect, and that a good number more of the supposed victims had survived the massacre. Many scores of Regulus's companions had found their way back to Brussels, and—all agreeing that they had run away—filled the whole town with an idea of the defeat of the allies. The arrival of the French was expected hourly; the panic continued, and preparations for flight went on everywhere. No horses! thought Jos, in terror. He made Isidor inquire of scores of persons, whether they had any to lend or sell, and his heart sank within him, at the negative answers returned everywhere. Should he take the journey on foot? Even fear could not render that ponderous body so active.

Almost all the hotels occupied by the English in Brussels face the Parc, and Jos wandered irresolutely about in this quarter, with crowds of other people, oppressed as he was by fear and curiosity. Some families he saw more happy than himself, having discovered a team of horses, and rattling through the streets in retreat; others again there were whose case was like his own; and who could not for any bribes or entreaties procure the necessary means of flight. Amongst these would-be fugitives, Jos remarked the Lady Bareacres and her daughter, who sate in their carriage in the *porte-cochère* of their hotel, all their imperials packed, and the only drawback to whose flight was the same want of motive power which kept Jos stationary.

Rebecca Crawley occupied apartments in this hotel; and had before this period had sundry hostile meetings with the ladies of the Bareacres family. My Lady Bareacres cut Mrs. Crawley on the stairs when they met by chance; and in all places where the latter's name was mentioned, spoke perseveringly ill of her neighbour. The Countess was shocked at the familiarity of General Tufto with the aide-de-camp's wife. The Lady Blanche avoided her as if she had been an infectious disease. Only the Earl himself kept up a sly, occasional acquaintance with her, without out of the jurisdiction of his ladies.

Rebecca had her revenge now upon these insolent enemies. It became known in the hotel that Captain Crawley's horses had been left behind, and when the panic began, Lady Bareacres condescended to send her maid to the Captain's wife with her Ladyship's compliments, and a desire to know the price of Mrs. Crawley's horses. Mrs. Crawley returned a note with her compliments, and an intimation that it was not her custom to transact bargains with the ladies' maids.

This curt reply brought the Earl in person to Becky's apartment;

but he could get no more success than the first ambassador. "Send a lady's maid to me!" Mrs. Crawley cried in great anger; "why didn't my Lady Bareacres tell me to go and saddle the horses! Is it her Ladyship that wants to escape or her Ladyship's *femme de chambre*?" And this was all the answer that the Earl bore back to his Countess.

What will not necessity do? The Countess herself actually came to wait upon Mrs. Crawley on the failure of her second envoy. She entreated her to name her own price; she even offered to invite Becky to Bareacres House, if the latter would but give her the means of returning to that residence. Mrs. Crawley sneered at her.

"I don't want to be waited on by bailiffs in livery," she said; "you will never get back though most probably—at least not you and your diamonds together. The French will have those. They will be here in two hours, and I shall be half-way to Ghent by that time. I would not sell you my horses, no, not for the two largest diamonds that your Ladyship wore at the ball." Lady Bareacres trembled with rage and terror. The diamonds were sewed into her habit, and secreted in my Lord's padding and boots. "Woman, the diamonds are at the banker's, and I *will* have the horses," she said. Rebecca laughed in her face. The infuriate Countess went below, and sate in her carriage; her maid, her courier, and her husband, were sent once more through the town, each to look for cattle; and woe betide those who came last! Her ladyship was resolved on departing the very instant the horses arrived from any quarter—with her husband or without him.

Rebecca had the pleasure of seeing her Ladyship in the horseless carriage, and keeping her eyes fixed upon her, and bewailing, in the loudest tone of voice, the Countess's perplexities. "Not to be able to get horses!" she said, "and to have all those diamonds sewed into the carriage cushions! What a prize it will be for the French when they come!—the carriage and the diamonds, I mean; not the lady!" She gave this information to the landlord, to the servants, to the guests, and the innumerable stragglers about the courtyard. Lady Bareacres could have shot her from the carriage window. It was while enjoying the humiliation of her enemy that Rebecca caught sight of Jos, who made towards her directly he perceived her.

That altered, frightened, fat face, told his secret well enough. He too wanted to fly, and was on the look-out for the means of escape. "*He* shall buy my horses," thought Rebecca, "and I'll ride the mare."

Jos walked up to his friend, and put the question for the hundredth time during the past hour, "Did she know where horses were to be had?"

"What, you fly?" said Rebecca, with a laugh. "I thought you were the champion of all the ladies, Mr. Sedley."

"I—I'm not a military man," gasped he.

"And Amelia?—Who is to protect that poor little sister of yours?" asked Rebecca. "You surely would not desert her?"

"What good can I do for her, suppose—suppose the enemy arrive?" Jos answered. "They'll spare the women; but my man tells me that they have taken an oath to give no quarter to the men—the dastardly cowards."

"Horrid!" cried Rebecca, enjoying his perplexity.

"Besides, I don't want to desert her," cried the brother. "She *shan't* be deserted. There is a seat for her in my carriage, and one for you, dear Mrs. Crawley, if you will come; and if we can get horses"—sighed he—

"I have two to sell," the lady said. Jos could have flung himself into her arms at the news. "Get the carriage, Isidor," he cried; "we've found them—we have found them!"

"My horses never were in harness," added the lady. "Bullfinch would kick the carriage to pieces, if you put him in the traces."

"But he is quiet to ride?" asked the civilian.

"As quiet as a lamb, and as fast as a hare," answered Rebecca.

"Do you think he is up to my weight?" Jos said. He was already on his back, in imagination, without ever so much as a thought for poor Amelia. What person who loved a horse-speculation could resist such a temptation?

In reply, Rebecca asked him to come into her room, whither he followed her quite breathless to conclude the bargain. Jos seldom spent a half-hour in his life which cost him so much money. Rebecca, measuring the value of the goods which she had for sale by Jos's eagerness to purchase as well as by the scarcity of the article, put upon her horses a price so prodigious as to make even the civilian draw back. "She would sell both or neither," she said resolutely. Rawdon had ordered her not to part with them for a price less than that which she specified. Lord Bareacres below would give her the same money—and with all her love and regard for the Sedley family, her dear Mr. Joseph must conceive that poor people must live—nobody, in a word, could be more affectionate, but more firm about the matter of business.

Jos ended by agreeing, as might be supposed of him. The sum he had to give her was so large that he was obliged to ask for time: so large as to be a little fortune to Rebecca, who rapidly calculated that with this sum and the sale of the residue of Rawdon's effects, and her pension as a widow should he fall, she would now

be absolutely independent of the world, and might look her weeds steadily in the face.

Once or twice in the day she certainly had herself thought about flying. But her reason gave her better counsel. "Suppose the French do come," thought Becky, "what can they do to a poor officer's widow? Bah! The time of sacks and sieges are over. We shall be let to go home quietly, or I may live pleasantly abroad with a snug little income."

Meanwhile Jos and Isidor went off to the stables to inspect the newly purchased cattle. Jos bade his man saddle the horses at once. He would ride away that very night, that very hour. And he left the valet busy in getting the horses ready, and went homewards himself to prepare for his departure. It must be secret. He would go to his chamber by the back entrance. He did not care to face Mrs. O'Dowd and Amelia, and own to them that he was about to run.

By the time Jos's bargain with Rebecca was complete, and his horses had been visited and examined, it was almost morning once more. But though midnight was long past, there was no rest for the city: the people were up, the lights in the houses flamed, crowds were still about the doors, and the streets were busy. Rumours of various natures went still from mouth to mouth: one report averred that the Prussians had been utterly defeated; another that it was the English who had been attacked and conquered; a third that the latter had held their ground. This last rumour gradually got strength. No Frenchmen had made their appearance. Stragglers had come in from the army bringing reports more and more favourable: at last an aide-de-camp actually reached Brussels with dispatches for the Commandant of the place, who placarded presently through the town an official announcement of the success of the allies at Quatre Bras, and the entire repulse of the French under Ney after six hours' battle. The aide-de-camp must have arrived some time while Jos and Rebecca were making their bargain together, or the latter was inspecting his purchase. When he reached his own hotel, he found a score of its numerous inhabitants on the threshold discoursing of the news; there was no doubt as to its truth. And he went up to communicate it to the ladies under his charge. He did not think it was necessary to tell them how he had intended to take leave of them, how he had bought horses, and what a price he had paid for them.

But success or defeat was a minor matter to them, who had only thought for the safety of those they loved. Amelia, at the news of the victory, became still more agitated even than before. She was for going that moment to the army. She besought her brother with tears to conduct her thither. Her doubts and terrors had reached

their paroxysm; and the poor girl, who for many hours had been plunged into stupor, raved and ran hither and thither in hysteric insanity—a piteous sight. No man writhing in pain on the hard-fought field fifteen miles off, where lay, after their struggles, so many of the brave—no man suffered more keenly than this poor harmless victim of the war. Jos could not bear the sight of her pain. He left his sister in the charge of her stouter female companion, and descended once more to the threshold of the hotel, where everybody still lingered, and talked, and waited for more news.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggon and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moan of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! Stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young Ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand. “I’m to be taken in here,” he said. “Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two Napoleons: my mother will pay you.” This young fellow’s thoughts during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father’s parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young Ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne’s quarters. Amelia and the Major’s wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their

husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees; and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe, and in the duty thus forced upon her Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant—th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that 'O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcase refreshing himself from a case-bottle.' It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the Ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion, that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young Ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city; and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation, Amelia lent a very distracted attention; it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the

French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retreating upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful his Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manufactured, to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The Earl had procured a pair of horses somehow, in spite of Mrs. Crawley, and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city too. It seemed as if Misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldly exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must at a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon, there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables, to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived; so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George

had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this!—And it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if anything happened to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day too, Mrs. Crawley, who saw not without anger the Baracres party drive off, bethought her of the precaution which the Countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and banknotes about her person, and so prepared was ready for any event—to fly if he thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon, wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the Ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came, this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet; and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mick listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded Ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour;

and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously, as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have bought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march: and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced lap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. "Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlour window. Such a bull in a china-shop I

never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth: and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French, repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes besides the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line—the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

3. *Unknown Soldiers*

THE GREATEST PEOPLE IN THE WORLD

BY

H. E. BATES

HE was very young, and because he was also very fair, he sometimes looked too young to have any part in the war at all; and more than anything else, as always, he wanted to fly.

It was his fairness that made him look so very much like one of the aristocracy, or at least very upper middle class, and I was very surprised to find that his people were labourers from a village in Somerset. His father was a hedger and ditcher with a fancy for leaving little tufts of hawthorn unclipped above the line of hedge. These tufts would grow into little ornamental balls, and later were clipped, gradually, summer by summer, into the shapes of birds. His father hoped, Lawson would explain to me, that bullfinches would use them for nesting-places. I never met either his father or his mother, but I gathered that they must have been at last forty when he was born. I gathered too that his mother cleaned at the local rectory and that she worked in the fields, harvesting and haymaking and pea-picking and cabbage-planting, whenever she had the chance or the time.

It was not only that Lawson wanted to fly. He had never wanted to do anything else but fly. It was the only life he had had time to know. There must have been thousands of young men like him, all reading the technicalities of the job in flight magazines, all passionately studying new designs, all longing for a flip, all flying Spitfires in imagination. But there were certain circumstances which made the case of Lawson different.

The chief of these circumstances, and the one which was in fact never altered, was that his parents were poor. When Lawson heard other people with incomes of five or six hundred or more a year talking of having no money he thought of his parents. His father knocked up a regular wage of two pounds a week. In summer he managed to increase this by ten or twelve shillings by gardening in the evenings and his mother put in a weekly average of about

sixteen hours at sixpence an hour at the rectory. As a boy, Lawson went harvesting and haymaking for about sixpence a day and doing odd jobs on Saturdays in the rectory kitchen. And somehow, out of this, they bought him an education.

I don't know who was at the back of this idea of education. It may have been the rector. Most likely it was the rector and the mother. Lawson's father, I gathered, was a solid, unimaginative man who was rather content to let things remain as they were. He worked hard for three hundred and sixty-two days of the year—he tended his own garden on Sundays—and then got roaring tight on Christmas Eve, Flower Show Saturday, and the local Easter Monday races. It obviously wasn't he who had the idea of education, yet once the idea had been conceived he was behind it wholly and with all the solidity of his nature. For two years he and the mother saved up every extra penny they earned; every pea picked, every potato picked up, every forkful of hay turned over was something extra to the account. The house where they lived was old and damp, with unplastered walls and a brick floor and cracks in the window-frames that were stuffed with paper. The only light they had was a little oil lamp which they carried from room to room if they wanted a light in another place. They bought half a hundredweight of coal each week and on Friday afternoons the mother wetted the last shovelful of coal and banked up the fire so that it would last till evening.

When Lawson was fourteen they were able to send him to the local grammar school. Or at least they were going to send him. Everything was arranged for him to start in September when one of those little accidents happened that often greatly affect the course of people's lives. Lawson fell off a bridge and broke his left arm. By the time it was better the vacancies in the first school were filled and he was sent instead to a school about fifteen miles away. He travelled there every day by train.

It was at this school that he heard the remark that was to affect, and crystallise, his whole life. The third term he was there, within a week or so of his fifteenth birthday, he heard a lecture in the school hall on the work of the R.A.F. When the lecture began, he told me, he really wasn't very interested. When he came out he could not get out of his mind something the lecturer had said about those who fly. "I often think," the lecturer said, "that they are the greatest people in the world."

When I knew Lawson the war was two years old. He had graduated rather uneventfully in the usual way, up through Moths and Ansons and so to light bombers, until now he was captain of a Stirling. There was even then a kind of premature immobility

about him, especially about his eyes, so that the pupils sometimes looked seared, cauterised, burnt out. His first trouble was to have been made a bomber pilot at all. He had been through the usual Spitfire complex; all roaring glory and victory rolls. The thought of long flights of endurance, at night, with nothing to be seen except the flak coming up at you in slow sinister curls, the earth in the light of a flare, and then the flarepath at base if you were lucky and the fog hadn't come down, shook him quite a lot. It may have been this that accounted for what happened afterwards.

He stayed at school until he was eighteen, and had virtually walked straight out of school into the Air Force. What struck me most was that there was no disruption, no disloyalty, between himself and his parents. There might well have been. Their life, simple, bound to earth, lighted by that cheap paraffin lamp which they carried from room to room, compressed into the simple measure of hard work, saving, and devotion, was like the life of another age compared with the life they had chosen for him. I don't know what education exactly meant to them; I don't know what ambitions they had for him. But neither could have been connected with his flying a bomber. Yet they never uttered the smallest reproach or protest to what must have been rather a terrifying prospect to them. They might have thought that it would be better for him to be ploughing his own good Somerset clay. They probably did. But if they did they didn't say so. They simply knew he wanted to fly and they let him fly because it was the thing that was nearest his heart.

His own part was just as straightforward and steadfast. As I became acquainted with it I didn't wonder at all that he had been made a bomber pilot. The qualities for it were all there in his behaviour towards these two simple, self-sacrificial people. They had sent him to a pretty expensive school—to them it must have been fabulous—and he might easily have turned his back on them. A touch of swollen head and he might easily have decided that he was too good for that shabby little cottage, with the unplastered walls, the windows stuffed with paper, and the one cheap paraffin lamp carried from room to room. But I don't suppose he ever dreamed of it. He not only remained loyal to them but loyal in a positive way. He sent home to them a third of his pay every month: which for a pilot officer meant practically the same sacrifice as they had made for him.

He couldn't in fact have been more steadfast and careful. Perhaps he was too steadfast and, if it's possible as the captain of a crew of seven in a very expensive piece of aircraft, too careful. Yet nothing went right for him. Before his first big trip with a Stirling

he felt the same dry mental tension, and the same sour wet slackness of the stomach, that you feel before a race. It was a sort of cold excitement. He felt it get worse as he taxied the aircraft across the field. It was winter and there was a kind of smokiness in the falling twilight over the few distant trees, and the hangars, looming up with their red lights burning, looked enormous. The runway seemed foreshortened and it looked practically impossible not to prang something on take-off. He was certain it would be all right once he was up, but it was the idea of lugging thirty-two tons of aircraft off the wet runway, that was soft in places, and in half light, which worried him.

He was worked up to a very high state of tension, with the kite actually on the runway, when Control informed him that the whole show would be scrubbed. His crew swore and mouthed at everybody and everything all the way back to dispersal. He felt too empty to say anything. He felt as if his stomach had dropped out and that he might be going to pieces. The awful anti-climax of the thing was too much.

That night he didn't sleep very well. He fell asleep and then woke up. His blankets had slipped and he was very cold and he did not know what time it was. He could hear his watch ticking very loudly. Someone had left a light on in the passage outside and it shone through the fanlight of the bedroom door. He lay for hours watching it, sleepless, cold, his mind full of the impression of the wet runway, the hangars looming up in the twilight, the idea that he was about to prang something on take-off.

Then he fell asleep and dreamed that he really did prang something. He was taking off and his port wing hit the control tower, which had wide, deep, circular windows. Through these windows he could see Brand, the control officer, and a little flying officer named Danvers, and the two orderlies, one wearing earphones. The two officers were drinking tea and his wing knocked the cups out of their hands. The tea shot up in a brown wave that broke on Brand's tunic, and he saw vividly the look of helpless and terrified indignation on Brand's face a second before he was hit and died.

It was fantastic, but very real also, and he woke in a terrible sweat of fear, scared solely by the happenings of the dream. He was relieved to find it a waking dream; that it was already daylight beyond the drawn curtains. It was in fact already late and he got up hurriedly and went down to breakfast without shaving. After breakfast he went straight over to the hangars and hoped there would be flying that day. But the weather was worse: grey fenland distances, gathering ground mist, spits of cold rain. The

wing commander usually got the crews running round the perimeter track for training, but that morning the weather was too bad, there was no running and by eleven o'clock the crews were fretting for an afternoon stand-down. Lawson went over to his aircraft, but everything was nicely fixed there and his stooges were sheltering under the wings, out of the rain, smoking. As he walked back in the rain to Control and went up the concrete stairs to the room where, in his dream, he had crashed through the wide windows and had killed Brand and Danvers, he saw at once that Brand and Danvers were not on duty, and by this fact, the fact that Brand and Danvers had been on duty at the time of the dream, he felt the reality of the dream grow brighter instead of fade.

After he had had the orderly bring him a cup of tea he drank it quickly and then went out alone. The trouble was perhaps that he was at that time a stranger in the station. There was no one—and it must have been better if there had been someone—to whom he could say, joking: "Had a hell of a queer dream last night. Dreamt I pranged the control tower. Brand was stooging around as usual and got it in the neck. He looked pretty damned funny when I knocked the tea out of his hands." But he knew no one very well, and could say nothing about the dream. It was like a complex personal problem. Once you explained it to someone else it was no longer personal; it ceased to be complex and finally it ceased to be a problem at all.

Unfortunately he could not do this, and unfortunately there was a recurrence of the dream that night. It was the same dream precisely, with one important exception. It was now not Brand or Danvers who were killed, but two men named Porter and Evans, the duty officers for that night. The painful brightness of the dream was identical; he could see the brown tea steaming as it splashed on Porter's jacket and he could see on his face, as on Brand's face, the indignant, ridiculous terror.

The next morning the weather was much better, and by noon it was certain there would be ops. that night. At briefing he felt much as if he had a hangover. He concentrated hard on the met. talk, but his head ached and the green and pink and mauve contour lines of the map troubled his eyes. The target was Hamburg, a fairly long hard trip, and his own take-off was at 18.00 hours. By the time he reached his aircraft the light was no longer good, but there was no mist and only thin cloud in a wasting blue sky. For some reason he now felt better: clearer-headed, quite confident. His stomach was dry and tight and the period of distrust in himself was practically over.

Then something else happened. His outer port engine would not

start. As he sat there in the aircraft, struggling to get things going, his crew on edge, his engineer bewildered and furious by this inexplicable behaviour of an engine that had been tested only that morning, he felt his confidence breaking down again. The light was dying rapidly on the fringes of the field and he knew what must happen any moment now. "It's just one of these bloody damn things," the engineer said over and over again. "Just one of these damn bloody aggravating bastard things." Some minutes later Lawson, not listening much now to the engineer, heard what he expected to hear from Control. The trip was off; the margin of time was past. "Is it understood?" said Control in the voice of an ironical automatic parrot. "Is it understood?"

After this second disappointment he went through the same nervous agony of not sleeping. Because the breaking of tension at a vital moment was the cause in both cases you might have said he was trying too hard. But the third occasion seemed to have nothing to do with this. He was again on operations, and again it was evening, with the fringes of the drome blue-grey with winter mist, the runway pooled with water, the red lights like beacons on the black mountains of the hangars. This time he actually got up off the runway. He had actually got over the sickening horror that for the third time running some damnable triviality would stop him from getting the kite airborne. But soon that was past, and he was following the others. The sun had already set, leaving huge cloud-broken lakes of pale green and yellow light for miles above the sunset point, and towards these immense spaces of rapidly fading light he watched the black wings of the Stirlings fading into the distance until at last it was too dark and the lakes of light and the planes were no longer there to see. Then for the first time for weeks he felt good: strained but calm, sure of himself, settled.

I suppose they had been flying about an hour when the icing began. They were over the sea when the kite began to make sickening and heavy plunges in the darkness: movements to which there was only one answer. Lawson felt suddenly up against all the old trouble again: the inexplicable bad luck, the frustration, the disastrous break of tension. He felt himself lose heart. His guts became wet and cold and sour and then seemed to drop out of him. His only piece of luck was that he had not flown far, and when he had safely jettisoned his bombs and turned the kite for home he bitterly told himself that it was the only piece of luck he had ever had as a pilot or was ever likely to have. But even that was not all. As he came in to land it was as if there were some evil and persistent Jonah in the kite with him: somebody for whom the

simplest moments were inexplicably turned into pieces of hellish and ironical misfortune. Lawson landed perfectly in the darkness, but the runway was wet and greasy after rain. He put on the brakes, but nothing happened. The kite drove fast down the runway and then skidded into a ground loop that brought it to a standstill on the grass, the undercarriage smashed. To Lawson it was like the end of everything.

He expected to be grounded any moment after that. His despair was sour and keen and personal; he could tell no one about it. For about a week he did not sleep much. He did not dream either. He re-created the few moments of ill luck until they were moments of positive and monstrous failure. And as if this were not enough he created new moments, sharp and terrible seconds of stalling, ground-looping, crash-landing, overshooting the drome. He imagined himself coming in too slow, another time too fast. It never mattered much. He was going to prang control tower in any case, killing the occupants there as they drank their last over-sweetened steaming tea.

Then by accident he discovered it possible to get some sleep. He began to sleep with the light on. The station at that time was not very crowded; later two and even three people slept in a room. But now no one could see him giving way—not that he was ever the only one—to the fear of sleeping in the dark. In this way he slept quite well for about a week; it was fairly peaceful; he was not cold; he did not have the recurrent dream. And above all, they did not ground him.

I don't know if they were ever thinking of it; but it never in fact became necessary. Another thing happened: this time not just ill luck, frustration, a mistake, a private illusion about something, but a simple and terrible fact. It was a telegram from the rectory of his village in Somerset. His parents had been killed in a raid.

After that telegram he got compassionate leave and went home. The next morning he stood in the garden of the house, staring at the bony, burnt roof timbers, the red grey dust and rubble, the bare scorched blue wall-paper, of the two rooms where the cheap little paraffin lamp had once been carried to and fro. It was winter time. Red dust lay on the frozen leaves of the brussels sprouts; the hawthorn twigs, fancifully clipped by his father above the line of hedge, were almost the only things about the place that remained untouched and as before. He did not stay very long; but while he stayed there he thought he saw his mother working in the fields, skirt pinned behind her, and his father with the hedge-hook in his hand and the black twigs flying in the air. He saw for a moment their lives with the simple clearness of grief, the lives

remote from his own, so utterly simple and so utterly remote, yet bound to him elementally.

When he went back to the station three days later, he had forgotten about the dreams, the illusions, and all the rest of it; or at least it was as if he had forgotten. All the reality of the bad moments, if it had been reality, was now obscured by the simple reality of the dusty and fire-blackened little house.

All that he had to do now seemed also quite simple and clear; terribly simple and terribly clear. If he ever had been afraid, there was no longer any sign of it as he took off for a daylight raid over Northern Germany two days later. It was a cold, clear winter afternoon; there was just enough power in the sunlight to reveal the colours of the fields. He used to say it was one of those trips where you felt the aircraft had been shot from a gun. You got away clean and smooth and easy; there was no hitch. Instinctively, from the first, you knew it was a piece of cake. You went over and did the job and no matter what came up at you you knew that, ultimately, it would be all right. That afternoon flak tore a strip off his flaps and for about half an hour his crew did nothing but yell gloriously through the inter-comm. that fighters were coming up from everywhere. Cannon-fire hit his middle turret and put it out of action and sprayed the fuselage from end to end with raw ugly little holes. Inland over Germany he lost a lot of height chasing and finally shooting down an Me. 109, and he discovered he could not regain his height as he came back over the coast and sea. But even that did not trouble him then. Everything was clear at last. His whole life was clear.

He came over the English coast and then the English fields, at about two or three hundred feet. The sun was still shining, but sometimes there were clouds and then it was light in patches on the fields below and dark in the upper air. He roared over fields and woods and roads and over the little dusty blue towns and over remote farms where he could even see the hens feeding and scuttling in the dark winter grass.

He came so low once that for a second or so he saw people in the fields. For an instant he saw a man and woman working. They raised flat, astonished faces to look at the great plane overhead. The woman perhaps was picking sticks and he thought he saw the man lean for a moment on a fork. They might have been old or young, he could not tell; they lifted their heads and in a second were cut off by the speed of the plane. But in this second, as he saw them transfixed on the earth below him and before the speed of the plane cut them off for ever, he remembered his own people. He remembered them as they lived, simple and sacrificing, living only

for him, and he saw them alive again in the arrested figures of the two people in the field below: as if they were the same people, the same simple people, the same humble, faithful, eternal people, giving always and giving everything: the greatest people in the world.

IN THE SAP

BY

HENRI BARBUSSE

IN the excitement of a distribution of letters from which the squad were returning—some with the delight of a letter, some with the semi-delight of a postcard, and others with a new load (speedily reassumed) of expectation and hope—a comrade comes with a brandished newspaper to tell us an amazing story——

“Remember the weasel-faced ancient at Gauchin?”

“The old boy who was treasure-seeking?”

“Well, he’s found it!”

“Gerraway!”

“It’s just as I tell you, you great lump! What would you like me to say to you? Mass? Don’t know it. Anyway, the yard of his place has been bombed, and a chest full of money was turned up out of the ground near a wall. He got his treasure full on the back. And now the parson’s quietly cut in and talks about claiming credit for the miracle.”

We listen open-mouthed. “A treasure—well! well! The old bald-head!”

The sudden revelation plunges us in an abyss of reflection. “And to think how damned sick we were of the old cackler when he made such a song about his treasure and dinned it into our ears!”

“We were right enough down there, you remember, when we were saying ‘One never knows.’ Didn’t guess how near we were to being right, either.”

“All the same, there are *some* things you can be sure of,” says Farfadet, who as soon as Gauchin was mentioned had remained dreaming and distant, as though a lovely face was smiling on him. “But as for this,” he added, “I’d never have believed it either! Shan’t I find him stuck up, the old ’un, when I go back there after the war!”

“They want a willing man to help the sappers with a job,” says the big adjutant.

“Not likely!” growl the men, without moving.

“It’ll be of use in relieving the boys,” the adjutant goes on.

With that the grumbling ceases, and several heads are raised. "Here!" says Lamuse.

"Get into your harness, big 'un, and come with me." Lamuse buckles on his knapsack, rolls up his blanket, and fetters his pouches. Since his seizure of unlucky affection was allayed, he has become more melancholy than before, and although a sort of fatality makes him continually stouter, he has become engrossed and isolated, and rarely speaks.

In the evening something comes along the trench, rising and falling according to the lumps and holes in the ground; a shape that seems in the shadows to be swimming, that outspreads its arms sometimes, as though appealing for help. It is Lamuse.

He is among us again, covered with mould and mud. He trembles and streams with sweat, as one who is afraid. His lips stir, and he gasps, before they can shape a word.

"Well, what is there?" we ask him vainly.

He collapses in a corner among us and prostrates himself. We offer him wine, and he refuses it with a sign. Then he turns towards me and beckons me with a movement of his head.

When I am by him he whispers to me, very low, and as if in church, "I have seen Eudoxie again." He gasps for breath, his chest wheezes, and with his eyeballs fast fixed upon a nightmare, he says, "She was putrid."

"It was the place we'd lost," Lamuse went on, "and that the Colonials took again with the bayonet ten days ago.

"First we made a hole for the sap, and I was in at it. Since I was scooping more than the others I found myself in front. The others were widening and making solid behind. But behold I find a jumble of beams. I'd lit on an old trench, caved in, 'vidently; half caved in—there was some space and room. In the middle of those stumps of wood all mixed together that I was lifting away one by one from in front of me, there was something like a big sandbag in height, upright, and something on the top of it hanging down.

"And behold a plank gives way, and the queer sack falls on me, with its weight on top. I was pegged down, and the smell of a corpse filled my throat—on the top of the bundle there was a head, and it was the hair that I'd seen hanging down.

"You understand, one couldn't see very well; but I recognised the hair 'cause there isn't any other like it in the world, and then the rest of the face, all stove in and mouldy, the neck pulped, and all the lot dead for a month perhaps. It was Eudoxie, I tell you.

"Yes, it was the woman I could never go near before, you know—that I only saw a long way off and couldn't ever touch, same as diamonds. She used to run about everywhere, you know. She used

even to wander in the lines. One day she must have stopped a bullet, and stayed there, dead and lost, until the chance of this sap.

"You clinch the position? I was forced to hold her up with one arm as well as I could, and work with the other. She was trying to fall on me with all her weight. Old man, she wanted to kiss me, and I didn't want—it was terrible. She seemed to be saying to me. 'You wanted to kiss me, well then, come, come *now*.' She had on her—she had *there*, fastened on, the remains of a bunch of flowers, and that was rotten, too, and the posy stank in my nose like the corpse of some little beast.

"I had to take her in my arms, in both of them, and turn gently round so that I could put her down on the other side. The place was so narrow and pinched that as we turned, for a moment, I hugged her to my breast and couldn't help it, with all my strength, old chap, as I should have hugged her once on a time if she'd have let me.

"I've been half an hour cleaning myself from the touch of her and the smell that she breathed on me in spite of me and in spite of herself. Ah, lucky for me that I'm as done up as a wretched cart-horse!"

He turns over on his belly, clenches his fists, and slumbers, with his face buried in the ground and his dubious dream of passion and putrefaction.

UNWANTED WARRIOR

BY

DUFF COOPER

BEING on the reserve of officers, Willie did a short period of training with his regiment every year, and it so happened that he was actually with the regiment and under canvas in the month of September when the war broke out. Once again he experienced the same thrill of exultation that he had known just twenty-one years before when he was warned that he was to go with the next draft to France. He felt no older than he had done then, and on his knees he thanked heaven that his chance had not come too late. In the camp during those first days everything was in a state of feverish activity, for it was known that the regiment would be among the first to go.

Then came the shattering blow. One morning the colonel sent for him.

"I've bad news, I fear, for you, Willie, but it's bad news for me, too. We're both in the same boat, or rather we're both out of it; neither of us is to go with the first contingent. Hamilton is taking the regiment abroad, and you and I have got to stay behind, look after what's left of it, and train on the young officers."

Willie's mouth went dry, he was unable to speak, and for one terrible moment he feared he was going to cry.

"Don't take it too hard," the colonel went on. "It's worse for me than for you. In my case, if they don't let me go now it's a hundred to one they won't let me go at all. It means I'm on the shelf, finished for life."

Willie longed to say that the colonel had fought in the last war, as the row of ribbons on his chest bore witness, that he was over fifty, a married man with children, and that he had much to console him for staying at home. He wanted to fall on his knees and beg to be allowed to go, but he knew that the decision did not rest with the colonel, so that he could only stand there, still unable to speak.

"Don't take it too hard, Willie," the colonel repeated, seeing that he was taking it very hard indeed. "I remember so well at the beginning of the last war, when some fool in high places had said, or was reported to have said, that it would all be over by Christmas,

and lots of us were in despair because we thought we should never get out in time. But we all went in the long run, and it will be just the same again—heavy casualties in the first scrap, more officers wanted, none of the new boys ready to go. They'll be grateful enough for the old 'uns then, and there won't be too many of them. Meanwhile there will be plenty of work for us to do at home, and very important work too, and there's a job or two I want you to get on with immediately."

Willie was thankful that the colonel then went on to explain to him a number of things that he wanted done which would necessitate a visit to the War Office and several days in London. He was in fact, to act as second-in-command of the training unit that would remain behind. Although he found it difficult to follow all that the colonel said, and was obliged to ask a number of questions, he was thankful to have these matters to discuss and not to be obliged to refer to the fearful blow which he had just received. If only he had been prepared for it, he felt that he could have borne it better. But in his crass stupidity, he told himself, "it was the one thing that had never occurred to him. He knew perfectly well that when a regiment went abroad on active service some officers and men were left behind. But he had never thought that he would be among those officers. Some people, he told himself, were struck by lightning, some were eaten by sharks, some won the Calcutta sweepstake, but he had never believed that any of these fates would befall such an ordinary chap as him, Willie Maryington. And he would never have thought that he would be the officer who was left behind. The colonel had talked about the first scrap, but that was just the scrap that he wanted to be in. He had said something about heavy casualties. Willie minded little how heavy they were if he was in it, but how could he bear to sit at home hoping that his brother officers would be killed, so that he could take their place?

No reference was made in the mess that evening to the regiment's forthcoming departure, but Willie felt that it was generally known that he was not to go. Everybody was polite and kind to him as though he had just suffered some domestic tragedy, and, when he said that he was going to London next morning, nobody asked why.

When Willie went into his club on the following day he was surprised to find how many of the civilian members were already in uniform, and how many were expecting to go overseas almost immediately. At the time this made his position more painful, although subsequent experience taught him that these hopes of active service, if genuine, were too optimistic, and many of the most confident remained in uniform, and in the club, for the rest of the war.

He spent the greater part of the next day at the War Office, and was very far from having completed his mission at the end of it. The light was failing as he turned up Whitehall towards Trafalgar Square. He had almost bumped into a man who was walking rapidly in the opposite direction, when he saw that he was Horry, and they greeted one another.

"You're a bit off your beat here, Horry," he said. "Turn back with me and we'll have a drink at the Carlton bar."

"I'm sorry, old chap," said Horry, "but I'm in a hurry. Walk along with me in my direction for a bit."

Willie turned. As he did so he glanced curiously at Horry. There was something unusual in his appearance. Could he be sunburnt? No—he looked again, and then he saw what it was.

"Horry," he said quietly, "have you been playing in a matinée?"

"No, indeed. My show came off last week—and who ever heard of a matinée on a Friday?"

"Then, by God, Horry, I don't understand it," said Willie rather fiercely. "I thought perhaps you'd forgotten to take off your make-up. Are you aware, man, that your face is painted?"

He asked the question as though it were an accusation, and in order to add solemnity to it, he stopped, laid his hand on Horry's arm and looked straight into his eyes.

Horry threw back his head with his old gay laugh.

"Oh, my beloved Willie," he said. "Scotland Yard's just around the corner. Would you care to run me in for accosting? Come on, you old silly. I've got no time to lose."

"But explain, for God's sake explain," said Willie, as they walked on.

"It's very simple," said Horry. "I'm over forty, you know. I never thought I looked it, but it seems I do. They've turned me down at two of these damned recruiting places already, but there's one down here near Westminster Bridge. They haven't got the electricity working in it yet, but they keep it open till six, and by then the light's pretty bad. The chaps will be tired, they don't know me as you do, so they won't suspect anything, and I believe with this make-up I'll pull it off."

"Oh, Horry, how splendid! I thought that you'd be the last person to do a thing like this."

"I know." Horry looked almost ashamed of himself. "I'm not so keen on King and Country and all that stuff, but when I think about those blasted Nazis I just feel that I can't walk on to the stage and make an ass of myself as long as one of the bastards is left alive."

Willie was deeply moved, but all he could mutter was "Damned

good show," and as they had reached the end of Whitehall he turned, rather abruptly, towards Storey's Gate and began walking back to his club across the park. His mind was full of admiration for Horry and of pity for himself. Here was a man two years older than he was, who, since leaving school, had never done a day's military training, and who might now be going to the war, while he, whose whole life had been devoted to the Army, who had made every possible effort to render himself an efficient officer, was forced to stay at home. The injustice of it rankled deeply.

He had broken off his conversation with Horry so suddenly that he had forgotten to ask him to telephone the result of his visit to the recruiting station. When he reached his club, therefore, he rang up and heard the jubilant voice of Horry at the other end of the line. All had gone well. The only doubt in the minds of the officials, so he assured Willie, was whether he was old enough to join the Army. He was to report on the following day.

Willie suggested that they should dine together, but Horry, after a moment's hesitation, feared it was impossible. Willie concluded that he was having a farewell dinner with Miriam, and keenly envied him. He asked for news of Felicity. He had tried to find her by telephone without success. Horry gave him a number. When he succeeded in getting it, after some difficulty, and asked for Miss Osborne, he was informed in a harsh female voice that "Osborne would be coming on duty at 10 p.m." He inquired who it was that he had the honour of speaking to, and learnt that it was the superintendent of the Chelsea Branch of the Auxiliary Fire Service. He asked that Osborne might be requested to ring up his number when she arrived, and a grudging assent was given.

He was in the middle of a rubber of bridge after dinner when the call came through. Felicity's voice sounded tired on the telephone and not very friendly. After the usual greetings she said:

"I hope you're enjoying the war that you've been looking forward to for so long."

"Oh no, Felicity," he answered. "I am not enjoying it at all."

Her voice changed at once, and the warmth he loved so much came back into it.

"My poor Willie. I hate you to be unhappy. We'll lunch together tomorrow, and you shall tell me all about it."

She gave him the name of a restaurant in Chelsea, and told him the hour at which she would be there, warning him that her time was limited and that he must be punctual.

On the following day he waited for her at the restaurant for half an hour. Thinking there had been a mistake, he was about to leave, for it was not a restaurant which tempted him to have

luncheon alone, and he was standing at the entrance, when she came running down the street. Breathlessly she explained that she had been unable to get away earlier, that her hours of duty were always being changed, that she would never have forgiven him if he hadn't waited, but that now all was well, as she was free for the afternoon.

He thought that she had never looked so lovely. The uniform—dark blue tunic and trousers and a small blue hat that could not contain her thick curling hair—became her admirably. She carried her gas mask slung over her shoulder and somehow conveyed a curious impression of efficiency. He was delighted with her.

"Tell me quickly," he said, "all about this Army you have joined, what your duties are and how you like it."

"It seemed," she said, "the best thing to do. One can't get into the Wrens, the AIs all hate it, and I can't bear the uniform of the Waafs, so here I am. I've got some friends in the same show. We can't have much to do until the bombing starts, then we shall have to go round putting out the fires and carting away the corpses. I'm only a driver. The one thing I can do is to drive a car, but I've only just learnt to clean one. "Look!" She held out to him her beautiful hands, already dirtied and roughened by labour.

He took one of them in his, pointed to the scratches on it, saying, "Honourable scars, honourable scars," then turned it over tenderly and kissed the palm.

"Even you," he murmured, "wounded already!"

He asked her whether she had heard about Horry. She had heard nothing, and when he told her she was not surprised.

"I thought he'd do something like that," she said, "but I wish he could have had a commission. He loves his comforts, and he has been used to them for so long."

"Perhaps he'll get one," said Willie. "Serve him right if he does, for then they won't let him go near the fighting."

He poured forth all his own unhappiness, and Felicity listened with large-eyed sympathy. She offered him such consolation as she could, but found little to say that he had not said to himself already. There was, of course, the very likely possibility of heavy casualties, against which Willie argued that young officers were being rapidly trained to fill the gaps.

Felicity maintained, rather feebly, the view that this war was not going to be like the last. Not only was there just as much important work to be done at home, but the people who stayed at home would be in as great danger as those at the front.

"Not the soldiers," said Willie bitterly. "You ought to see our air-raid shelters; we've been digging them all the summer, although

the C.O. didn't believe in war. They're the best in the country and, what's more, it's an order to go down into them at the first alert. It's an offence to risk the life of one of His Majesty's valuable soldiers, even those who are too old to go out and fight for him. And what do you suppose we're spending our time doing now?" he added. "Camouflaging our barracks!"

"Well, you won't be safe when you come to London, anyhow, and I hope you'll come often because I see that I'm going to be terribly bored."

"I'll come as often as I can; you can count on that. But if you think that a bomb falling on my head in a London street is going to make up to me for not fighting with the regiment in France, you're wrong."

"My poor Willie," said Felicity sadly. "It seems to me that wars don't make people happy—not even the people who wanted them"—and she stretched her hand across the table and held his for a minute.

THEY CAME

BY

ALUN LEWIS

THE evening was slowly curdling the sky as the soldier trudged the last mile along the lane leading from the station to the Hampshire village where he was billeted. The hedgerows drew together in the dusk and the distance, bending their waving heads to each other as the fawn bird and the blackbird sang among the green hollies. The village lay merged in the soft seaward slope of the South Downs; the soldier shifted his rifle from left to right shoulder and rubbed his matted eyelashes with his knuckles. He was a young chap but, hampered by his heavy greatcoat and equipment, he dragged his legs like an old clerk going home late. He cleared his throat of all that the train journey, cigarettes and chocolate and tea and waiting had secreted in his mouth. He spat the thick saliva out. It hung on a twig.

Someone was following him. When he heard the footsteps first he had hurried, annoyed by the interfering sound. But his kit was too clumsy to hurry in and he was too tired. So he dawdled, giving his pursuer a chance to pass him. But the footsteps stayed behind, keeping a mocking interval. He couldn't stop himself listening to them, but he refused to look back. He became slowly angry with himself for letting them occupy his mind and possess his attention. After a while they seemed to come trotting out of the past in him, out of the Welsh mining village, the colliers gambling in the quarry, the county school where he learned of sex and of knowledge, and college where he had swotted and slacked in poverty, and boozed, and quarrelled in love. They were the footsteps of the heavy-jawed deacon of Zion, with his white grocer's apron, and his hairy nostrils sniffing out corruption.

But that was silly, he knew. Too tired to control his mind, that's what it was. These footsteps were natural and English, the postman's perhaps. . . . But still they followed him, and the dark gods wrestling in him in the mining valley pricked their goaty ears at the sound of the pinching feet.

He turned the corner into the village and went down the narrow street past the post office and the smithy, turned the corner under

the A.A. sign and crossed the cobbled yard of the hotel where the officers' and business men's cars were parked. A shaggy old dog came frisking out of its straw-filled barrel in the corner, jumping and barking. He spoke to it and at once it grovelled on its belly. He always played with the dog in the mornings, between parades. The unit did its squad drill in the hotel yard, kitchen maids watching flirtatiously through the windows, giggling, and the lavatory smelling either of disinfectant or urine.

He pushed open the little door in the big sliding doors of the garage which had been converted into a barrack room for the duration. The electric bulbs high in the cold roof dangled a weak light from the end of the twisted, wavering flex. Grey blankets folded over biscuits or straw palliasses down both sides of the room. Equipment hanging from nails on the whitewashed wall—in one corner a crucifix, over the thin chaste, taciturn Irish boy's bed. He was the only one in the room, sitting on his bed in the cold dark corner writing in his diary. He looked up and smiled politely. self-effacingly, said, "Hallo. Had a good leave?" and bent his narrow head again to read what he had written.

"Yes, thanks," said the soldier, "except for raids. The first night I was home he raided us for three hours," he said, unbuckling his bayonet belt and slipping his whole kit off his shoulders.

Last time he returned from leave, four months back, he had sat down on his bed and written to his wife. They had married on the first day of that leave and slept together for six nights. This time he didn't ferret in his kitbag for notepaper and pencil. He went straight out.

The hotel management had set a room aside for the soldiers to booze in. It was a good-class hotel, richly and vulgarly furnished with plush mirrors and dwarf palms in green boxes. The auctioneers and lawyers and city men, the fishermen and golfers and bank managers, most of whom had weekend cottages or villas of retirement in commanding positions at the local beauty spots, spent the evening in the saloon bar and lounge, soaking and joking. So the soldiers were given a bare little bar parlour at the back, with a fire and a dartboard and two sawdust spittoons. The soldiers were glad of it. It was their own. They invited some of their pals from the village to play darts with them—the cobbler, the old dad who lived by himself in the church cottage and never shaved or washed, the poacher who brought them a plucked pheasant under his old coat sometimes—all the ones the soldiers liked popped in for an evening. A few girls, too, before the dance in the church hall, on Tuesdays.

Fred Garstang from Portsmouth and Ben Bryant from Coventry, the two oldest soldiers in the unit—regulars who had never carried

a stripe—were playing darts, two empty pint glasses on the mantelpiece by the chalk and duster.

"'Owdee, Taffy?" they said in unison. "'Ave a good leave, lad?"

"Yes, thanks," he said automatically, "except for raids. He raided us for three hours the first night I was home."

"Damn. Just the wrong side of it," said Fred, examining the quivering dart. "I deserve to lose this bloody game, Ben. I 'xpect you're same as me, Taff; glad to get back to a bit of peace and quiet and a good sleep. My seven days in Pompey's the worst I've ever spent in India, China, the Rhineland, Gallygurchy; or anywhere. Bat we're nice and cosy here, thank God. They can keep their leave. I don't want seven nights in an Anderson. I'd rather stay here, I would."

Old Fred never stopped talking once he started. The soldier tapped the counter with a shilling and leaned over to see whether the barmaid was on the other side of the partition. He saw her silky legs and the flutter of her skirt. He hit the counter harder, then, while he waited, wondered at his impatience. His body wasn't thirsty; it was too damned tired to bother, too worn-out. It was something else in him that wanted to get drunk, dead, dead drunk.

The barmaid came along, smiling. She was natural with the soldiers. She smiled when she saw who it was and held her pretty clenched fist to him across the counter. He should have taken it and forced it gently open, of course. Instead, he just put his flat palm underneath it. She looked at him with a hurt-fawn reproach in her sailing eyes, and opening her hand let a toffee fall into his.

"One from the wood, Madge," he said.

"I'll have to charge you for *that*," she said.

"That's all right," he replied. "You always pay in this life."

"Why don't you take the girl, Taffy?" said old Fred as he came and sat by them, their darts over. "If I was your age. . . ."

He had been in the army since he was fifteen. Now he was past soldiering, wandering in the head sometimes, doing odd jobs; in peace-time he kept the lawns trimmed at the depot, now he was tinner in the cooking-shed, cleaning with Vim the pots and pans Ben Bryant used for cooking. "Vermicelli tastes all right," he said. "Better than anything you can pick up in the streets. Yellow or black, or white, German or Irish. I've never had a Russian though, never. It's not bad when you're young, like a new crane when the jib runs out nice and smooth; it's better than sitting in the trenches like an old monkey, scratching yourself and not knowing whose leg it is or whose arm it is, looking in his pockets to see if there's anything worth taking, and not knowing who'll win the race, the bullet with your number on it or the leaky rod you're nursing. But I like it

here. It's nice and peaceful up here, in the cookhouse all day. We ought to try some vermicelli, Ben, one day."

"Don't you get impatient now, Freddy," Ben said with the calmness of a father of many children. "We'll stuff your pillow full of it next Christmas and put a sprig of it on your chest. Don't you worry, boy."

But old Fred went on talking like an old prophet in a volcanic world, about and about. "There's no knowing when you've got to fight for your king and country," he said. "No matter who you are, Russian, or Frenchy, or Jerry—and the Yankee, too. He'll be in it, boy. I've seen him die. It's only natural, to my way of thinking. I wore a pair of gloves the Queen knitted herself, she did, last time. The Unknown Soldier I was, last time."

None of us are ourselves now, the Welsh boy sat thinking: neither what we were, nor what we will be. He drained his pint glass and crossed to the counter, to Madge smiling there.

"You never looked round all the way up from the station," she said, pulling her shoulder-straps up under her grey jumper and exposing the white rich flesh above her breasts.

"So it was you followed me, eh?" he said, sardonic.

"Why didn't you turn round?" she asked. "Did you know it was me? You knew someone was behind you, I could tell."

"I didn't turn round because I didn't want to look *back*," he said.

"And you mean to say you don't know how the Hebrew puts out the eyes of a goldfinch?" Freddy's aggrieved voice swirled up.

"Afraid of being homesick for your wife, eh?" she jeered.

He covered his eyes with his hand, tired out, and looked up at the vague sensual woman playing upon his instincts there like a gipsy on a zither.

"Not homesick," he said dryly. "Deathsick."

"What d'you mean?" she said.

"Well, she was killed in a raid," he shouted.

He went up to the orderly room then, having forgotten to hand in his leave pass to the orderly corporal. The room was in the corner of an old warehouse. The building also housed the kitchen and the quartermaster's stores. About the high bare rooms with their rotten dry floors and musty walls, rats galloped in the darkness; in the morning their dirt lay fresh on the mildewed sacks and the unit's cat stretched her white paws and got a weak and lazy thrill from sniffing it.

The orderly corporal was dozing over a Western novelette from Woolworth's, hunched up in a pool of lamp- and fire-light.

"Hallo, Taffy," he said. "Had a good leave?"

"Yes, thanks," he replied. "Except for raids. Am I on duty to-morrow?"

"You're on duty tonight, I'm afraid," the orderly corporal replied with the unctuous mock-regret of one who enjoys detailing tired or refractory men for unexpected jobs.

"Dave Finley had a cold on his chest this morning and didn't get out of bed. So they fetched him out on a stretcher and the M.O. gave him pneumonia pills before Dave could stop him; so he's got pneumonia now. You'll go on guard at midnight and at six hours."

"O.K."

He turned to go.

"Better get some sleep," said the orderly corporal, yawning noisily. "Hell! I'm browned off with this war."

The soldier yawned too, and laughed, and returned to the barrack-room to lie down for a couple of hours. He rolled his blankets down on the floor and stretched out.

Old Ben and Fred were back also, Ben fixing bachelor buttons into his best trousers and singing "Nelly Dean" comfortably to himself, Fred muttering by the stove. "There's some mean and hungry lads in this room," he said; "very hungry and mean. It's an awful nature, that. They'll borrow off you all right, but they won't lend you the dirt off their soles. And always swanking in the mirror, and talking all the time saying, 'es, they can do the job easy. The fools! Whip 'em! Whip 'em!"

Ben was toasting bread on the point of his bayonet and boiling water in his billy. A tin of pilchards left over from tea was for them all.

"Come on, Taffy. Have a bellyfull while you can," he said.

"No, thanks," said the soldier, restless on his blankets, "I don't feel like food tonight, Ben, thanks."

"Ain't you never bin hungry?" Fred shouted, angrily. "You don't know what food is, you youngsters don't."

"I've been without food," the soldier said, thinking of the '26 strike; and going without peas and chips in the chip shop by the town clock in college, when a new book must be bought. But not now, when everything is free but freedom, and the doctor and dentist and cobbler send you no bills. What survives I don't know, the soldier thought, rubbing his hot eyelids and shifting his legs on the spread-out blankets. What is it that survives?

He got up and buckled his battle order together, adjusting his straps, slipping the pull-through through his Enfield, polishing boots and buttons, tightening his helmet strap under his chin.

"There was a religious woman used to come to our house," Ben

was saying, "and one day she said to me, sociable like, 'You're a Guinness drinker, aren't you, Mr. Bryant?' and I says, 'I am mum.' And she says, 'Well, can you tell me what's wrong with the ostrich on them advertisements?'"

The soldier went out to relieve the guard.

They were only twenty soldiers altogether, sent up here to guard a transmitting station hidden in the slopes of the Downs. A cushy job, safe as houses. There was a little stone shed, once used for sheep that were sick after lambing, in a chalky hollow on the forehead of the hill, which the guard used for sleeping in when they were off duty. Two hours on, four hours off, rain and sun and snow and stars. As the soldier toiled up the lane and across the high meadow to the shed, the milky moon came out from grey clouds and touched with lucid fingers the chopped branches piled in precise lengths at the foot of the wood. The pine trees moved softly as the moon touched their grey-green leaves, giving them a veil that looked like rainy snow, grey-white.

The lane running up through the wood shortened alarmingly in perspective. A star fell. So surprising, so swift and delicate the sudden short curved fall and extinction of the tiny lit world. But over it the Plough still stayed, like something imperishable in man. He leant against the gate, dizzy and light-headed, waves of soft heat running into his head. He swallowed something warm and thick; spitting it out, he saw it was blood. He stayed there a little, resting, and then went on.

He went along the sandy lane, noticing as he always did the antique sculptures of sea and ice and rain, the smooth twisted flints, yellow and blue and mottled, lying in the white sand down which the water of winter scooped its way.

At the top of the lane was the lambing shed-guardroom. He slipped quickly through the door to prevent any light escaping. There was gunfire and the sound of bombs along the coast.

The sergeant of the guard was lying on a pallassé in front of the stove. He got up slowly, groaning lazily. "So you're back again, Taffy, are you?" he said, a grudge in his too hearty welcome. "Relieving Dave Finley, eh? He's swinging the lead, Dave is. I've a good mind to report him to the O.C. It's tough on you, going on night guard after a day's journey. Have a good leave, Taff?"

"Not bad," the soldier replied, "except for the raids. Raided us the first night I was home."

"Everybody's getting it," the sergeant replied, yawning. "They dropped two dozen incendiaries in our fields in Lincs last week."

He was drinking a billy-can of cocoa which he had boiled on the fire, but he didn't offer any. He had weak blue eyes, a receding

chin, fresh features of characterless good looks, wavy hair combed and brilliantined. He was always on edge against Taffy, distrusting him, perhaps envying him. He lived in terror of losing a stripe and in constant hunger to gain another promotion. He sucked and scraped the officers for this, zealously carrying out their orders with the finicky short temper of a weak house-proud woman. He polished the barrack-room floor and black-leaded the stove himself because the boys refused to do more than give the place a regulation lick. And he leaped at the chance of putting a man on the peg, he was always waiting to catch somebody cutting a church parade or nipping out of camp to meet a girl when he should be on duty. Yet he was mortally afraid of a quarrel, of unpopularity, and he was always jovial, glassily jovial, even to the Welsh boy whom he knew he couldn't deceive.

"Who am I to relieve on guard?" the soldier asked.

"Nobby Sheraton. He's patrolling the ridge."

"O.K." He slipped his rifle sling over his shoulder and put his helmet on. "You marching me out? Or shall I just go and send Nobby in?"

For once laziness overcame discretion.

"There's nobody about. Just go yourself," the sergeant said, smiling, posing now as the informal honest soldier. "I'll be seeing yer."

"Some day."

He left the hut and crossed the dry dead-white grass to the ridge where Nobby was on guard.

Nobby was his mate.

He had only been in the unit about a month. Before that he had been stationed just outside London and had done a lot of demolition and rescue work. He was from Mile End, and had roughed it. His hands and face showed that, his rough blackened hands, cigarette-stained, his red blotchy face with the bulbous nose, and the good blue eyes under tiny lids and short scraggy lashes and brows. His hair was mousy and thin. He had been on the dole most of the time. He had been an unsuccessful boxer; he cleared out of that game when his brother, also a boxer, became punch-drunk and blind. He had plenty of tales of the Mosley faction. He was sometimes paid five bob to break up their meetings. He always took his five bob, but he let the others do the breaking up. Who wants a black eye and a cut face for five bob? 'Tain't worth it. He rarely said anything about women. He didn't think much of lots of them; though like all Cockney youths he loved the "old lady," his mother. He wasn't married. No, sir.

He was a conscript. Naturally. He didn't believe in volunteering.

And he didn't like the Army, its drills and orders, and its insistence on a smart appearance. Smartness he disliked. Appearances he distrusted. Orders he resented. He was "wise" to things. No sucker.

Taffy felt a warm little feeling under his skin, relief more than anything else, to see Nobby again. He hadn't to pretend with Nobby. Fundamentally they shared the same humanity, the unspoken humanity of comradeship, of living together, sharing what they had, not afraid to borrow or talk or shut up. Or to leave each other and stroll off to satisfy the need for loneliness.

Nobby was surprised so much that he flung out his delight in a shout and a laugh and a wave of his arms.

"Taffy, lad!" he said. "Back already, eh? Boy!" Then he became normal.

"Can't keep away from this bloody sanatorium for long, can we?" he grumbled.

Taffy stood looking at him, then at the ground, then he turned away and looked nowhere.

"What's wrong, kid?" Nobby said, his voice urgent and frightened, guessing. "Anything bad? Caught a packet, did you?" He said the last two phrases slowly, his voice afraid to ask.

"I didn't," Taffy said, his voice thin and unsteady.

"I didn't. I'm all right. I'm healthy."

Nobby put his hand on his shoulder and turned him round. He looked at the white sucked-in face and the eyes looking nowhere.

"Did *she* get it?" and he too turned his head a little and swallowed. "She did," he said, neither asking a question nor making a statement. Something absolute, the two words he said.

Taffy sat down, stretched out. The grass was dead; white, wispy long grass; Nobby sat down, too.

"They came over about eight o'clock the first night," Taffy said. "The town hadn't had a real one before. I've told you we've only got apartments, the top rooms in an old couple's house. The old one's got hysterics, see, Nobby. And then they wouldn't do what I told them, get down the road to a shelter. They wouldn't go out into the street and they wouldn't stay where they were. 'My chickens,' the old man was muttering all the time. He's got an allotment on the voel, see. Gwyneth made them some tea. She was fine, she calmed them down. That was at the beginning, before the heavy stuff began. I went out the back to tackle the incendiaries. The boy next door was out there, too. He had a shovel and I fetched a saucepan. But it was freezing, and we couldn't dig the earth up quick enough. There were too many incendiaries. One fell on the roof and stuck in the troughing. The kid shinned up the

pipe. It exploded in his face and he fell down. Twenty odd feet. I picked him up and both his eyes were out, see?"

He had gone back to the sing-song rhythm and the broad accent of his home, the back lanes and the back gardens. He was shuddering a little, and sick-white, sallow. Nobby waited.

"I took him into his own house," he said controlling his voice now, almost reflective. "I left him to his sister, poor kid. Then I went in to see if Gwyneth was all right. She was going to take the old couple down the road to the shelter. She had a mack on over her dressing gown. We'd intended going to bed early, see? So I said she was to stay in the shelter. But she wanted to come back. We could lie under the bed together.

"I wanted her back, too, somehow. Then some more incendiaries fell, so I said, 'Do as you like,' and went at them with a saucepan. I thought sure one would blow my eyes out. Well, she took them down. Carried their cat for them. Soon as she'd gone the heavy stuff come. Oh, Christ!"

Nobby let him go on; better let him go on.

"It knocked me flat, dazed me for a bit. Then I got up and another one flattened me. It was trying to stop me, see, Nobby. I crawled out of the garden, but it was dark as hell, and buildings all down, dust and piles of masonry. Then he dropped some more incendiaries and the fires started. I knew she must be somewhere, see? I knew she must be somewhere. I began pulling the masonry away with my hands, climbed on the pile of it in the fire. I couldn't see with the smoke and I knew it wasn't any use, only I had to do it, see?"

"Then suddenly the masonry fell downwards. The road was clear on the other side. I thought it was all right after all, then. I thought she'd have reached the shelter. . . . But she hadn't. . . . I found her about twenty yards down the road. . . .

"She wasn't dead. Her clothes were gone. And her hands. She put them over her face, I reckon.

"She couldn't speak, but I know she knew it was me. I carried her back in my arms. Over the fallen house. The fire wasn't bad by then. Took her home, see, Nobby. Only the home was on fire. I wanted her to die all the time. I carried her over a mile through the streets. Fires and hoses and water. And she wouldn't die. When I got her to the clearing station I began to think she'd live. But they were only playing a game with me, see?"

He stood up, and made himself calm.

"Well, there it is." He rubbed his face with the palm of his hand, wiping the cold sweat off.

"I knew she was going to die. When they told me she was—I

didn't feel anything, Nobby. . . . But she died while they were messing her body about with their hands, see? . . . And she never said anything. Never said anything to me. Not that it makes any difference, I suppose. We never did speak about those things much. Only, you know how it is, you want a word somehow. You want it to keep."

"Sure, I know," Nobby said.

"What's it all for, Nobby?" he said in a while. He looked so tired and beat. "I used to know what it was all about, but I can't understand it now."

"Aw, forget all about that," Nobby said, "You're here, aincher, now?"

He put his hands on his mate's shoulders and let him lean against him for a bit. "I reckon you belong to each other for keeps, now," Nobby said.

"You believe that, Nobby?" he asked, slow and puzzled, but with a gathering force as his uncertainty came together.

"Yes. For you and 'er, I do. It wouldn't be true for me, or the sergeant in there, but for you two it is."

Taffy was still against his shoulder, then slowly he straightened himself, moved back on to himself, and lifting his face he looked at the milky-white fields and the sentinel pines and the stars.

"I knew it was so, really," he said. "Only I was afraid I was fooling myself."

He smiled, and moved his feet, pressing on them with his whole weight as if testing them after an illness.

"I'm all right, now, Nobby. Thank you, boy."

"I'll go then," Nobby said. He slipped his rifle over his shoulder and as he moved off he hesitated, turned back, and touched his mate's arm lightly.

"Two's company, three's none," he said, and stumped off slowly to the lambing shed through the dead straw-grass.

And the soldier was left alone on the flat upland ridge.

Below him the valleys widened into rich arable lakes on which the moonlight and the mist lay like the skeins which spiders spin round their eggs. Beyond the pools another chain of downland lay across the valleys, and beyond those hills the coast. Over him, ~~over the valleys,~~ over the pine-woods, blue fingers came out of the earth and moved slanting across their quarters as the bombers droned in the stars over his head and swung round to attack the coastal city from inland. The sky over the coast was inflamed and violent, a soft blood-red.

The soldier was thinking of the day he received his calling-up papers, just a year ago. Sitting on the dry stone wall of his father's back garden with Gwyneth by him; his ragged little brother kneeling by the chicken-run, stuffing cabbage stumps through the netting for the hens to peck, and laughing and pulling the stumps out as the old hen made an angry jab; his father riddling the ashes and the ramshackle garden falling to bits, broken trellis and tottering fence; his mother washing her husband's flannel vest and drawers in the tub, white and vexed. He had taken Gwyneth's hand, and her hand had said, "In coming and in going you are mine; now, and for a little while longer; and then for ever."

But it was not her footsteps that followed him down the lane from the station.

Now over his head the darkness was in full leaf, drifted with the purity of pines, the calm and infinite darkness of an English night, with the stars moving in slow declension down the sky. And the warm scent of resin about him and of birds and of all small creatures moving in the loose mould in the ferns like fingers in velvet.

And the soldier stood under the pines, watching the night move down the valleys and lift itself seawards, hearing the sheep cough and farm-dogs restlessly barking in the farms. And farther still the violence growing of the sky till the coast was a turbulent thunder of fire and sickening explosion, and there was no darkness there at all, no sleep.

"My life belongs to the world," he said. "I will do what I can."

He moved along the spur and looked down at the snow-grey ever-green woods and the glinting roofs scattered over the rich land.

And down in the valleys the church bells began pealing, pealing, and he laughed like a lover, seeing his beloved.

4. Down to the Sea in Ships

THE GREAT ARMADA

BY

CHARLES KINGSLEY

"Brittannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep,
Her march is 'o'er the mountain wave,
' Her home is on the deep."

CAMPBELL, *Ye Mariners of England*.

AND now began that great sea-fight which was to determine whether Popery and despotism, or Protestantism and freedom, were the law which God had appointed for the half of Europe, and the whole of future America. It is a twelve days' epic, worthy, as I said in the beginning of this book, not of dull prose, but of the thunder-roll of Homer's verse: but having to tell it, I must do my best, rather using, where I can, the words of contemporary authors than my own.

"The Lord High Admirall of England, sending a pinnace before, called the *Defiance*, denounced war by discharging her ordnance; and presently approaching within musquet-shot which much thundering out of his own ship, called the *Ark-royall* (*alias* the *Triumph*), first set upon the Admirall's, as he thought, of the Spaniards (but it was Alfonso de Leon's ship). Soon after, Drake, Hawkins, and Frobisher played stoutly with their ordnance on the hindermost squadron, which was commanded by Recalde. The Spaniards soon discovered the superior "nimbleness of the English ships;" and Recalde's squadron, finding that they are getting more than they give, in spite of his endeavours, hurry forward to join the rest of the fleet. Medina the Admiral, finding his ships scattering fast, gathers them into a half-moon; and the Armada tries to keep solemn way forward, like a stately herd of buffaloes, who march on across the prairie, disdaining to notice the wolves, which snarl around their tracks. But in vain. These are no wolves, but ~~cunning~~ hunters, swiftly horsed, and keenly armed, and who will "shamefully shuffle" (to use Drake's own expression) that vast herd from the Lizard to Portland, from Portland to Calais Roads; and who, even

in this short two hours' fight, have made many a Spaniard question the boasted invincibleness of this Armada.

One of the four great galliasses is already riddled with shot, to the great disarrangement of her "pulpits, chapels," and friars therein assistant. The fleet has to close round her, or Drake and Hawkins will sink her; in effecting which manœuvre, the "principal galleon of Seville," in which are Pedro de Valdez and a host of blue-blooded Dons, runs foul of her neighbour, carries away her foremast, and is, in spite of Spanish chivalry, left to her fate. This does not look like victory certainly. But courage! Though Valdez be left behind, "our Lady," and the saints, and the Bull *Cœnâ Domini* (dictated by one whom I dare not name here), are with them still, and it were blasphemous to doubt. But in the meanwhile, if they have fared no better than this against a third of the Plymouth fleet, how will they fare when those forty belated ships, which are already whitening the blue between them and the Mewstone, enter the scene to play their part?

So ends the first day; not an English ship, hardly a man, is hurt. It has destroyed for ever, in English minds, the prestige of boastful Spain. It has justified utterly the policy which the good Lord Howard had adopted by Raleigh's and Drake's advice, of keeping up a running fight, instead of "clapping ships together without consideration," in which case, says Raleigh, "he had been lost, if he had not been better advised than a great many malignant fools were, who found fault with his demeanour."

Be that as it may, so ends the first day, in which Amyas and the other Bideford ships have been right busy for two hours, knocking holes in a huge galleon, which carries on her poop a maiden with a wheel, and bears the name of *Sta. Catharina*. She had a coat-of-arms on the flag at her sprit, probably those of the commandant of soldiers; but they were shot away early in the fight, so Amyas cannot tell whether they were De Soto's or not. Nevertheless, there is plenty of time for private revenge; and Amyas, called off at last by the Admiral's signal, goes to bed and sleeps soundly.

But ere he has been in his hammock an hour, he is awakened by Cary's coming down to ask for orders.

"We were to follow Drake's lantern, Amyas; but where it is, I can't see, unless he has been taken up aloft there among the stars, for a new Drakium Sicus."

~~Amyas~~ turns out grumbling: but no lantern is to be seen; only a sudden explosion and a great fire on board some Spaniard, which is gradually got under, while they have to lie to the whole night long, with nearly the whole fleet.

The next morning finds them off Torbay; and Amyas is hailed

by a pinnace, bringing a letter from Drake, which (saving the spelling, which was somewhat arbitrary, like most men's in those days) ran somewhat thus:

"DEAR LAD,—I have been wool-gathering all night after five great hulks, which the Pixies transfigured overnight into galleons, and this morning again, into German merchantmen. I let them go with my blessing; and coming back, fell in (God be thanked!) with Valdez' great galleon; and in it good booty, which the Dons his fellows had left behind, like faithful and valiant comrades, and the Lord Howard had let slip past him, thinking her deserted by her crew. I have sent to Dartmouth a sight of noblemen and gentlemen, maybe a half hundred; and Valdez himself, who, when I sent my pinnace aboard, must needs stand on his punctilios, and propound conditions. I answered him, I had no time to tell with him; if he would needs die, then I was the very man for him; if he would live, then, buena querra. He sends again, boasting that he was Don Pedro Valdez, and that it stood not with his honour, and that of the Dons in his company. I replied, that for my part I was Francis Drake, and my matches burning. Whereon he finds in my name salve for the wounds of his own, and comes aboard, kissing my fist, with Spanish lies of holding himself fortunate that he had fallen into the hands of Francis Drake, and much more, which he might have kept to cool his porridge. But I have much news from him (for he is a leaky tub); and among others, this, that your Don Guzman is aboard of the *Sta. Catharina*, commandant of her soldiery, and has his arms flying at her sprit, beside *Sta. Catharina* at the poop, which is a maiden with a wheel, and is a lofty built ship of 3 tier of ordnance, from which God preserve you, and send you like luck with

"Your deare Friend and Admirall,

"F. DRAKE."

"She sails in this squadron of Recalde. The Armada was minded to smoke us out of Plymouth; and God's grace it was they tried not: but their orders from home are too strait, and so the slaves fight like a bull in a tether, no farther than their rope, finding thus the devil a hard master, as do most in the end. They cannot compass our quick handling and tacking, and take us for very witches. So far so good, and better to come. You and I know the length of their foot of old. Time and light will kill any hare, and they will find it a long way from Start to Dunkirk."

"The Admiral is in a gracious humour, Leigh, to have vouchsafed you so long a letter."

"*St. Catharine?* why, that was the galleon we hammered all yesterday!" said Amyas stamping on the deck.

"Of course it was. Well, we shall find her again, doubt not. That cunning old Drake! how he has contrived to line his own pockets, even though he had to keep the whole fleet waiting for him."

"He has given the Lord High Admiral the dor, at all events."

"Lord Howard is too high-hearted to stop and plunder, Papist though he is, Amyas."

Amyas answered by a growl, for he worshipped Drake and was not too just to Papists.

The fleet did not find Lord Howard till nightfall; he and Lord Sheffield had been holding on steadfastly the whole night after the Spanish lanterns, with two ships only. At least there was no doubt now of the loyalty of English Roman Catholics, and, indeed, throughout the fight, the Howards showed (as if to wipe out the slurs which had been cast on their loyalty by fanatics) a desperate courage, which might have thrust less prudent men into destruction, but led them only to victory. Soon a large Spaniard drifts by, deserted and partly burnt. Some of the men are for leaving their place to board her; but Amyas stoutly refuses. He has "come out to fight, and not to plunder; so let the nearest ship to her have her luck without grudging." They pass on, and men pull long faces when they see the galleon snapped up by their next neighbour, and towed off to Weymouth, where she proves to be the ship of Miguel d'Oquenda, the Vice-Admiral, which they saw last night, all but blown up by some desperate Netherland gunner, who, being "mis-used," was minded to pay off old scores on his tyrants.

And so ends the second day; while the Portland rises higher and clearer every hour. The next morning finds them off the island. Will they try Portsmouth, though they have spared Plymouth? The wind has shifted to the north, and blows clear and cool off the the white-walled downs of Weymouth Bay. The Spaniards turn and face the English. They must mean to stand off and on until the wind shall change, and then to try for the Needles. At least, they shall have some work to do before they round Purbeck Isle.

The English go to the westward again; but it is only to return on the opposite tack; and now begin a series of manœuvres, each fleet trying to get the wind off the other; but the struggle does not last long, and ere noon the English fleet have slipped close-hauled ~~between the~~ the Armada and the land, and are coming down upon them right before the wind.

And now begins a fight most fierce and fell. "And fight they did confusedly, and with variable fortunes; while, on the one hand, the English manfully rescued the ships of London which were

hemmed in by the Spaniards; and, on the other side, the Spaniards as stoutly delivered Recalde, being in danger." "Never was heard such thundering of ordnance on both sides, which notwithstanding from the Spaniards flew for the most part over the English without harm. Only Cock, an Englishman" (whom Prince claims, I hope right-fully, as a worthy of Devon), "died with honour in the midst of the enemies in a small ship of his. For the English ships, being far the lesser, charged the enemy with marvellous agility; and having discharged their broadsides, flew forth presently into the deep, and levelled their shot directly, without missing, at those great and unwieldy Spanish ships." "This was the most furious and bloody skirmish of all" (though ending only, it seems, in the capture of a great Venetian and some small craft), "in which the Lord Admiral fighting amidst his enemies' fleet, and seeing one of his captains afar off (Fenner by name, he who fought the seven Portugals at the Azores), cried, 'O George, what dost thou? Wilt thou now frustrate my hope and opinion conceived of thee? Wilt thou forsake me now?' with which words he, being enflamed, approached, and did the part of a most valiant captain;" as, indeed, did all the rest.

Night falls upon the floating volcano; and morning finds them far past Purbeck, with the white peak of Freshwater ahead; and pouring out past the Needles, ship after ship, to join the gallant chase. For now from all heavens, in vessels fitted out at their own expense, flock the chivalry of England; the Lords Oxford, Northumberland, and Cumberland, Pallaclin, Brooke, Carew, Raleigh, and Blunt, and many another honourable name, "as to a set field, where immortal fame and honour was to be attained." Spain has staked her chivalry in that mighty cast; not a noble house of Arragon or Castile but has lent a brother or a son—and shall mourn the loss of one: and England's gentlemen will measure their strength once for all against the Cavaliers of Spain. Lord Howard has sent forward light craft into Portsmouth for ammunition; but they will scarce return tonight, for the wind falls dead, and all the evening the two fleets drift helpless with the tide, and shout idle defiance at each other with trumpet, fife, and drum.

The sun goes down upon a glassy sea, and rises on a glassy sea again. But what day is this? The twenty-fifth, St. James's day, sacred to the patron saint of Spain. Shall nothing be attempted in his honour by those whose forefathers have so often seen ~~him with~~ their bodily eyes, charging in their van upon his snow-white steed, and scattering Paynims with celestial lance? He might have sent them, certainly, a favouring breeze; perhaps, he only means to try their faith; at least the galleys shall attack; and in their van three

of the great galliasses (the fourth lies half-crippled among the fleet) thrash the sea to foam with three hundred oars apiece; and see, not St. James leading them to victory, but Lord Howard's *Triumph*, his brother's *Lion*, Southwell's *Elizabeth Jonas*, Lord Sheffield's *Bear*, Barker's *Victory*, and George Fenner's *Leicester*, towed stoutly out to meet them with such salvoes of chain-shot, smashing oars, and cutting rigging, that had not the wind sprung up again toward noon, and the Spanish fleet come up to rescue them, they had shared the fate of Valdez and the Biscayan. And now the fight becomes general. Frobisher beats down the Spanish Admiral's main-mast; and, attacked himself by Mexia and Recalde, is rescued by Lord Howard; who, himself endangered in his turn, is rescued in his turn; "while after that day" (so sickened were they of the English gunnery), "no galliasse would adventure to fight."

And so, with variable fortune, the fight thunders on the livelong afternoon, beneath the virgin cliffs of Freshwater; while myriad sea-fowl rise screaming up from every ledge, and spot with their black wings the snow-white wall of chalk; and the lone shepherd hurries down the slopes above to peer over the dizzy edge, and forgets the wheatear fluttering in his snare, while he gazes trembling upon glimpses of tall masts and gorgeous flags, piercing at times the league-broad veil of sulphur-smoke which welters far below.

So fares St. James's day, as Baal's did on Carmel in old time. "Either he is talking or he is pursuing, or he is on a journey; or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." At least, the only fire by which he has answered his votaries, has been that of English cannon: and the Armada, "gathering itself into a roundel," will fight no more, but make the best of its way to Calais, where perhaps the Guises' faction may have a French force ready to assist them and then to Dunkirk, to join with Parma and the great flotilla of the Netherlands.

So on, before "a fair Estesian gale," which follows clear and bright out of the south-south-west, glide forward the two great fleets, past Brighton Cliffs and Beachy Head, Hastings and Dungeness. Is it a battle or a triumph? For by sea Lord Howard, instead of fighting is rewarding; and after Lord Thomas Howard, Lord Sheffield, Townsend, and Frobisher have received at his hands that knighthood, which was then more honourable than a peerage, old Admiral Hawkins kneels and rises up Sir John, and shaking his ~~shoulders~~ after the accolade, observes to the representative of majesty, that his "old woman will hardly know herself again, when folks call her My Lady."

And meanwhile the cliffs are lined with pikemen and musketeers, and by every countryman and groom who can bear arms, led by

their squires and sheriffs, marching eastward as fast as their weapons let them, towards the Dover shore. And not with them alone. From many a mile inland come down women and children, and aged folk in wagons, to join their feeble shouts and prayers which are not feeble, to that great cry of mingled faith and fear which ascends to the throne of God from the spectators of Britain's Salamis.

Let them pray on. The danger is not over yet, though Lord Howard has had news from Newhaven that the Guises will not stir against England, and Seymour and Winter have left their post of observation on the Flemish shores, to make up the number of the fleet to an hundred and forty sail—larger, slightly, than that of the Spanish fleet, but of not more than half the tonnage, or one-third the number of men. The Spaniards are dispirited and battered, but unbroken still; and as they slide to their anchorage in Calais Roads on the Saturday evening of that most memorable week, all prudent men know well that England's hour is come, and that the bells which will call all Christendom to church upon the morrow morn, will be either the death-knell or the triumphal peal of the Reformed faith throughout the world.

A solemn day that Sabbath must have been in country and in town. And many a light-hearted coward, doubtless, who had scoffed (as many did) at the notion of the Armada's coming, because he dare not face the thought, gave himself up to abject fear, "as he now plainly saw and heard that of which before he would not be persuaded." And many a brave man, too, as he knelt beside his wife and daughters, felt his heart sink to the very pavement, at the thought of what those beloved ones might be enduring a few short days hence, from a profligate and fanatical soldiery, or from the more deliberate fiendishness of the Inquisition. The massacre of St. Bartholomew, the fires of Smithfield, the immolation of the Moors, the extermination of the West Indians, the fantastic horrors of the Piedmontese persecution, which make unreadable the too truthful pages of Moorland,—these were the spectres, which, not as now, dim and distant through the mist of centuries, but recent, bleeding from still gaping wounds, flitted before the eyes of every Englishman, and filled his brain and heart with fire.

He knew full well the fate in store for him and his. One false step, and the unspeakable doom which, not two generations afterwards, befell the Lutherans of Magdeburg, would have befallen every town from London to Carlisle. All knew the hazard, as they prayed that day, and many a day before and after, throughout England and the Netherlands. And none knew it better than She who was the guiding spirit of that devoted land, and the especial mark of the invaders' fury; and who, by some Divine inspiration (as

men then not unwisely held), devised herself the daring stroke which was to anticipate the coming blow.

But where is Amyas Leigh all this while? Day after day he has been seeking the *Sta. Catharina* in the thickest of the press, and cannot come at her, cannot even hear of her: one moment he dreads that she has sunk by night, and balked him of his prey; the next, that she had repaired her damages, and will escape him after all. He is moody, discontented, restless, even (for the first time in his life) peevish with his men. He can talk of nothing but Don Guzman; he can find no better employment, at every spare moment, than taking his sword out of the sheath, and handling it, fondling it, talking to it even, bidding it not to fail him in the day of vengeance. At last, he has sent to Squire, the armourer, for a whetstone, and, half-ashamed of his own folly, whets and polishes it in bye-corners, muttering to himself. That one fixed thought of selfish vengeance has possessed his whole mind; he forgets England's present need, her past triumph, his own safety, everything but his brother's blood. And yet this is the day for which he has been longing ever since he brought home that magic horn as a fifteen years boy; the day when he should find himself face to face with an invader, and that invader Antichrist himself. He has believed for years with Drake, Hawkins, Grenville, and Raleigh, that he was called and sent into the world only to fight the Spaniard: and he is fighting him now, in such a cause, for such a stake, within such battle-lists, as he will never see again: and yet he is not content; and while throughout that gallant fleet, whole crews are receiving the Communion side by side, and rising with cheerful faces to shake hands, and to rejoice that they are sharers in Britain's Salamis, Amyas turns away from the holy elements.

"I cannot communicate, Sir John. Charity with all men? I hate, if ever man hated on earth."

"You hate the Lord's foes only, Captain Leigh."

"No Jack, I hate my own as well."

"But no one in the fleet, sir?"

"Don't try to put me off with the same Jesuit's quibble which that false knave Parson Fletcher invented for one of Doughty's men, to drug his conscience withal when he was plotting against his own admiral. No, Jack, I hate one of whom you know; and somehow that hatred of him keeps me from loving any human being. I am in love and charity with no man, Sir John Brimblecombe—not even with you! Go your ways, in God's name, sir! and leave me and the devil alone together, or you will find my words are true."

Jack departed with a sigh, and while the crew were receiving

the Communion on deck, Amyas sate below in the cabin sharpening his sword, and after it, called for a boat and went on board Drake's ship to ask news of the *Stu. Catharina*, and listened scowling to the loud chants and tinkling bells, which came across the water from the Spanish fleet. At last, Drake was summoned by the Lord Admiral, and returned with a secret commission, which ought to bear fruit that night; and Amyas, who had gone with him, helped him till nightfall, and then returned to his own ship as Sir Amyas Leigh, Knight, to the joy and glory of every soul on board, except his moody self.

So there, the livelong summer Sabbath day, before the little high-walled town and the long range of yellow sandhills, lie those two mighty armaments, scowling at each other, hardly out of gunshot. Messenger after messenger is hurrying towards Bruges to the Duke of Parma, for light craft which can follow these nimble English somewhat better than their own floating castles; and, above all, entreating him to put to sea at once with all his force. The duke is not with his forces at Dunkirk, but on the future field of Waterloo, paying his devotions to St. Mary of Halle in Hainault, in order to make all sure in his Pantheon, and already sees in visions of the night that gentle-souled and pure lipped saint, Cardinal Allen, placing the crown of England on his head. He returns for answer; first, that his victual is not ready; next, that his Dutch sailors, who have been kept at their post for many a week at the sword's point, have run away like water; and thirdly, that over and above all, he cannot come, so "strangers" provided of great ordnance and musketeers" are those five-and-thirty Dutch ships, in which round-sterned and stubborn-hearted heretics watch, like terriers at a rat's hole, the entrance of Nieuwport and Dunkirk. Having ensured the private patronage of St. Mary of Halle, he will return tomorrow to make experience of its effects: but only to hear across the flats of Dixmude the thunder of the fleets, and at Dunkirk the open curses of his officers. For while he has been praying and nothing more, the English have been praying, and something more; and all that is left for the Prince of Parma is, to hang a few purveyors, as peace-offerings to his sulking army, and then "chafe" as Drake says of him, "like a bear robbed of her whelps."

For Lord Henry Seymour has brought Lord Howard a letter of command from Elizabeth's self; and Drake has been carrying it out so busily all that Sunday long, that by two o'clock on the Monday morning, eight fire-ships "besmeared with wildfire, brimstone, pitch, and resin, and all their ordnance charged with bullets and with stones," are stealing down the wind straight for the Spanish fleet, guided by two valiant men of Devon, Young and Prowse. (Let

their names live long in the land!) The ships are fired, the men of Devon steal back, and in a moment more, the heaven is red with glare from Dover Cliffs to Gravelines Tower; and weary-hearted Belgian boors far away inland, plundered and dragooned for many a hideous year, leap from their beds, and fancy (and not so far wrongly either) that the day of judgment is come at last, to end their woes, and hurl down vengeance on their tyrants.

And then breaks forth one of those disgraceful panics which so often follow overweening presumption; and shrieks, oaths, prayers, and reproaches, make night hideous. There are those too on board who recollect well enough Jenebelli's fire-ships at Antwerp three years before, and the wreck which they made of Parma's bridge across the Scheldt. If these should be like them! And cutting all cables, hoisting any sails, the Invincible Armada goes lumbering wildly out to sea, every ship foul of her neighbour.

The largest of the four galliasses loses her rudder, and drifts helpless to and fro, hindering and confusing. The duke, having (so the Spaniards say) weighed his anchor deliberately instead of leaving it behind him, runs in again after a while, and fires a signal for return; but his truant sheep are deaf to the shepherd's pipe, and swearing and praying by turns, he runs up Channel towards Gravelines, picking up stragglers on his way, who are struggling as they best can among the flats and shallows: but Drake and Fenner have arrived as soon as he. When Monday's sun rises on the quaint old castle and muddy dykes of Gravelines town, the thunder of the cannon recommences, and is not hushed till night. Drake can hang coolly enough in the rear to plunder when he thinks fit; but when the battle needs it, none can fight more fiercely, among the foremost; and there is need now, if ever. That Armada must never be allowed to re-form. If it does, its left wing may yet keep the English at bay, while its right drives off the blockading Hollanders from Dunkirk port, and sets Parma and his flotilla free to join them, and to sail in doubled strength across to the mouth of Thames.

So Drake has weighed anchor, and away up Channel with all his squadron, the moment that he saw the Spanish fleet come up; and with him Fenner, burning to redeem the honour which, indeed, he had never lost; and ere Fenton, Beeston, Crosse, Ryman, and Lord Southwell can join them, the Devon ships have been worrying the Spaniards for two full hours into confusion worse confounded.

What is that heavy firing behind them? Alas for the great galliasse! She lies, like a huge stranded whale, upon the sands where now stands Calais pier; and Amyas Preston, the future hero of La Guayra, is pounding her into submission, while a fleet of hoys and drumblers look on and help, as jackals might the lion.

Soon, on the south-west horizon, loom up larger and larger, two mighty ships, and behind them sail on sail. As they near, a shout greets the *Triumph* and the *Bear*; and on and in the Lord High Admiral glides stately into the thickest of the fight.

True, we have still but some three-and-twenty ships which can cope at all with some ninety of the Spaniards; but we have dash, and daring, and the inspiration of utter need. Now, or never, must the mighty struggle be ended. We worried them off Portland; we must rend them in pieces now; and in rushes ship after ship, to smash her broadsides through and through the wooden castles, "sometimes not a pike's length asunder," and then out again to reload, and give place meanwhile to another. The smaller are fighting with all sails set; the few larger, who, once in, are careless about coming out again, fight with topsails loose, and their main and foreyards close down on deck, to prevent being boarded. The duke, Oquenda, and Recalde, having with much ado got clear of the shallows, bear the brunt of the fight to seaward; but in vain. The day goes against them more and more, as it runs on. Seymour and Winter have battered the great *San Philip* into a wreck; her masts are gone by the board; Pimentelli in the *San Matthew* comes up to take the mastiffs off the fainting bull, and finds them fasten on him instead; but the Evangelist, though smaller, is stouter than the Deacon, and all of the shot poured into him, not twenty, "lackt him thorough." His masts are tottering; but sink or strike he will not.

"Go ahead, and pound his tough hide, Leigh," roars Drake off the poop of his ship, while he hammers away at one of the great galliasses. "What right has he to keep us all waiting?"

Amyas slips in as best he can between Drake and Winter; as he passes, he shouts to his ancient enemy—

"We are with you, sir; all friends today!" and slipping round Winter's bows, he pours his broadside into those of the *San Matthew*, and then glides on to reload, but not to return. For not a pistol-shot to leeward, worried by three or four small craft, lies an immense galleon; and on her poop—can he believe his eyes for joy?—the maiden and the wheel which he has sought so long!

"There he is!" shouts Amyas, springing to the starboard side of the ship. The men, too, have already caught sight of that hated sign; a cheer of fury bursts from every throat.

"Steady, men!" says Amyas, in a suppressed voice. "Not a shot! Reload, and be ready; I must speak with him first;" and silent as the grave, amid the infernal din, the *Vengeance* glides up to the Spaniard's quarter.

"Don Guzman Maria Magdalena Sotomayor de Soto!" shouts Amyas, from the mizzen rigging, loud and clear amid the roar.

He has not called in vain. Fearless and graceful as ever, the tall, mail-clad figure of his foe leaps up upon the poop-railing, twenty feet above Amyas's head, and shouts through his vizor—

"At your service, sir! whosoever you may be."

A dozen muskets and arrows are levelled at him; but Amyas frowns them down. "No man strikes him but I. Spare him, if you kill every other soul on board. Don Guzman! I am Captain Sir Amyas Leigh; I proclaim you a traitor and a ravisher, and challenge you once more to single combat, when and where you will."

"You are welcome to come on board me, sir," answers the Spaniard in a clear, quiet tone; "bringing with you this answer, that you lie in your throat:" and lingering a moment, out of bravado, to arrange his scarf, he steps slowly down again, behind the bulwarks.

"Coward!" shouts Amyas at the top of his voice.

The Spaniard reappears instantly. "Why that name, Señor, of all others?" asks he in a cool, stern voice.

"Because we call men cowards in England, who leave their wives to be burnt alive by priests."

The moment the words had passed Amyas's lips, he felt that they were cruel and unjust. But it was too late to recall them. The Spaniard started, clutched his sword-hilt, and then hissed back through his closed visor—

"For that word, sirrah, you hang at my yard-arm, if Saint Mary gives me grace."

"See that your halter be a silken one, then," laughed Amyas, "for I am just dubbed knight." And he stepped down as a storm of bullets rang through the rigging round his head; the Spaniards are not as punctilious as he.

"Fire!" His ordnance crash through the sternworks of the Spaniard; and then he sails onward, while her balls go humming harmlessly through his rigging.

Half-an-hour has passed of wild noise and fury; three times has the *Vengeance*, as a dolphin might, sailed clean round and round the *Sta. Catharina*, pouring in broadside after broadside, till the guns are leaping to the deck-beams with their own heat, and the Spaniard's sides are slit and spotted in a hundred places. And yet, ~~so high~~ has been his fire in return, and so strong the deck defences of the *Vengeance*, that a few spars broken, and two or three men wounded by musketry, are all her loss. But still the Spaniard endures, magnificent as ever; it is the battle of the threshers and the whale; the end is certain, but the work is long.

"Can I help you, Captain Leigh?" asked Lord Henry Seymour, as he passes within oar's length of him, to attack a ship ahead. "The *San Matthew* has had his dinner, and is gone on to Medina to ask for a digestive to it."

"I thank your Lordship; but this is my private quarrel, of which I spoke. But if your Lordship could lend me powder——"

"Would that I could! But so, I fear, says every other gentleman in the fleet."

A puff of wind clears away the sulphureous veil for a moment; the sea is clear of ships towards the land; the Spanish fleet are moving again up Channel, Medina bringing up the rear; only some two miles to their right hand, the vast hull of the *San Philip* is drifting up the shore with the tide, and somewhat nearer, the *San Matthew* is hard at work at her pumps. They can see the white stream of water pouring down her side.

"Go in, my Lord, and have the pair," shouts Amyas.

"No, sir! Forward is a Seymour's cry. We will leave them to pay the Flushingers' expenses." And on went Lord Henry, and on shore went the *San Philip* at Ostend, to be plundered by the Flushingers; while the *San Matthew*, whose captain, "on a hault courage," had refused to save himself and his gentlemen on board Medina's ship, went blundering miserably into the hungry mouths of Captain Peter Vanderduess and for other valiant Dutchmen, who like prudent men of Holland, contrived to keep the galleon afloat till they had emptied her, and then "hung up her banner in the great church of Leyden, being of such a length, that being fastened to the roof, it reached unto the very ground."

But in the meanwhile, long ere the sun had set, comes down the darkness of the thunderstorm, attracted, as to a volcano's mouth, to that vast mass of sulphur-smoke which cloaks the sea for many a mile; and heaven's artillery above makes answer to man's below. But still, through smoke and rain, Amyas clings to his prey. She too has seen the northward movement of the Spanish fleet, and sets her topsails; Amyas calls to the men to fire high, and cripple her rigging; but in vain; for three or four belated galleys, having forced their way at last over the shallows, come flashing and sputtering up to the combatants, and take his fire off the galleon. Amyas grinds his teeth, and would fain hustle into the thick of the press once more, in spite of the galleys' beaks.

"Most heroical Captain," says Cary, pulling a long face, "if we do, we are stove and sunk in five minutes, not to mention that Yeo says he has not twenty rounds of great cartridge left."

So, surely and silent, the *Vengeance* sheers off but keeps as near as she can to the little squadron, all through the night of rain and

thunder which follows. Next morning the sun rises on a clear sky, with a strong west-north-west breeze, and all hearts are asking what the day will bring forth.

They are long past Dunkirk now; the German Ocean is opening before them. The Spaniards, sorely battered, and lessened in numbers, have, during the night, regained some sort of order. The English hang on their skirts a mile or two behind. They have no ammunition, and must wait for more. To Amyas's great disgust, the *Sta. Catharina* has rejoined her fellows during the night.

"Never mind," says Cary; "she can neither dive nor fly, and as long as she is above water, we—— What is the Admiral about?"

He is signalling Lord Henry Seymour and his squadron. Soon they tack, and come down the wind for the coast of Flanders. Parma must be blockaded still; and the Hollanders are likely to be too busy with their plunder to do it effectually. Suddenly there is a stir in the Spanish fleet. Medina and the rearmost ships turn upon the English. What can it mean? Will they offer battle once more? If so, it were best to get out of their way, for we have nothing wherewith to fight them. So the English lie close to the wind. They will let them pass, and return to their old tactic of following and harassing.

"Good-bye to Seymour," says Cary, "if he is caught between them and Parma's flotilla. They are going to Dunkirk."

"Impossible! They will not have water enough to reach his light craft. Here comes a big ship right upon us! Give him all you have left, lads; and if he will fight us, lay him alongside, and die boarding."

They gave him what they had, and hulled him with every shot; but his huge side stood silent as the grave. He had not wherewithal to return the compliment.

"As I live, he is cutting loose the foot of his mainsail! the villain means to run."

"There go the rest of them! Victoria!" shouted Cary, as one after another, every Spaniard set all the sail he could.

There was silence for a few minutes throughout the English fleet; and then cheer upon cheer of triumph rent the skies. It was over! The Spaniard had refused battle, and thinking only of safety, was pressing downward toward the Straits again. The Invincible Armada had cast away its name, and England was saved.

"But he will never get there, sir," said old Yeo, who had come upon deck to murmur his Nunc Domine, and gaze upon that sight beyond all human faith or hope: "Never, never will he weather the Flanders shore, against such a breeze as is coming up. Look to the

eye of the wind, sir, and see how the Lord is fighting for His people!"

Yes, down it came, fresher and stiffer every minute out of the grey north-west, as it does so often after a thunderstorm; and the sea began to rise high and white under the "Claro Aquilone," till the Spaniards were fain to take in all spare canvas, and lie to as best they could; while the English fleet, lying to also, awaited an event which was in God's hands and not theirs.

"They will be all ashore on Zealand before the afternoon," murmured Amyas; "and I have lost my labour! Oh, for powder, powder, powder! to go in and finish it at once!"

"Oh, sir," said Yeo, "don't murmur against the Lord in the very day of His mercies. It is hard, to be sure; but His will be done."

"Could we not borrow powder from Drake there?"

"Look at the sea, sir!"

And, indeed, the sea was far too rough for any such attempt. The Spaniards neared and neared the fatal dunes, which fringed the shore for many a dreary mile; and Amyas had to wait weary hours, growling like a dog who has had the bone snatched out of his mouth, till the day wore on; when, behold the wind began to fall as rapidly as it had risen. A savage joy rose in Amyas's heart.

"They are safe! safe for us! Who will go and beg us powder? A cartridge here and a cartr. 'ge there?—anything to set to work again!"

Cary volunteered, and returned in a couple of hours with some quantity; but he was on board again only just in time, for the south-wester had recovered the mastery of the skies, and Spaniards and English were moving away; but this time northward. Whither now? To Scotland? Amyas knew not, and cared not, provided he was in the company of Don Guzman de Soto.

The Armada was defeated, and England saved. But such great undertakings seldom end in one grand melodramatic explosion of fireworks, through which the devil arises in full roar to drag Dr. Faustus for ever into the flaming pit. On the contrary, the devil stands by his servants to the last, and tries to bring off his shattered forces with drums beating and colours flying; and, if possible, to lull his enemies into supposing that the fight is ended, long before it really is half over. All which the good Lord Howard of Effingham knew well, and knew, too, that Medina had one last card to play, and that was the filial affection of that dutiful and chivalrous son, James of Scotland. True, he had promised faith to Elizabeth; but that was no reason why he should keep it. He had been hankering and dabbling after Spain for years past for its absolutism was dear to his inmost soul; and Queen Elizabeth had had to warn

him, scold him, call him a liar, for so doing; so the Armada might still find shelter and provision in the Firth of Forth. But whether Lord Howard knew or not, Medina did not know, that Elizabeth had played her card cunningly, in the shape of one of those appeals to the purse, which, to James's dying day, overweighed all others, save appeals to his vanity. "The title of a dukedom in England, a yearly pension of £5,000, a guard at the Queen's charge, and other matters," (probably more hounds and deer), had steeled the heart of the King of Scots, and sealed the Firth of Forth. Nevertheless, as I say, Lord Howard, like the rest of Elizabeth's heroes, trusted James just as much as James trusted others; and therefore thought good to escort the Armada until it was safely past the domains of that most chivalrous and truthful Solomon. But on the 4th of August, his fears, such as they were, were laid to rest. The Spaniards left the Scottish coast, and sailed away to Norway; and the game was played out, and the end was come, as the end of such matters generally comes, by gradual decay, petty disaster, and mistake; till the snow mountain, instead of being blown tragically and heroically to atoms, melts helplessly and pitiably away.

THE BATTLE OF ABOUKIR

BY

ROBERT SOUTHEY

THE first news of the enemy's armament was, that it had surprised Malta. Nelson formed a plan for attacking it while at anchor at Gozo; but on the 22nd of June intelligence reached him that the French had left that island on the 16th, the day after their arrival. It was clear that their destination was eastward—he thought for Egypt,—and for Egypt, therefore, he made all sail. Had the frigates been with him he could scarcely have failed to gain information of the enemy: for want of them, he only spoke three vessels on the way; two came from Alexandria, one from the Archipelago; and neither of them had seen anything of the French. He arrived off Alexandria on the 28th, and the enemy were not there, neither was there any account of them; but the governor was endeavouring to put the city in a state of defence, having received advice from Leghorn that the French expedition was intended against Egypt, after it had taken Malta. Nelson then shaped his course to the northward for Caramania, and steered from thence along the southern side of Candia, carrying a press of sail both night and day, with a contrary wind. It would have been his delight, he said, to have tried Buonaparte on a wind. It would have been the delight of Europe too, and the blessing of the world, if that fleet had been overtaken with its general on board. But of the myriads and millions of human beings who would have been preserved by that day's victory, there is not one to whom such essential benefit would have resulted as to Buonaparte himself. It would have spared him his defeat at Acre—his only disgrace; for to have been defeated by Nelson upon the seas would not have been disgraceful: it would have spared him all his after enormities. Hitherto his career had been glorious: the baneful principles of his heart had never yet passed his lips: history would have represented him as a soldier of fortune, who had faithfully served the cause in which he engaged; and whose career had been distinguished by a series of successes unexampled in modern times. A romantic obscurity would have hung over the expedition to Egypt, and he would have escaped the perpetration of those crimes which have incarnadined his soul

with a deeper dye than that of the purple for which he committed them;—those acts of perfidy, midnight murder, usurpation, and remorseless tyranny, which have consigned his name to universal execration, now and for ever.

Conceiving that when an officer is not successful in his plans it is absolutely necessary that he should explain the motives upon which they were founded, Nelson wrote at this time an account and vindication of his conduct for having carried the fleet to Egypt. The objection which he anticipated was, that he ought not to have made so long a voyage without more certain information. "My answer," said he, "is ready—Who was I to get it from? The Governments of Naples and Sicily either knew not, or chose to keep me in ignorance. Was I to wait patiently until I heard certain accounts? If Egypt were their object, before I could hear of them they would have been in India. To do nothing was disgraceful; therefore I made use of my understanding. I am before your lordships' judgment; and if, under all circumstances, it is decided that I am wrong, I ought, for the sake of our country, to be superseded; for at this moment, when I know the French are not in Alexandria, I hold the same opinion as off Cape Passaro,—that, under all circumstances, I was right in steering for Alexandria: and by that opinion I must stand or fall." Captain Ball, to whom he showed this paper, told him he should recommend a friend never to begin a defence of his conduct before he was accused of error: he might give the fullest reasons for what he had done, expressed in such terms as would evince that he had acted from the strongest conviction of being right; and of course he must expect that the public would view it in the same light. Captain Ball judged rightly of the public, whose first impulses, though from want of sufficient information they must frequently be erroneous, are generally founded upon just feelings. But the public are easily misled, and there are always persons ready to mislead them. Nelson had not yet attained that fame which compels envy to be silent; and when it was known in England that he had returned after an unsuccessful pursuit, it was said that he deserved impeachment; and Earl St. Vincent was severely censured for having sent so young an officer upon so important a service.

Baffled in his pursuit, he returned to Sicily. The Neapolitan ministry had determined to give his squadron no assistance, being resolved to do nothing which could possibly endanger their peace with the French Directory. By means, however, of Lady Hamilton's influence at court, he procured secret orders to the Sicilian governors; and, under those orders, obtained everything which he wanted at Syracuse—a timely supply, without which, he always said, he could not have commenced his pursuit with any hope of success.

"It is an old saying," said he in his letter, "that 'the devil's children have the devil's luck.' I cannot to this moment learn, beyond vague conjecture, where the French fleet are gone to; and having gone a round of six hundred leagues at this season of the year, with an expedition incredible, here I am, as ignorant of the situation of the enemy as I was twenty-seven days ago. Every moment I have to regret the frigates having left me; had one-half of them been with me, I could not have wanted information. Should the French be so strongly secured in port that I cannot get at them, I shall immediately shift my flag into some other ship, and send the *Vanguard* to Naples to be refitted, for hardly any person but myself would have continued on service so long in such a wretched state." Vexed, however, and disappointed as he was, Nelson, with the true spirit of a hero, was still full of hope. "Thanks to your exertions," said he, writing to Sir W. and Lady Hamilton, "we have victualled and watered; and surely watering at the fountain of Arethusa, we must have victory. We shall sail with the first breeze; and be assured I will return either crowned with laurel or covered with cypress." Earl St. Vincent he assured, that if the French were above water he would find them out—he still held his opinion that they were bound for Egypt; "but," said he to the First Lord of the Admiralty, "be they bound to the Antipodes, your lordship may rely that I will not lose a moment in bringing them to action."

On the 25th of July he sailed from Syracuse for the Morea. Anxious beyond measure, and irritated that the enemy should so long have eluded him, the tediousness of the nights made him impatient; and the officer of the watch was repeatedly called on to let him know the hour, and convince him, who measured time by his own eagerness, that it was not yet daybreak. The Squadron made the Gulf of Coron on the 28th. Trowbridge entered the port, and returned with intelligence that the French had been seen about four weeks before steering to the South-east, from Candia. Nelson then determined immediately to return to Alexandria; and the British fleet accordingly, with every sail set, stood once more for the coast of Egypt. On the 1st of August they came in sight of Alexandria; and at four in the afternoon, Captain Hood, in the *Zealous*, made the signal for the French fleet. For many preceding days Nelson had hardly taken either sleep or food; he now ordered his dinner to be served, while preparations were making for battle; and when his officers rose from the table, and went to their separate stations, he said to them: "Before this time tomorrow I shall have gained a peerage, or Westminster Abbey."

The French, steering direct for Candia, had made an angular passage for Alexandria; whereas Nelson, in pursuit of them, made

straight for that place, and thus materially shortened the distance. The comparative smallness of his force made it necessary to sail in close order, and it covered a less space than it would have done if the frigates had been with him: the weather also was constantly hazy. These circumstances prevented the English from falling in with the enemy on the way to Egypt, and during the return to Syracuse there was still less probability of discovering them.

Why Buonaparte, having effected his landing, should not have suffered the fleet to return, has never yet been explained. This much is certain, that it was detained by his command; though, with his accustomed falsehood, he accused Admiral Brueys, after that officer's death, of having lingered on the coast, contrary to orders. The French fleet arrived at Alexandria on the 1st of July; and Brueys, not being able to enter the port, which time and neglect had ruined, moored his ships in Aboukir Bay, in a strong and compact line of battle; the headmost vessel, according to his own account, being as close as possible to a shoal on the North-west, and the rest of the fleet forming a kind of a curve along the line of deep water, so as not to be turned by any means in the South-West. By Buonaparte's desire he had offered a reward of ten thousand livres to any pilot of the country who would carry the squadron in; but none could be found who would venture to take charge of a single vessel drawing more than twenty feet. He had therefore made the best of his situation, and chosen the strongest position which he could possibly take in an open road. The commissary of the fleet said they were moored in such a manner as to bid defiance to a force more than double their own. This presumption could not then be thought unreasonable. Admiral Barrington, when moored in a similar manner off St. Lucia, in the year 1778, beat off the Comte d'Estaign in three several attacks, though his force was inferior by almost one-third to that which assailed it. Here, the advantage of numbers, both in ships, guns, and men, was in favour of the French. They had thirteen ships of the line and four frigates, carrying 1,196 guns and 11,230 men. The English had the same number of ships of the line, and one 50-gun ship, carrying 1,012 guns and 8,068 men. The English ships were all 74s: the French had three 80-gun ships, and one three-decker of 120.

During the whole pursuit, it had been Nelson's practice, whenever circumstances would permit, to have his captains on board the *Vanguard*, and explain to them his own ideas of the different and best modes of attack, and such plans as he proposed to execute on falling in with the enemy, whatever their situation might be. There is no possible position, it is said, which he did not take into calculation. His officers were thus fully acquainted with his principles of

tactics; and such was his confidence in their abilities, that the only thing determined upon, in case they should find the French at anchor, was for the ships to form as most convenient for their mutual support, and to anchor by the stern. "First gain the victory," he said, "and then make the best use of it you can." The moment he perceived the position of the French, that intuitive genius with which Nelson was endowed displayed itself; and it instantly struck him, that where there was room for an enemy's ship to swing, there was room for one of ours to anchor. The plan which he intended to pursue, therefore, was to keep entirely on the outer side of the French line, and station his ships, as far as he was able, one on the outer bow, and another on the outer quarter, of each of the enemy's. This plan of doubling on the enemy's ships was projected by Lord Hood, when he designed to attack the French fleet at their anchorage in Gourjean Road. Lord Hood found it impossible to make the attempt; but the thought was not lost upon Nelson, who acknowledged himself on this occasion indebted for it to his old and excellent commander. Captain Berry, when he comprehended the scope of the design, exclaimed with transport, "If we succeed, what will the world say?" "There is no *if* in the case," replied the admiral: "that we shall succeed is certain: who may live to tell the story is a very different question."

As the squadron advanced, the enemy opened a steady fire from the starboard side of their whole line, full into the bows of our van ships. It was received in silence: the men on board of every ship were employed aloft, in furling sails, and below in tending the braces, and making ready for anchoring. A miserable sight for the French; who with all their skill, and all their courage, and all their advantages of numbers and situation, were upon that element, on which, when the hour of trial comes, a Frenchman has no hope. Admiral Brueys was a brave and able man; yet the indelible character of his country broke out in one of his letters, wherein he delivered it as his private opinion that the English had missed him, because, not being superior in force they did not think it prudent to try their strength with him. The moment was now come in which he was to be undeceived.

A French brig was instructed to decoy the English, by manœuvring so as to tempt them toward a shoal lying off the island of Bequieres; but Nelson either knew the danger, or suspected some deceit, and the lure was unsuccessful. Captain Foley led the way in the *Goliath*, outsailing the *Zealous*, which for some minutes disputed this post of honour with him. He had long conceived, that if the enemy were moored in line of battle in with the land, the best plan of attack would be to lead between them and the shore, because the French

guns on that side were not likely to be manned, nor even ready for action. Intending, therefore to fix himself on the inner bow of the *Guerrier*, he kept as near the edge of the bank as the depth of water would admit; but his anchor hung, and having opened his fire, he drifted to the second ship, the *Conquérant*, before it was clear; then anchored by the stern, inside of her, and in ten minutes shot away her masts. Hood, in the *Zealous*, perceiving this, took the station which the *Goliath* intended to have occupied, and he totally disabled the *Guerrier* in twelve minutes. The third ship which doubled the enemy's van was the *Orion*, Sir J. Saumarez; she passed to windward of the *Zealous*, and opened her larboard guns as long as they bore on the *Guerrier*; then passing inside the *Goliath*, sunk a frigate which annoyed her, hauled round toward the French line, and anchoring inside, between the fifth and sixth ships from the *Guerrier*, took her station on the larboard bow of the *Franklin*, and the quarter of the *Peuple Souverain*, receiving and returning the fire of both. The sun was now nearly down. The *Audacious*, Captain Gould, pouring a heavy fire into the *Guerrier* and the *Conquérant*, fixed herself on the larboard bow of the latter; and when that ship struck, passed on to the *Peuple Souverain*. The *Theseus*, Captain Miller, followed, brought down the *Guerrier*'s remaining main and mizen masts, then anchored inside of the *Spartiate*, the third in the French line.

While these advanced ships doubled the French line, the *Vanguard* was the first that anchored on the outer side of the enemy, within half-pistol-shot of their third ship, the *Spartiate*. Nelson had six colours flying in different parts of his rigging, lest they should be shot away;—that they should be struck, no British admiral considers as a possibility. He veered half a cable, and instantly opened a tremendous fire; under cover of which the other four ships of his division, the *Minotaur*, *Bellerophon*, *Defence*, and *Majestic*, sailed on ahead of the admiral. In a few minutes every man stationed at the first six guns in the fore part of the *Vanguard*'s deck was killed or wounded:—these guns were three times cleared. Captain Louis, in the *Minotaur*, anchored next ahead, and took off the fire of the *Aquilon*, the fourth in the enemy's line. The *Bellerophon*, Captain Darby, passed ahead, and dropped her stern anchor on the starboard bow of the *Orient*, seventh in the line, Brueys' own ship of 120 guns, whose difference of force was in proportion of more than seven to three, and whose weight of ball, from the lower deck alone, exceeded that from the whole broadside of the *Bellerophon*. Captain Peyton, in the *Defence*, took his station ahead of the *Minotaur*, and engaged the *Franklin*, the sixth in line, by which judicious movement the British line remained unbroken. The

Majestic, Captain Westcott, got entangled with the main rigging of one of the French ships astern of the *Orient*, and suffered dreadfully from that three-decker's fire: but she swung clear, and closely engaging the *Heureux*, the ninth ship on the starboard bow, received also the fire of the *Tonnant*, which was the eighth in the line. The other four ships of the British squadron, having been detached previous at the discovery of the French, were at a considerable distance when the action began. It commenced at half after six; about seven, night closed, and there was no other light than that from the fire of the contending fleets.

Trowbridge, in the *Culloden*, the foremost of the remaining ships, was two leagues astern. He came on sounding, as the others had done; as he advanced, the increasing darkness increased the difficulty of the navigation; and suddenly, after having found eleven fathoms' water, before the lead could be hove again, he was fast aground; nor could all his own exertions, joined to those of the *Leander* and the *Mutiné* brig, which came to his assistance, get him off in time to bear a part in the action. His ship, however, served as a beacon to the *Alexander* and *Swiftsure*, which would else, from the course which they were holding, have gone considerably farther on the reef, and must inevitably have been lost. These ships entered the bay, and took their stations, in the darkness, in a manner still spoken of with admiration by all who remember it. Captain Hallowell, in the *Swiftsure*, as he was bearing down, fell in with what seemed to be a strange sail; Nelson had directed his ships to hoist four lights horizontally at the mizen-peak, as soon as it became dark; and this vessel had no such distinction. Hallowell, however, with great judgment, ordered his men not to fire; if she was an enemy, he said, she was in too disabled a state to escape; but, from her sails being loose, and the way in which her head was, it was probable she might be an English ship. It was the *Bellerophon*, overpowered by the huge *Orient*; her lights had gone overboard, nearly two hundred of her crew were killed or wounded, all her masts and cables had been shot away and she was drifting out of the line, toward the lee side of the bay. Her station, at this important time, was occupied by the *Swiftsure*, which opened a steady fire on the quarter of the *Franklin*, and the bows of the French admiral. At the same instant, Captain Ball, with the *Alexander*, passed under his stern, and anchored within side on his larboard quarter, raking him, and keeping up a severe fire of musketry upon his decks. The last ship which arrived to complete the destruction of the enemy was the *Leander*. Captain Thompson, finding that nothing could be done that night to get off the *Culloden*, advanced with the intention of anchoring athwart hawse of the *Orient*. The *Franklin*

was so near her ahead, that there was not room for him to get clear of the two; he therefore took his station athwart hawse of the latter, in such a position as to rake both.

The two first ships of the French line had been dismasted within a quarter of an hour after the commencement of the action; and the others had in that time suffered so severely that victory was already certain. The third, fourth, and fifth were taken possession of at half-past eight. Meantime, Nelson received a severe wound on the head from a piece of langridge shot. Captain Berry caught him in his arms as he was falling. The great effusion of blood occasioned apprehension that the wound was mortal; Nelson himself thought so; a large flap of the skin of the forehead, cut from the bone, had fallen over one eye, and the other being blind, he was in total darkness. When he was carried down, the surgeon—in the midst of a scene scarcely to be conceived by those who have never seen a cockpit in time of action, and the heroism which is displayed amid its horrors,—with a natural and pardonable eagerness, quitted the poor fellow then under his hands, that he might instantly attend the admiral. “No!” said Nelson, “I will take my turn with my brave fellows.” Nor would he suffer his own wound to be examined till every man who had been previously wounded was properly attended to. Fully believing that the wound was mortal, and that he was about to die, as he had ever desired, in battle and in victory, he called the chaplain, and desired him to deliver what he supposed to be his dying remembrance to Lady Nelson; he then sent for Captain Louis on board from the *Minotaur*, that he might thank him personally for the great assistance which he had rendered to the *Vanguard*; and, ever mindful of those who deserved to be his friends, appointed Captain Hardy from the brig to the command of his own ship, Captain Berry having to go home with the news of the victory. When the surgeon came in due time to examine his wound (for it was in vain to entreat him to let it be examined sooner), the most anxious silence prevailed; and the joy of the wounded men, and of the whole crew, when they heard that the hurt was merely superficial, gave Nelson deeper pleasure than the unexpected assurance that his life was in no danger. The surgeon requested, and, as far as he could, ordered him to remain quiet, but Nelson could not rest. He called for his secretary, Mr. Campbell, to write the despatches. Campbell had himself been wounded, and so affected at the blind and suffering state of the admiral, that he was unable to write. The chaplain was then sent for; but before he came, Nelson, with his characteristic eagerness, took the pen, and contrived to trace a few words, marking his devout sense of the success which had already been obtained. He was now left alone; when

Majority a cry was heard on the deck, that the *Orient* was on fire. of on confusion he found his way up, unassisted and unnoticed; fully to the astonishment of every one, appeared on the quarter-deck, where he immediately gave the order that boats should be sent to the relief of the enemy.

It was soon after nine that the fire on board the *Orient* broke out. Bruey was dead: he had received three wounds, yet would not leave his post: a fourth cut him almost in two. He desired not to be carried below, but to be left to die upon deck. The flames soon mastered his ship. Her sides had just been painted, and the oil-jars and paint-buckets were lying on the poop. By the prodigious light of this conflagration, the situation of the two fleets could now be perceived, the colours of both being clearly distinguishable. About ten o'clock the ship blew up. This tremendous explosion was followed by a silence not less awful: the firing immediately ceased on both sides; and the first sound which broke the silence was the dash of her shattered masts and yards falling into the water from the vast height to which they had been exploded. It is upon record that a battle between two armies was once broken off by an earthquake:—such an event would be felt like a miracle; but no incident in war, produced by human means, has ever equalled the sublimity of this co-instantaneous pause, and all its circumstances.

About seventy of the *Orient's* crew were saved by the English boats. Among the many hundreds who perished were the commodore, Casa-Bianca, and his son, a brave boy only ten years old. They were seen floating on the wreck of a mast when the ship blew up. She had money on board to the amount of £600,000 sterling. A port fire from her fell into the main-royal of the *Alexander*; the fire which it occasioned was speedily extinguished. Captain Ball had provided, as far as human foresight could provide, against any such danger. All the shrouds and sails of his ship which were not absolutely necessary for its immediate management were thoroughly wetted, and so rolled up, that they were as hard and as little inflammable as so many solid cylinders.

The firing recommenced with the ships to leeward of the centre, and continued till about three. At daybreak the *Guillaume Tell* and the *Genereux*, the two rear ships of the enemy, were the only French ships of the line which had their colours flying: they cut their cables in the forenoon, not having been engaged, and stood out to sea, and two frigates with them. The *Zealous* pursued; but as there was no other ship in a condition to support Captain Hood, he was recalled. It was generally believed by the officers, that if Nelson had not been wounded, not one of these ships could have escaped: the four certainly could not, if the *Culloden* had got into

action: and if the frigates belonging to the squadron had been present, not one of the enemy's fleet would have left Aboukir Bay. These four vessels, however, were all that escaped; and the victory was the most complete and glorious in the annals of naval history. "Victory," said Nelson, "is not a name strong enough for such a scene"; he called it a conquest. Of thirteen sail of the line, nine were taken and two burnt: of the four frigates, one burnt, another sunk. The British loss in killed and wounded amounted to eight hundred and ninety-five. Westcott was the only captain who fell. Three thousand one hundred and five of the French, including the wounded, were sent on shore by cartel: and five thousand two hundred and twenty-five perished.

As soon as the conquest was completed, Nelson sent orders through the fleet, to return thanksgiving in every ship for the victory with which Almighty God had blessed His Majesty's arms. The French at Rosetta, who with miserable fear beheld the engagement, were at a loss to understand the stillness of the fleet during the performance of this solemn duty; but it seemed to affect many of the prisoners, officers as well as men: and graceless and godless as the officers were, some of them remarked, that it was no wonder such order was preserved in the British Navy, when the minds of our men could be impressed with such sentiments after so great a victory, and at a moment of such confusion.

H.M.S. ANTIGONE

BY

WARREN TUTE

AN hour later, as Spratt had forecast, they were well into the warm front. Rain clouds swirled about them and the sea was getting up. "Spend your Holidays in the Sunny South," Spratt muttered as a gust of rain drenched his face. "The Blue Mediterranean Welcomes You."

At that moment through a gap in the rain, the masthead look-out caught sight of a tripod mast on the horizon. Two seconds later "Action Stations" sounded-off urgently in every part of the ship. *Antigone's* first duty was to report the enemy and this Trevesham did straight away. But this initial sighting had been snatched out of the bad weather which was now closing in on them more and more. The scene had suddenly darkened and events were now scarcely predictable. Anything might happen and indeed could do so with startling rapidity.

Trevesham had no idea if the Italians had sighted *Antigone*. From the bridge visibility had perhaps been eight miles. From masthead to masthead the distance might have been anything up to twenty-five miles, and nothing but a glimpse of the enemy's mast had been seen from their own masthead. The enemy's course was unknown. They might at this moment have lost touch altogether or they might be running slap into each other at an alarming rate. It was impossible to know.

"Reduce to twenty-five knots!" Trevesham ordered. In such obscurity it was instinctive to reduce speed. Yet his immediate task was to close the enemy and establish contact. By now everyone on the bridge had binoculars trained into the driving rain. Up in the director control-tower rangefinders were sweeping the horizon hoping to find a sudden clear patch. On the bridge the torpedo officer, the P.C.O. and the officer of the watch glared hopelessly into the darkening clouds. To surprise the Italians by even a couple of minutes might mean the difference between success and a total defeat, not only for *Antigone* herself but for the Mediterranean Fleet. A lone cruiser was in desperate danger had she run into the Italian battle fleet in good weather. Masked by a squall, invisible

but with the possibility of a tip-and-run appearance in the rear of the Italian formation, the odds were dramatically shifted.

Trevesham paced up and down on the bridge. He analysed the possibilities in his mind, working out the immediate courses of action he would take for each variant. The bad weather gave him a dazzling advantage. It gnawed at him. He must seize the initiative while he had it. No weather conditions hold for very long in the Mediterranean. The present driving rain would soon be followed by a cold front and the return of sunshine and a calmer sea. It was now or never. But he *had* to know where the enemy was and where she was going. He had to know those facts and know them now.

"Prepare to launch the float-plane," Trevesham told the officer of the watch. "Tell Lieutenant Grey-Bennett I want to see him at once."

Everyone on the bridge knew what this meant. It put the situation into brilliant perspective. Visibility was now little more than half a mile, and the rain seemed to cut into their faces. It would be tricky enough to fly off the aircraft. The chances of recovering it were nil. Even if the weather changed *Antigone* would not be able to stop and hoist the machine back on board. So, to gain the information he needed, Trevesham was forced to sacrifice two men and a valuable seaplane.

"Poor old sod!" Spratt muttered to himself as he watched Marcel in his flying-kit being briefed by the captain. He wondered what was going on in Grey-Bennett's mind. He wondered how he would feel himself had he been ordered to shadow the enemy battle fleet till his fuel ran out and then make for the Greek coast, with almost no chance of survival.

Down by the catapult Mr. Partle was making his usual checks. The commander had come up to see this last launching of the aircraft and in a matter of moments it all seemed to be over. Grey-Bennett and the telegraphist air-gunner climbed into the machine, the engine roared, the thumbs-up sign was given and the launching charge was fired. One moment they were there, the next they were a speck swallowed up in the mist.

Both Hatchett and Mr. Partle saluted them as they went. A few seconds later the mist had closed in again and there was nothing to be seen. The little group round the catapult remained in silence, staring after the vanished machine. Then Hatchett nodded briefly to Mr. Partle and went below. They both had other jobs to be done.

Grey-Bennett himself flew through the squall with a confusion

visions chasing each other through his consciousness. He was fully aware of the danger. This was an event he had long anticipated. He knew he was expendable. He knew he would be one of the first to be risked simply because it was on his eyes and on his flying that the ship depended in the early stages of any engagement.

He had worked it all out many many times before. Yet now that it had actually come about, he could scarcely believe it. He was very afraid. He hoped he had managed to conceal it when the captain was telling him what he wanted. He felt pretty sure he had carried off the interview with his usual nonchalance. Only he wished he had not been so embarrassed when the captain unexpectedly shook his hand. But now as he flew through the clouds and sped on to where he thought the Italians would be, he found himself helplessly in the grip of fear. He flew the aircraft automatically, groping in his consciousness for the self-control he knew he must find, if he was ever to survive.

Ten minutes later *Antigone* received her first sighting report from the aircraft. "Two battleships 'Cavour' class, three cruisers 'Zara' type, four destroyers course approximately 290 degrees. Am closing to verify."

This was the last that any of them heard from Grey-Bennett. A few moments later a burst of anti-aircraft fire penetrated the cockpit, killing both Grey-Bennett and his observer a fraction of a second before the aircraft itself exploded in mid-air. Thus the ship sustained her first casualty before being properly in action with the enemy. It left her once more eyeless in the mist, and as minute dragged on into minute, the wireless silence told them all only too clearly what must have happened.

"So that's that!" Spratt thought as the drizzle continued to swirl round the bridge and *Antigone* drove on in search of her prey.

But the one message which had got through contained the vital fact of the enemy's course. Trevesham had only a rough idea of their position but at least he knew where they were going and that was obviously back to Taranto.

This fact, set against the weather, was electrifying in the possibility it suddenly presented *Antigone*. For a moment Trevesham was unnerved. This was an opportunity—albeit fraught with the most appalling risk—which he knew instantly would never recur. Step by step he reasoned it out.

He thought first of all of the standard rôle he was ordered to play. This was to locate, report and shadow the enemy. He had command of one small cruiser in contact with the whole Italian fleet. Under normal conditions it would be folly to engage the

enemy. His chances of inflicting any but superficial damage were slight, the odds on his own total destruction were staggering. This was not a matter of courage but of common prudence. The commander-in-chief would expect him not to endanger his ship.

But the enemy had turned back for home. There was no possibility of the main Mediterranean Fleet overtaking them now. Nor, under such weather conditions, could an air strike be flown off from *Illustrious*. But the clouds which prevented this also provided *Antigone* with something like a magic cloak in which she was invisible. Yes, thought Trevesham, invisible for the moment, but how long will it last?

Nevertheless, there was the enemy and there was *Antigone*. This was a classic situation—David and Goliath, a Drake versus the Armada—and Trevesham's whole being tingled with the knowledge that here was a chance which comes to a captain not once in a decade but once in a generation. Whatever the outcome, however paralysing the odds, this was the one great opportunity of his life. He had seen it for what it was and now like the closing of some vast electrical circuit his mind was made up.

He decided to try and work round the enemy to the south. The wind had veered to the south-west and thus, if he should succeed in getting ahead and to windward of them, he would be in a position of tactical advantage, and would have the benefit of attacking out of the weather.

So far so good, thought Trevesham. The Italians would be heading approximately into the squall and would almost certainly have reduced their speed. They did not build heavy-weather ships. The Italians believed above everything else in speed. The weather would slow them down. However, the odds were still vastly on the enemy side. Trevesham was well aware that not only did the "Zara" class of cruiser mount eight-inch guns to his six, but that also they had an advantage in speed of nearly seven knots. Once caught, therefore, in fine weather there would be little hope for *Antigone*.

By this time, though, the wind which had been steadily freshening was now blowing the best part of a gale. *Antigone* was taking it comfortably enough, but her attendant destroyer was washing down dangerously. At any other time Trevesham would have reduced his speed, but now it was essential to get ahead of the enemy without a moment's delay.

An hour and fifteen minutes later they were suddenly in contact with an Italian destroyer. She appeared dramatically ahead on their starboard bow through an unexpected gap in the weather. She was stern on to *Antigone*, a bare half-mile ahead and steering

almost a parallel course. A few seconds later the visibility closed in again and blotted her out.

The moment she was sighted the gunnery officer came through from the director control tower.

"Permission to open fire, sir?"

"No!" Trevesham snapped curtly. His immediate action had been to haul away to port. It was still possible that *Antigone* had not been observed. He was not going to allow his plan to be sprung at half cock by one wretched destroyer.

Trevesham remained in his usual position in the starboard forward corner of the bridge, his arms hunched on the coping, his eyes peering into the mist. He knew his thinking was right. Just as he had sacrificed the aircraft to glean the first essential fact of the enemy's course so now this glimpse of the destroyer gave the enemy's approximate speed, which Spratt estimated at eighteen knots. Trevesham calculated that the destroyer was part of the normal arrowhead screen cruising ahead of the battle fleet. By altering course to starboard, therefore, he would find himself right in among the Italians in a matter of minutes.

By this time he must assume that the enemy was aware of being sighted. But they would be in a state of confusion. The Italians might well presume that they had stumbled accidentally on the British Mediterranean Fleet. They would have no idea of what was threatening them through the swirling mist. The thought of what actually was threatening them brought a sudden smile to Trevesham's face. But at the same time he knew that he still had the initiative. And that was a priceless gift. *Antigone* might be able to dash in, aided by surprise, and create havoc in their midst.

He leant over to the voice pipe down to the plotting room.

"What's the barograph doing, Schooly?"

"It looks as though it's stopped falling in the last half-hour, sir."

"H'm!"

He turned to Spratt, his judgment poised.

"It looks as though this thick weather isn't going to last much longer, Pilot."

Spratt nodded quickly. They stared into each other's eyes, both of them for a moment still, both withdrawn into their thoughts.

"It's as thick as anything now, sir, perhaps"—Spratt paused for a fraction of a second wondering if he should give his advice—"perhaps this is it, sir."

"Yes," said Trevesham almost to himself, "this is it—our great golden chance!"

Then, the decision taken, he called out sharply:

"Chief Yeoman!"

"Sir?"

"Make by lamp to *Vitriolic*—'Am going in to establish position of enemy battle fleet. Intend to attack with torpedoes. Follow me at best speed. Be prepared to fire torpedoes on either beam as opportunity offers.'"

Then as the signal lamp began winking astern to their hard-pressed destroyer, Trevesham turned *Antigone* to starboard and increased to thirty knots. The squall in which they had been immersed seemed now to be rising to a climax. Both Trevesham and Spratt were aware of the significance of this. It meant that a cold front and better weather conditions were almost upon them. They had very little time.

Events, however, now crowded upon them as swiftly as the weather. Unseen they had slipped through the destroyer screen and were now in amongst the Italian fleet.

"Christ!" said Spratt, "we've arrived!"

Through the murk at a distance of not more than half a mile an Italian battleship loomed before their eyes. The ship was flanked by a cruiser and for a second or two it looked as though *Antigone* would pass between them. Both the battleship and the cruiser had their main armament trained fore and aft. This meant they had been caught entirely by surprise. At almost point-blank range *Antigone's* six-inch guns opened up on the cruiser. The second and third salvos scored direct hits and the cruiser turned away on fire without replying to *Antigone*. Still concentrating her guns on the cruiser they drew rapidly closer to the battleship. The first round was unquestionably theirs.

Antigone had certainly created the panic which Trevesham had planned. They had perhaps a minute, perhaps two to three minutes while the initiative still lay completely in their hands. Trevesham noted that the Italian main armament was now being brought to bear, but such must have been the confusion on board that the guns were first of all directed diametrically away from *Antigone* instead of towards her. But already the weather was beginning to clear. Their time was running out. It was now or never. This was the zenith of their one unrepeatable chance.

"Stand by to fire to port, Torps," said Trevesham.

"Aye, aye, sir."

John Caspar peered motionless down his sights, waiting for his moment to come, only his fingers ceaselessly altering and lining up the sights, scarcely breathing with the intensity of his concentration. They were now no further than eight hundred yards from the battleship, tearing towards each other on nearly opposite courses.

"Here we go, Torps," said Trevesham and swung *Antigone* to starboard away and towards the protective rain. At thirty knots this violent alteration of course made the ship heel over steeply to port, a magnificent bow wave pluming away as she turned. The torpedo officer rapped out "Fire One!" then, as the first torpedo leapt plunging into the sea from the port waist, "Fire Two!" and then a moment later, "Fire Three!"

For the next forty-five seconds, time on *Antigone's* bridge stood absolutely still. At such a short range they could scarcely miss, but that interval while the torpedoes were streaking underwater to their target held them paralysed with tension, their hands gripping anything solid on the bridge, praying, staring transfixed at the battleship as she drew farther and farther aft and her guns began almost lazily to open fire.

Then suddenly came the first deep underwater "WHOOMPH!" followed two seconds later by another one. Two out of their three torpedoes had got home. The enormous tension on the bridge as though in sympathy with the explosions released itself at the same time. Spratt jumped up and down, the officer of the watch thumped the torpedo officer on the back, the chief yeoman did an absurd little dance and everyone on the bridge let out a huge yell of delight. Trevesham, too, was swept up in the raging exaltation of success.

"Bloody wonderful, Torps!" said Trevesham with a sudden, wide grin. "Wonderful! Wonderful!" then without pausing he went on: "Full ahead both! Make smoke!"

Now they must escape. Now to survive *Antigone* must indeed "get like a bat out of hell."

"Give her everything you've got," he called down to the Chief. This was the critical time. They had scored far more than he had dared to hope possible. If their luck continued to hold they might just get away with it—just—and no more.

There was no longer any doubt that the weather was clearing.

"Hurry up with that smoke," Trevesham said sharply. A smoke-screen would neither hold nor be of much protection in such a wind but anything was worth trying at this juncture.

Now *Antigone* had her stern to the Italians and only the two after turrets would bear. Yet their wild success had put them all on the top of their form. The gunnery officer kept up the pressure and another two salvoes found their mark. They began to zigzag. The ship was working up rapidly to her full thirty-two knots as, desperately, they fled the finer weather racing up astern and the delayed revenge they could scarcely pray to escape.

By this time the Italians had recovered from their surprise. One

of the other cruisers unmolested by *Antigone* had opened fire. The second battleship, too, lobbed a heavy salvo into the sea about a hundred yards ahead of the ship. The Italian cruiser's gunnery was rapid and accurate, its aim obviously directed by intelligent anticipation of the few courses *Antigone* could take.

All the time visibility was improving. The rain and the clouds—their celestial protection—were being chased away by the cold front which conditioned their fate. For a couple of minutes a rain squall blotted them out and filled them with hope. Then with sinking hearts they watched it blow itself away. The clear weather came. The enemy range-takers adjusted their sights.

On the bridge no one spoke except to pass orders or essential reports. But the torpedo officer, Spratt, the chief yeoman of signals and Trevesham himself—all knew in their hearts that they had left their escape a fraction too late. Nothing but a miracle could save them now.

Hatchett and Penniwick were making their way aft along the Marines' messdeck when *Antigone* received her first hit. A salvo of eight-inch armour-piercing shells struck her just below the catapult abaft the funnel on the starboard side. They entered on the slant, penetrated both boiler rooms, exploded and blew out a section of the ship's port side plating. *Antigone* gave a convulsive shudder. This was instantly followed by the deafening scream of escaping high-pressure steam.

But Hatchett and those with him heard none of this. A shell had exploded almost directly beneath them. The messdeck on which they had been standing was torn apart and in the moment of explosion those who were there, together with the stokers in the boiler room, were all of them shredded to death.

The lights failed and the ship lurched unexpectedly to port as the sea began pouring in from the hole in the side. The Commander (E) who was on his way up from the boiler room had his skull cracked open. For a few seconds a form of consciousness persisted in him. He clung to the twisted ladder and began to scratch the paint off the bulkhead with his nails. But this was purely muscular reaction. In point of fact he was already dead.

The Senior was in the engine room when the ship was hit. As the lights died out, he saw one of the seams in the forward bulkhead gaping and through it an increasing torrent of water pouring in. The turbines changed their note. Although there was still power to drive the screws, *Antigone* began losing steam at a disastrous rate. He reported this to the bridge. His captain's voice, remote and metallic, yet strangely human and reassuring, came back to him:

"Try and keep her steaming," Trevesham told him, "try and give me some electric power."

"Aye, aye, sir," he said automatically, but there was nothing he could do. *Antigone's* fate had already been settled. There had only been two casualties in the engine room itself, but water continued to flood in from the torn bulkhead. Artificers and stokers looked at each other in the dim emergency lighting. All of them knew that a loss of speed meant an easier target for the enemy. The ship was listing to port. The chances of a sudden end down there below the waterline were now frighteningly high.

Other information was now reaching the bridge. The quartermaster reported he was using thirty degrees of starboard wheel yet the ship was still falling off to port. A fire was raging along the main deck aft towards the wardroom. Collard and two seamen, all of them badly hurt, were trying to quench it, but pressure was dying out of the fire main, and the angle at which *Antigone* was listing made progress between decks almost impossible.

By this time the ship had turned in a slow arc so that now she lay stern on to the wind. She had been making smoke when the shell had struck. This smoke continued to pour from the funnel and now enveloped the bridge in acrid, partially burnt oil fuel. Blind and choking, Trevesham and the others struggled into their gas-masks. The ship was still continuing to turn slowly, and soon the smoke would be carried away to starboard. In the meantime they were totally out of control.

From the director tower the gunnery officer reported that turrets no longer had hydraulic power. So the guns could not be trained except laboriously by hand. On the bridge itself the chief yeoman had been killed by a flying splinter, and on the flag deck below only one young signalman remained alive. Forward the ship was undamaged. As far as Trevesham knew all four turrets could still fire but only at a very slow rate. By striking into the heart of the ship and depriving them of power, that one unlucky salvo had done them the maximum damage.

As water poured into the ship, *Antigone* heeled over farther and farther to port. She did this in a series of jerks as watertight compartments filled up and new levels were found. Salvoes from the Italian cruisers continued to harass and near-miss them. It could only be a matter of time before they were hit again.

Some distance away there was the sound of another heavy explosion. By now the bridge was clearing of smoke. Trevesham wiped his smarting eyes and looked round for their attendant destroyer. He was just in time to see the stern of the destroyer lift in the air, remain poised for a second or two and then plunge quickly beneath

the surface of the sea. So *Vitriolic* was gone, and now *Antigone* would enjoy the undivided attention of the whole Italian fleet.

By now the ship lay stopped and beam on to the wind. This gave her a most uncertain movement. Each time she rolled it occurred to Trevesham that she might suddenly go. Although the weather was moderating, there was still quite a sea running, and this made things continuously difficult for the crippled ship.

Down in the cipher office March lay unconscious in a pool of blood. He had been standing when the explosion occurred. The force of it had thrown him to the deck semi-stunned. In one of the subsequent lurches a steel chest containing the cipher books had broken loose and a corner of it had struck him on the crown of his head, splitting it open and depriving him of consciousness.

Aft in the ship's office the paymaster-commander had been trapped by the fire which was working its way along to the ward-room. He, too, had been slightly concussed and at one stage in the darkness he thought he would be suffocated by the smoke. But forethought and discipline came to his aid. As his consciousness returned he remembered that he always carried a torch. He crawled over the heaving, slanting deck feeling about till he found it. Miraculously the bulb was intact. So far so good. Then he remembered his duty. Should it be necessary to abandon ship the ledger and other important documents should be placed in a water-tight cylinder and thrown overboard. There was no one to do this but the paymaster-commander himself. Or was he confusing it with the Great War? He did not feel quite himself. One side of his wing collar had sprung away from his neck and his glasses were broken. He found to his astonishment that he could not keep his train of thought for very long. He began to put the ledger into its container, then came a gap in his consciousness and next time he was aware of what he was doing he found himself laboriously taking the ribbon off the ship's typewriter. This struck him as odd but try as he might he could not remember what he had set out to do. He abandoned the typewriter and sat down with his head in his hands. The smoke from the fire outside made him splutter and choke. The torch fell once more from his clutch and this time the bulb broke as it struck the steel deck.

Outside in the flat Collard, too, lay asphyxiated. He had been caught off balance by one of the ship's lurches. He had slipped and fallen where the smoke and the fumes were densest. The fire had burnt itself out by now but Collard had no means of knowing that the ship's refrigerating machinery had been punctured and a mixture of its escaping gases and the fumes of the explosion, heavier than air, were creeping aft through the ship.

His left ear and the skin of his neck had been burnt when the fire had first begun and this caused him a lot of pain. But it was the smoke he was afraid of. He decided he had better get up on deck. He began struggling to his feet but at that moment the ship lurched again and he fell slithering across the compartment. For a short while he flapped helplessly like a fish on a slab. Then oblivion came. Three minutes later he was dead.

Up on the bridge they had one consolation. The Italian battleship they had torpedoed was obviously in difficulties. Like *Antigone* she, too, had heeled over to a dangerous angle. Like *Antigone* she had suffered a fire. But unlike *Antigone* she was still able to steam. Gradually she drew farther and farther away, leaving the British cruiser to the attentions of the rest of her fleet.

At that moment an Italian salvo straddled the ship. There were two hits in quick succession, one on the after superstructure, the second penetrating between "X" and "Y" turrets on the quarter-deck. This was the shell which finished them off. It entered "Y" magazine, which in turn exploded. An enormous mushroom of yellow-red smoke raced up into the sky—a spit of red, then saffron, then darkening off into a sinister grey-black. *Antigone* gave another long, anguished shudder. The power of this explosion told Trevesham all he needed to know. Now there could be no hope at all. The ship began settling down by the stern at an alarming rate, and this was understandable since the force of the explosion had blown off the whole after part of the ship. The quarterdeck, the screws, "X" and "Y" turrets, his own cabin, the wardroom, gunroom and warrant officers' messes, most of the engine room—all, now had gone. Little more than half his ship was still left precariously afloat. There would not be much time.

"Prepare to abandon ship!" Trevesham ordered. She was sinking by the stern. The speed at which she went would depend on how the lateral bulkheads stood the increasing pressure.

"Wheel jammed hard a-starboard," the chief quartermaster reported to Spratt.

"We no longer have a rudder," Spratt answered down the voice-pipe, "better come up on deck, Bowling. It's prepare to abandon ship."

Even now when the fate of the ship was no longer in doubt, there was no element of panic. Forward—a part of the ship completely undamaged—men poured out of turrets and up on deck from the foc'sle. The gunnery officer came down from the director control-tower. Sub-Lieutenant Darbigh climbed down from the high-angle director. Cooks filed out of the galley. A few stokers and artificers came up from what remained of the engine room. The

surgeon-commander left his sick bay. Royal Marine bandsmen clambered up from the transmitting station.

On deck Carley floats were being heaved into the sea, followed by wooden gratings and anything which would float. Trevesham watched this activity for a while. Then he gave the executive order "Abandon ship!" The scramble into the sea began.

5. *Beleaguered Cities*

THE DEFEAT OF THE ATHENIANS AT SYRACUSE, B.C. 413

BY

SIR EDWARD GREASY

"The Romans knew not, and could not know, how deeply the greatness of their own posterity, and the fate of the whole Western world, were involved in the destruction of the fleet of Athens, in the harbour of Syracuse. Had that great expedition proved victorious, the energies of Greece during the next eventful century would have found their field in the West no less than in the East; Greece, and not Rome, might have conquered Carthage; Greek instead of Latin might have been at this day the principal element of the language of Spain, of France, and of Italy; and the laws of Athens, rather than of Rome, might be the foundation of the law of the civilised world."—ARNOLD.

"The great expedition to Sicily, one of the most decisive events in the history of the world." —NIEBUHR.

FEW cities have undergone more memorable sieges during ancient and mediæval times, than has the city of Syracuse. Athenian, Carthaginian, Roman, Vandal, Byzantine, Saracen, and Norman, have in turns beleaguered her walls; and the resistance which she successfully opposed to some of her early assailants was of the deepest importance, not only to the fortunes of the generations then in being, but to all the subsequent current of human events. To adopt the eloquent expressions of ARNOLD respecting the check which she gave to the Carthaginian arms, "Syracuse was a breakwater, which God's providence raised up to protect the yet immature strength of Rome." And her triumphant repulse of the great Athenian expedition against her was of even more widespread and enduring importance. It forms a decisive epoch in the strife for universal empire, in which all the great states of antiquity successively engaged and failed.

The present city of Syracuse is a place of little or no military strength, as the fire of the artillery from the neighbouring heights

would almost completely command it. But in ancient warfare its position, and the care bestowed on its walls, rendered it formidably strong against the means of offence which then were employed by besieging armies.

The ancient city, in the time of the Peloponnesian war, was chiefly built on the knob of land which projects into the sea on the eastern coast of Sicily, between two bays; one of which, to the north, was called the bay of Thapsus, while the southern one formed the great harbour of the city of Syracuse itself. A small island, or peninsula (for such it soon was rendered), lies at the south-eastern extremity of this knob of land, stretching almost entirely across the mouth of the great harbour, and rendering it nearly land-locked. This island comprised the original settlement of the first Greek colonists from Corinth, who founded Syracuse two thousand five hundred years ago; and the modern city has shrunk again into these primary limits. But, in the fifth century before our era, the growing wealth and population of the Syracusans had led them to occupy and include within their city walls portion after portion of the mainland lying next to the little isle; so that at the time of the Athenian expedition the seaward part of the land between the two bays already spoken of was built over, and fortified from bay to bay; constituting the larger part of Syracuse.

The landward wall, therefore, of the city traversed this knob of land, which continues to slope upwards from the sea, and which to the west of the old fortifications (that is, towards the interior of Sicily) rises rapidly for a mile or two, but diminishes in width, and finally terminates in a long narrow ridge, between which and Mount Hybla a succession of chasms and uneven low ground extend. On each flank of this ridge the descent is steep and precipitous from its summits to the strips of level land that lie immediately below it, both to the south-west and north-west.

The usual mode of assailing fortified towns in the time of the Peloponnesian war, was to build a double wall round them, sufficiently strong to check any sally of the garrison from within, or any attack of a relieving force from without. The interval within the two walls of the circumvallation was roofed over, and formed barracks, in which the besiegers posted themselves, and awaited the effects of want or treachery among the besieged in producing a surrender. And, in every Greek city of those days, as in every Italian republic of the Middle Ages, the rage of domestic sedition between aristocrats and democrats ran high. Rancorous refugees swarmed in the camp of every invading enemy; and every blockaded city was sure to contain within its walls a body of intriguing malcontents, who were eager to purchase a party triumph at the

expense of a national disaster. Famine and faction were the allies on whom besiegers relied. The generals of that time trusted to the operation of these sure confederates as soon as they could establish a complete blockade. They rarely ventured on the attempt to storm any fortified post. For the military engines of antiquity were feeble in breaching masonry, before the improvements which the first Dionysius effected in the mechanics of destruction; and the lives of spearmen the boldest and most highly trained would, of course, have been idly spent in charges against unshattered walls.

A city built close to the sea, like Syracuse, was impregnable, save by the combined operations of a superior hostile fleet, and a superior hostile army. And Syracuse, from her size, her population and her military and naval resources, not unnaturally thought herself secure from finding in another Greek city a foe capable of sending a sufficient armament to menace her with capture and subjection. But in the spring of 414 B.C., the Athenian navy was mistress of her harbour and the adjacent seas; an Athenian army had defeated her troops, and cooped them within the town; and from bay to bay a blockading-wall was being rapidly carried across the strips of level ground and the high ridge outside the city (then termed Epipolæ), which, if completed would have cut the Syracusans off from all succour from the interior of Sicily, and have left them at the mercy of the Athenian generals. The besiegers' works were, indeed, unfinished; but every day the unfortified interval in their lines grew narrower, and with it diminished all apparent hope of safety for the beleaguered town.

Athens was now staking the flower of her forces, and the accumulated fruits of seventy years of glory, on one bold throw for the dominion of the Western world. As Napoleon from Mount Cœur de Lion pointed to St Jean d'Acre, and told his staff that the capture of that town would decide his destiny, and would change the face of the world; so the Athenian officers, from the heights of Epipolæ, must have looked on Syracuse, and felt that with its fall all the known powers of the earth would fall beneath them. They must have felt, also, that Athens, if repulsed there, must pause for ever in her career of conquest, and sink from an imperial republic into a ruined and subservient community.

At Marathon, the first in date of the Great Battles of the World, we beheld Athens struggling for self-preservation against the invading armies of the East. At Syracuse she appears as the ambitious and oppressive invader of others. In her, as in other republics of old and of modern times, the same energy that had inspired the most heroic efforts in defence of the national independence, soon learned to employ itself in daring and unscrupulous schemes of self-aggran-

disement at the expense of neighbouring nations. In the interval between the Persian and the Peloponnesian wars, she had rapidly grown into a conquering and dominant state, the chief of a thousand tributary cities, and the mistress of the largest and best-manned navy that the Mediterranean had yet beheld. The occupations of her territory by Xerxes and Mardonius, in the second Persian war, had forced her whole population to become mariners; and the glorious results of that struggle confirmed them in their zeal for their country's service at sea. The voluntary suffrage of the Greek cities of the coasts and islands of the Ægean first placed Athens at the head of the confederation formed for the further prosecution of the war against Persia. But this titular ascendancy was soon converted by her into practical and arbitrary dominion. She protected them from piracy and from the Persian power, which soon fell into decrepitude and decay; but she exacted in return implicit obedience to herself. She claimed and enforced a prerogative of taxing them at her discretion; and proudly refused to be accountable for her mode of expending their supplies. Remonstrance against her assessments was treated as factious disloyalty; and refusal to pay was promptly punished as revolt. Permitting and encouraging her subject allies to furnish all their contingents in money, instead of part consisting of ships and men, the sovereign republic gained the double object of training her own citizens by constant and well-paid service in her fleets, and of seeing her confederates lose their skill and discipline by inaction, and become more and more passive and powerless under her yoke. Their towns were generally dismantled; while the imperial city herself was fortified with the greatest care and sumptuousness: the accumulated revenues from her tributaries serving to strengthen and adorn to the utmost her havens, her docks, her arsenals, her theatres, and her shrines; and to array her in that plenitude of architectural magnificence, the ruins of which still attest the intellectual grandeur of the age and people, which produced a Pericles to plan and a Phidias to execute.

All republics that acquire supremacy over other nations, rule them selfishly and oppressively. There is no exception to this in either ancient or modern times. Carthage, Rome, Venice, Genoa, Florence, Pisa, Holland, and Republican France, all tyrannised over every province and subject state where they gained authority. But none of them openly avowed their system of doing so upon principle, with the candour which the Athenian republicans displayed, when any remonstrance was made against the severe exactions which they imposed upon their vassal allies. They avowed that their empire was a tyranny, and frankly stated that they

solely trusted to force and terror to uphold it. They appealed to what they called "the eternal law of nature, that the weak should be coerced by the strong." Sometimes they stated, and not without some truth, that the unjust hatred of Sparta against themselves forced them to be unjust to others in self-defence. To be safe they must be powerful; and to be powerful, they must plunder and coerce their neighbours. They never dreamed of communicating any franchise, or share in office to their dependants; but jealously monopolised every post of command, and all political and judicial power; exposing themselves to every risk with unflinching gallantry; enduring cheerfully the laborious training and severe discipline which their sea-service required; venturing readily on every ambitious scheme; and never suffering difficulty or disaster to shake their tenacity of purpose. Their hope was to acquire unbounded empire for the country, and the means of maintaining each of the thirty thousand citizens who made up the sovereign republic, in exclusive devotion to military occupations, and to those brilliant sciences and arts, in which Athens already had reached the meridian of intellectual splendour.

Her great political dramatist speaks of the Athenian empire as comprehending a thousand states. The language of the stage must not be taken too literally; but the number of the dependencies of Athens, at the time when the Peloponnesian confederacy attacked her, was undoubtedly very great. With a few trifling exceptions, all the islands of the Ægean, and all the Greek cities, which in that age fringed the coasts of Asia Minor, the Hellespont, and Thrace, paid tribute to Athens, and implicitly obeyed her orders. The Ægean sea was an Attic lake. Westward of Greece, her influence, though strong, was not equally predominant. She had colonies and allies among the wealthy and populous Greek settlements in Sicily and South Italy, but she had no organised system of confederates in those regions; and her galleys brought her no tribute from the western seas. The extension of her empire over Sicily was the favourite project of her ambitious orators and generals. While her great statesman, Pericles, lived, his commanding genius kept his countrymen under control, and forbade them to risk the fortunes of Athens in distant enterprises, while they had unsubdued and powerful enemies at their own doors. He taught Athens this maxim; but he also taught her to know and to use her own strength, and when Pericles had departed, the bold spirit, which he had fostered, overlapped the salutary limits which he had prescribed. When her bitter enemies, the Corinthians, succeeded, in 431 B.C., in inducing Sparta to attack her, and a confederacy was formed of five-sixths of the continental Greeks, all animated by anxious jealousy and

bitter hatred of Athens; when armies far superior in numbers and equipment to those which had marched against the Persians, were poured into the Athenian territory, and laid it waste to the city walls; the general opinion was, that Athens would, in two or three years at the farthest, be reduced to submit to the requisitions of her invaders. But her strong fortifications, by which she was girt and linked to her principal haven, gave her, in those ages, almost all the advantages of an insular position. Pericles had made her trust to her empire of the seas. Every Athenian in those days was a practised seaman. A state, indeed, whose members, of an age fit for service, at no time exceeded thirty thousand, and whose territorial extent did not equal half Sussex, could only have acquired such a naval dominion as Athens once held, by devoting, and zealously training, all its sons to service in its fleets. In order to man the numerous galleys which she sent out, she necessarily employed also large numbers of hired mariners and slaves at the oar; but the staple of her crews was Athenian, and all posts of command were held by native citizens. It was by reminding them of this, of their long practice in seamanship, and the certain superiority which their discipline gave them over the enemy's marine, that their great minister mainly encouraged them to resist the combined power of Lacedæmon and her allies. He taught them that Athens might thus reap the fruit of her zealous devotion to maritime affairs ever since the invasion of the Medes: "she had not, indeed, perfected herself; but the reward of her superior training was the rule of the sea—a mighty dominion, for it gave her the rule of much fair land beyond its waves, safe from the idle ravages with which the Lacedæmonians might harass Attica, but never could subdue Athens."¹

Athens accepted the war with which her enemies threatened her, rather than descend from her pride of place. And though the awful visitation of the Plague came upon her, and swept away more of her citizens than the Dorian spear laid low, she held her own gallantly against her foes. If the Peloponnesian armies in irresistible strength wasted every spring her corn lands, her vineyards, and her olive groves with fire and sword, she retaliated on their coasts with her fleets; which, if resisted, were only resisted to display the pre-eminent skill and bravery of her seamen. Some of her subject-allies revolted, but the revolts were in general sternly and promptly quelled. The genius of one enemy had, indeed, inflicted blows on her power in Thrace, which she was unable to remedy; but he fell in battle in the tenth year of the war; and with the loss of Brasidas the Lacedæmonians seemed to have lost all energy and judgment.

¹ Thucydides.

Both sides at length grew weary of the war; and in 421 B.C. a truce of fifty years was concluded, which, though ill kept, and though many of the confederates of Sparta refused to recognise it, and hostilities still continued in many parts of Greece, protected the Athenian territory from the ravages of enemies, and enabled Athens to accumulate large sums out of the proceeds of her annual revenues. So also, as a few years passed by, the havoc which the pestilence and the sword had made in her population was repaired; and in 415 B.C. Athens was full of bold and restless spirits, who longed for some field of distant enterprise, wherein they might signalise themselves, and aggrandise the State; and who looked on the alarm of Spartan hostility as a mere old woman's tale. When Sparta had wasted their territory she had done her worst; and the fact of its always being in her power to do so, seemed a strong reason for seeking to increase the transmarine dominion of Athens.

The West was now the quarter towards which the thoughts of every aspiring Athenian were directed. From the very beginning of the war Athens had kept up an interest in Sicily; and her squadrons had, from time to time, appeared on its coasts and taken part in the dissensions in which the Sicilian Greeks were universally engaged one against each other. There were plausible grounds for a direct quarrel, and an open attack by the Athenians upon Syracuse.

With the capture of Syracuse all Sicily, it was hoped, would be secured. Carthage and Italy were next to be assailed. With large levies of Iberian mercenaries she then meant to overwhelm her Peloponnesian enemies. The Persian monarchy lay in hopeless imbecility, inviting Greek invasion; nor did the known world contain the power that seemed capable of checking the growing might of Athens, if Syracuse once could be hers.

The national historian of Rome has left us, as an episode of his great work, a disquisition on the probable effects that would have followed, if Alexander the Great had invaded Italy. Posterity has generally regarded that disquisition as proving Livy's patriotism more strongly than his impartiality or acuteness. Yet, right or wrong, the speculations of the Roman writer were directed to the consideration of a very remote possibility. To whatever age Alexander's life might have been prolonged, the East would have furnished full occupation for his martial ambition, as well as for those schemes of commercial grandeur and imperial amalgamation of nations, in which the truly great qualities of his mind loved to display themselves. With his death the dismemberment of his empire among his generals was certain, even as the dismemberment of Napoleon's empire, among his marshals, would certainly have en-

sued, if he had been cut off in the zenith of his power. Rome, also, was far weaker when the Athenians were in Sicily, than she was a century afterwards in Alexander's time. There can be little doubt but that Rome would have been blotted out from the independent powers of the West, had she been attacked at the end of the fifth century B.C., by an Athenian army, largely aided by Spanish mercenaries, and flushed with triumphs over Sicily and Africa; instead of the collision between her and Greece having been deferred until the latter had sunk into decrepitude, and the Roman Mars had grown into full vigour.

The armament which the Athenians equipped against Syracuse was in every way worthy of the state which formed such projects of universal empire; and it has been truly termed "the noblest that ever yet had been sent forth by a free and civilised commonwealth."¹ The fleet consisted of one hundred and thirty-four war-galleys, with a multitude of store-ships. A powerful force of the best heavy-armed infantry that Athens and her allies could furnish, was sent on board together with a smaller number of slingers and bowmen. The quality of the forces was even more remarkable than the number. The zeal of individuals vied with that of the republic in giving every galley the best possible crew, and every troop the most perfect accoutrements. And with private as well as public wealth eagerly lavished on all that could give splendour as well as efficiency to the expedition, the fated fleet began its voyage for the Sicilian shores in the summer of 415 B.C.

The Syracusans themselves, at the time of the Peloponnesian war, were a bold and turbulent democracy, tyrannising over the weaker Greek cities in Sicily, and trying to gain in that island the same arbitrary supremacy, which Athens maintained along the eastern coast of the Mediterranean. In numbers and in spirit they were fully equal to the Athenians, but far inferior to them in military and naval discipline. When the probability of an Athenian invasion was first publicly discussed at Syracuse, and efforts were made by some of the wiser citizens to improve the state of the national defences, and prepare for the impending danger, the rumours of coming war and the proposals for preparation were received by the mass of the Syracusans with scornful incredulity. The speech of one of their popular orators is preserved to us in Thucydides, and many of its topics might, by a slight alteration of names and details, serve admirably for the party among ourselves at present, which opposes the augmentation of our forces, and derides the idea of our being in any peril from the sudden attack of a French expedition. The Syracusan orator told his countrymen

¹ Arnold's *History of Rome*

to dismiss with scorn the visionary terrors which a set of designing men among themselves strove to excite, in order to get power and influence thrown into their own hands. He told them that Athens knew her own interest too well to think of wantonly provoking their hostility: "Even if the enemies were to come," said he, "so distant from their resources, and opposed to such a power as ours, their destruction would be easy and inevitable. Their ships will have enough to do to get to our island at all and to carry such stores of all sorts as will be needed. They cannot therefore carry, besides, an army large enough to cope with such a population as ours. They will have no fortified place from which to commence their operations, but must rest them on no better base than a set of wretched tents, and such means as the necessities of the moment will allow them. But in truth I do not believe that they would even be able to effect a disembarkation. Let us, therefore, set at nought these reports as altogether of home manufacture; and be sure that if any enemy *does* come, the state will know how to defend itself in a manner worthy of the national honour."

Such assertions pleased the Syracusan assembly; and their counterparts find favour now among some portion of the English public. But the invaders of Syracuse came; made good their landing in Sicily; and, if they had promptly attacked the city itself, instead of wasting nearly a year in desultory operations in other parts of the island, the Syracusans must have paid the penalty of their self-sufficient carelessness in submission to the Athenian yoke. But, of the three generals who led the Athenian expedition, two only were men of ability, and one was most weak and incompetent. Fortunately for Syracuse, Alcibiades, the most skilful of the three, was soon deposed from his command by a factious and fanatic vote of his fellow-countrymen, and the other competent one, Lamachus, fell early in a skirmish: while, more fortunately still for her, the feeble and vacillating Nicias remained unrecalled and unhurt, to assume the undivided leadership of the Athenian army and fleet, and to mar, by alternate over-caution and over-carelessness, every chance of success which the early part of the operations offered. Still, even under him, the Athenians nearly won the town. They defeated the raw levies of the Syracusans, cooped them within the walls, and, as before mentioned, almost effected a continuous fortification from bay to bay over Epipolæ, the completion of which would certainly have been followed by a capitulation.

Alcibiades, the most complete example of genius without principle, that history produces, the Bolingbroke of antiquity, but with high military talents superadded to diplomatic and oratorical powers, on being summoned home from his command in Sicily to take his

trial before the Athenian tribunal, had escaped to Sparta; and he exerted himself there with all the selfish rancour of a renegade to renew the war with Athens, and to send instant assistance to Syracuse.

When we read his words in the pages of Thucydides (who was himself an exile from Athens at this period, and may probably have been at Sparta, and heard Alcibiades speak), we are at loss whether most to admire or abhor his subtle and traitorous counsels. After an artful exordium, in which he tried to disarm the suspicions which he felt must be entertained of him, and to point out to the Spartans how completely his interests and theirs were identified, through hatred of the Athenian democracy, he thus proceeded:

"Hear me, at any rate, on the matters which require your grave attention, and which I from the personal knowledge that I have of them, can and ought to bring before you. We Athenians sailed to Sicily with the design of subduing, first the Greek cities there, and next those in Italy. Then we intended to make an attempt on the dominions of Carthage, and on Carthage itself. If all these projects succeeded (nor did we limit ourselves to them in these quarters), we intended to increase our fleet with the inexhaustible supplies of ship timber which Italy affords, to put in requisition the whole military force of the conquered Greek states, and also to hire large armies of the barbarians; of the Iberians, and others in those regions, who are allowed to make the best possible soldiers. *Then*, when we had done all this, we intended to assail Peloponnesus with our collected force. Our fleets would blockade you by sea, and desolate your coasts; our armies would be landed at different points and assail your cities. Some of these we expected to storm, and others we meant to take by surrounding them with fortified lines. We thought that it would thus be an easy matter thoroughly to wear you down: and then we should become the masters of the whole Greek race. As for expense, we reckoned that each conquered state would give us supplies of money and provisions sufficient to pay for its own conquest, and furnish the means for the conquest of its neighbours.

"Such are the designs of the present Athenian expedition to Sicily, and you have heard them from the lips of the man who, of all men living, is most accurately acquainted with them. The other Athenian generals, who remain with the expedition, will endeavour to carry out these plans. And be sure that without your speedy interference they will all be accomplished. The Sicilian Greeks are deficient in military training; but still if they could be at once brought to combine in an organised resistance to Athens, they might even now be saved. But as for the Syracusans resisting Athens by

themselves, they have already with the whole strength of their population fought a battle and been beaten; they cannot face the Athenians at sea; and it is quite impossible for them to hold out against the force of their invaders. And if this city falls into the hands of the Athenians, all Sicily is theirs, and presently Italy also: and the danger which I warned you of from that quarter will soon fall upon yourselves. You must, therefore, in Sicily fight for the safety of Peloponnesus. Send some galleys hither instantly. Put men on board who can work their own way over, and who, as soon as they land, can do duty as regular troops. But above all, let one of yourselves, let a man of Sparta, go over to take the chief command, to bring into order and effective discipline the forces that are in Syracuse, and urge those, who at present hang back, to come forward and aid the Syracusans. The presence of a Spartan general at this crisis will do more to save the city, than a whole army.”¹ The renegade then proceeded to urge on them the necessity of encouraging their friends in Sicily, by showing that they themselves were earnest in hostility to Athens. He exhorted them not only to march their armies into Attica again, but to take up a permanent fortified position in the country: and he gave them in detail information of all that the Athenians most dreaded, and how his country might receive the most distressing and enduring injury at their hands.

The Spartans resolved to act on his advice, and appointed Gylippus to the Sicilian command. Gylippus was a man who, to the national bravery and military skill of a Spartan, united political sagacity that was worthy of his Greek fellow-countryman Brasidas; but his merits were debased by mean and sordid vice; and his one of the cases in which history has been austere just, and where little or no fame has been accorded to the successful but venal soldier. But for the purpose for which he was required in Sicily, an abler man could not have been found in Lacedæmon. His country gave him neither men nor money, but she gave him her authority; and the influence of her name and of his own talents were speedily seen in the zeal with which the Corinthians and other Peloponnesian Greeks began to equip a squadron to act under him for the rescue of Sicily. As soon as four galleys were ready, he hurried over with them to the southern coast of Italy; and there, though he received such evil tidings of the state of Syracuse, that he abandoned all hope of saving that city, he determined to remain on the coast, and do what he could in preserving the Italian cities from the Athenians.

So nearly, indeed, had Nicias completed his beleaguering lines,

¹ Thucydides

and so utterly desperate had the state of Syracuse seemingly become, that an assembly of the Syracusans was actually convened, and they were discussing the terms on which they should offer to capitulate, when a galley was seen dashing into the great harbour, and making her way towards the town with all the speed that her rowers could supply. From her shunning the part of the harbour where the Athenian fleet lay, and making straight for the Syracusan side, it was clear that she was a friend; the enemy's cruisers, careless through confidence of success, made no attempt to cut her off; she touched the beach and a Corinthian captain springing on shore from her, was eagerly conducted to the assembly of the Syracusan people, just in time to prevent the fatal vote being put for a surrender.

Providentially for Syracuse, Gongylus, the commander of the galley, had been prevented by an Athenian squadron from following Gylippus to South Italy, and he had been obliged to push direct for Syracuse from Greece.

The sight of actual succour, and the promise of more, revived the drooping spirits of the Syracusans. They felt that they were not left desolate to perish; and the tidings that a Spartan was coming to command them, confirmed their resolution to continue their resistance. Gylippus was already near the city. He had learned at Locri that the first report which had reached him of the state of Syracuse was exaggerated; and that there was an unfinished space "in the besiegers' lines through which it was barely possible to introduce reinforcements into the town. Crossing the straits of Messina, which the culpable negligence of Nicias had left unguarded, Gylippus landed on the northern coast of Sicily, and there began to collect from the Greek cities an army of which the regular troops that he brought from Peloponnesus formed the nucleus. Such was the influence of Sparta,¹ and such were his own abilities and activity, that he succeeded in raising a force of about two thousand fully-armed infantry with a larger number of irregular troops. Nicias, as if infatuated, made no attempt to counteract his operations; nor, when Gylippus marched his little army towards Syracuse, did the Athenian commander endeavour to check him. The Syracusans marched out to meet him: and while the Athenians were solely intent on completing their fortifications on the southern side towards the harbour, Gylippus turned their position by occupying the high ground in the extreme rear of Epipolæ. He then marched through the unfortified interval of

¹ The effect of the presence of a Spartan officer on the troops of the other Greeks, seems to have been like the effect of the presence of an English officer upon native Indian troops.

Nicias's lines into the besieged town; and joining his troops with the Syracusan forces, after some engagements with varying success, gained the mastery over Nicias, drove the Athenians from Epipolæ, and hemmed them into a disadvantageous position in the low grounds near the great harbour.

The attention of all Greece was now fixed on Syracuse; and every enemy of Athens felt the importance of the opportunity now offered of checking her ambition, and, perhaps, of striking a deadly blow at her power. Large reinforcements from Corinth, Thebes, and other cities, now reached the Syracusans; while the baffled and dispirited Athenian general earnestly besought his countrymen to recall him, and represented the further prosecution of the siege as hopeless.

But Athens had made it a maxim never to let difficulty or disaster drive her back from any enterprise once undertaken, so long as she possessed the means of making any effort, however desperate, for its accomplishment. With indomitable pertinacity she now decreed, instead of recalling her first armament from before Syracuse, to send out a second, though her enemies near home had now renewed open warfare against her, and by occupying a permanent fortification in her territory, had severely distressed her population, and were pressing her with almost all the hardships of an actual siege. She still was mistress of the sea, and she sent forth another fleet of seventy galleys, and another army, which seemed to drain the very last reserves of her military population, to try if Syracuse could not yet be won, and the honour of the Athenian arms be preserved from the stigma of a retreat. Hers was, indeed, a spirit that might be broken, but never would bend. At the head of this second expedition, she wisely placed her best general, Demosthenes, one of the most distinguished officers whom the long Peloponnesian war had produced, and who, if he had originally held the Sicilian command, would soon have brought Syracuse to submission.

The fame of Demosthenes the general, has been dimmed by the superior lustre of his great countryman, Demosthenes the orator. When the name of Demosthenes is mentioned, it is the latter alone that is thought of. The soldier has found no biographer. Yet out of the long list of the great men of the Athenian republic, there are few that deserve to stand higher than this brave, though finally unsuccessful, leader of her fleets and armies in the first half of the Peloponnesian war. In his first campaign in Ætolia he had shown some of the rashness of youth, and had received a lesson of caution, by which he profited throughout the rest of his career, but without losing any of his natural energy in enterprise or in execution. He had performed the eminent service of rescuing Naupactus from

a powerful hostile armament in the seventh year of the war; he had then, at the request of the Acarnanian republics, taken on himself the office of commander-in-chief of all their forces and at their head he had gained some important advantages over the enemies of Athens in western Greece. His most celebrated exploits had been the occupation of Pylos on the Messenian coast, the successful defence of that place against the fleet and armies of Lacedæmon, and the subsequent capture of the Spartan forces on the isle of Sphacteria, which was the severest blow dealt to Sparta throughout the war, and which had mainly caused her to humble herself to make the truce with Athens. Demosthenes was as honourably unknown in the war of party politics at Athens, as he was eminent in the war against the foreign enemy. We read of no intrigues of his on either the aristocratic or democratic side. He was neither in the interests of Nicias, nor of Cleon. His private character was free from any of the stains which polluted that of Alcibiades. On all these points the silence of the comic dramatist is decisive evidence in his favour. He had also the moral courage, not always combined with physical, of seeking to do his duty to his country, irrespectively of any odium that he himself might incur, and unhampered by any petty jealousy of those who were associated with him in command. There are few men named in ancient history, of whom posterity would gladly know more, or whom we sympathise with more deeply in the calamities that befell them, than Demosthenes, the son of Alcisthenes, who in the spring of the year 413 B.C. left Piræus at the head of the second Athenian expedition against Sicily.

His arrival was critically timed; for Gylippus had encouraged the Syracusans to attack the Athenians under Nicias by sea as well as by land, and by an able stratagem of Ariston, one of the admirals of the Corinthian auxiliary squadron, the Syracusans and their confederates had inflicted on the fleet of Nicias the first defeat that the Athenian navy had ever sustained from a numerically inferior foe. Gylippus was preparing to follow up his advantage by fresh attacks on the Athenians on both elements, when the arrival of Demosthenes completely changed the aspect of affairs, and restored the superiority to the invaders. With seventy-three war-galleys in the highest state of efficiency, and brilliantly equipped, with a force of five thousand picked men of the regular infantry of Athens and her allies, and a still larger number of bow-men, javelin-men, and slingers on board, Demosthenes rowed round the great harbour with loud cheers and martial music, as if in defiance of the Syracusans and their confederates. His arrival had indeed changed their newly-born hopes into the deepest consternation. The resources

of Athens seemed inexhaustible, and resistance to her hopeless. They had been told that she was reduced to the last extremities, and that her territory was occupied by an enemy; and yet, here they saw her, as if in prodigality of power, sending forth, to make foreign conquests, a second armament, not inferior to that with which Nicias had first landed on the Sicilian shores.

With the intuitive decision of a great commander, Demosthenes at once saw that the possession of Epipolæ was the key to the possession of Syracuse, and he resolved to make a prompt and vigorous attempt to recover that position, while his force was unimpaired, and the consternation which its arrival had produced among the besieged, remained unabated. The Syracusans and their allies had run out an outwork along Epipolæ from the city walls, intersecting the fortified lines of circumvallation which Nicias had commenced, but from which he had been driven by Gylippus. Could Demosthenes succeed in storming this outwork, and in re-establishing the Athenian troops on the high ground, he might fairly hope to be able to resume the circumvallation of the city, and become the conqueror of Syracuse: for, when once the besiegers' lines were completed, the number of the troops with which Gylippus had garrisoned the place, would only tend to exhaust the stores of provisions, and accelerate its downfall.

An easily-repelled attack was first made on the outwork in the daytime, probably more with the view of blinding the besieged to the nature of the main operations, than with any expectations of succeeding in an open assault, with every disadvantage of the ground to contend against. But, when the darkness had set in, Demosthenes formed his men in columns, each soldier taking with him five days' provisions, and the engineers and workmen of the camp following the troops with their tools, and all portable implements of fortification, so as at once to secure any advantage of ground that the army might gain. Thus equipped and prepared, he led his men along by the foot of the southern flank of Epipolæ, in a direction towards the interior of the island, till he came immediately below the narrow ridge that forms the extremity of the high ground looking westward. He then wheeled his vanguard to the right, sent them rapidly up the paths that wind along the face of the cliff, and succeeded in completely surprising the Syracusan outposts, and in placing his troops fairly on the extreme summit of the all-important Epipolæ. Thence the Athenians marched eagerly down the slope towards the town, routing some Syracusan detachments that were quartered in their way, and vigorously assailing the unprotected part of the outwork. All at first favoured them. The outwork was abandoned by its garrison, and the Athenian

engineers began to dismantle it. In vain Gylippus brought up fresh troops to check the assault: the Athenians broke and drove them back, and continued to press hotly forward, in the full confidence of victory. But, amid the general consternation of the Syracusans and their confederates, one body of infantry stood firm. This was a brigade of their Bœotian allies, which was posted low down the slope of Epipolæ, outside the city walls. Coolly and steadily the Bœotian infantry formed their line, and, undismayed by the current of flight around them, advanced against the advancing Athenians. This was the crisis of the battle. But the Athenian van was disorganised by its own previous successes; and, yielding to the unexpected charge thus made on it by troops in perfect order, and of the most obstinate courage, it was driven back in confusion upon the other divisions of the army, that still continued to press forward. When once the tide was thus turned, the Syracusans passed rapidly from the extreme of panic to the extreme of vengeful daring, and with all their forces they now fiercely assailed the embarrassed and receding Athenians. In vain did the officers of the latter strive to re-form their line. Amid the din and the shouting of the fight, and the confusion inseparable upon a night engagement, especially one where many thousand combatants were pent and whirled together in a narrow and uneven area, the necessary manœuvres were impracticable; and though many companies still fought on desperately, wherever the moonlight showed them the semblance of a foe, they fought without concert or subordination; and not unfrequently, amid the deadly chaos, Athenian troops assailed each other. Keeping their ranks close, the Syracusans and their allies pressed on against the disorganised masses of the besiegers; and at length drove them, with heavy slaughter, over the cliffs, which, scarce an hour before, they had scaled full of hope, and apparently certain of success.

This defeat was decisive of the event of the siege. The Athenians afterwards struggling only to protect themselves from the vengeance which the Syracusans sought to wreak in the complete destruction of their invaders. Never, however, was vengeance more complete and terrible. A series of sea-fights followed, in which the Athenian galleys were utterly destroyed or captured. The mariners and soldiers who escaped death in disastrous engagements and in a vain attempt to force a retreat into the interior of the island, became prisoners of war. Nicias and Demosthenes were put to death in cold blood; and their men either perished miserably in the Syracusan dungeons, or were sold into slavery to the very persons whom, in their pride of power, they had crossed the seas to enslave.

All danger from Athens to the independent nations of the West

was now for ever at an end. She, indeed, continued to struggle against her combined enemies and revolted allies with unparalleled gallantry; and many more years of varying warfare passed away before she surrendered to their arms. But no success in subsequent conquests could ever have restored her to the pre-eminence in enterprise, resources, and maritime skill, which she had acquired before her fatal reverses in Sicily. Nor among the rival Greek republics, whom her own rashness aided to crush her, was there any capable of reorganising her empire, or resuming her schemes of conquest. The dominion of Western Europe was left for Rome and Carthage to dispute two centuries later, in conflicts still more terrible, and with even higher displays of military daring and genius, than Athens had witnessed either in her rise, her meridian, or her fall.

THE SIEGE OF BABYLON

BY

XENOPHON[']

CYRUS was marching to Babylon, but on his way he subdued the Phrygians of Greater Phrygia and the Cappadocians, and reduced the Arabians to subjection. These successes enabled him to increase his Persian cavalry till it was not far short of forty thousand men, and he had still horses left over to distribute among his allies at large.

At length he came before Babylon with an immense body of cavalry, archers, and javelin-men, beside slingers innumerable.

When Cyrus reached the city he surrounded it entirely with his forces, and then rode round the walls himself, attended by his friends and the leading officers of the allies. Having surveyed the fortifications, he prepared to lead off his troops, and at that moment a deserter came to inform him that the Assyrians intended to attack as soon as he began to withdraw, for they had inspected his forces from the walls and considered them very weak. This was not surprising, for the circuit of the city was so enormous, that it was impossible to surround it without seriously thinning the lines. When Cyrus heard of their intention, he took up his post in the centre of his troops with his own staff round him and sent orders to the infantry for the wings to double back on either side, marching past the stationary centre of the line, until they met in the rear exactly opposite himself. Thus the men in front were immediately encouraged by the doubling of their depth, and those who retired were equally cheered, for they saw that the others would encounter the enemy first. The two wings being united, the power of the whole force was strengthened, those behind being protected by those in front and those in front supported by those behind. When the phalanx was thus folded back on itself, both the front and the rear ranks were formed of picked men, a disposition that seemed calculated to encourage valour and check flight. On the flanks, the cavalry, and the light infantry were drawn nearer and nearer to the commander as the line contracted. When the whole phalanx was in close order, they fell back from the walls, slowly, facing the foe, until they were out of range; then they turned, marched

From: *The Education of Cyrus or Cyropaedia* by XENOPHON, translated from the Greek by HENRY GRAHAM DAKYNS

a few paces, and then wheeled round again to the left, and halted, facing the walls, but the further they got the less often they paused, until, feeling themselves secure, they quickened their pace and went off in an uninterrupted march until they reached their quarters.

When they were encamped, Cyrus called a council of his officers and said, "My friends and allies, we have surveyed the city on every side, and for my part I fail to see any possibility of taking by assault walls so lofty and so strong: on the other hand, the greater the population the more quickly must they yield to hunger, unless they come out to fight. If none of you have any other scheme to suggest, I propose that we reduce them by blockade."

Then Chrysantas spoke:

"Does not the river flow through the middle of the city, and is it not at least a quarter of a mile in width?"

"To be sure it is," answered Gobryas, "and so deep that the water would cover two men, one standing on the other's shoulders; in fact the city is even better protected by its river than by its walls."

At which Cyrus said, "Well, Chrysantas, we must forego what is beyond our power: but let us measure off at once the work for each of us, set to, and dig a trench as wide and as deep as we can, that we may need as few guards as possible."

Thereupon Cyrus took his measurements all round the city, and, leaving a space on either bank of the river large enough for a lofty tower, he had a gigantic trench dug from end to end of the wall, his men heaping up the earth on their own side. Then he set to work to build his towers by the river. The foundations were of palm-trees, a hundred feet long and more—the palm-tree grows to a greater height than that, and under pressure it will curve upwards like the spine of an ass beneath a load. He laid these foundations in order to give the impression that he meant to besiege the town, and was taking precautions so that the river, even if it found its way into his trench, should not carry off his towers. Then he had other towers built along the mound, so as to have as many guard-posts as possible. Thus his army was employed, but the men within the walls laughed at his preparations, knowing they had supplies to last them more than twenty years. When Cyrus heard that, he divided his army into twelve, each division to keep guard for one month in the year. At this the Babylonians laughed louder still, greatly pleased at the idea of being guarded by Phrygians and Lydians and Arabians and Cappadocians, all of whom, they thought, would be more friendly to themselves than to the Persians.

However by this time the trenches were dug. And Cyrus heard

that it was a time of high festival in Babylon when the citizens drink and make merry the whole night long. As soon as the darkness fell, he set his men to work. The mouths of the trenches were opened, and during the night the water poured in, so that the river-bed formed a highway into the heart of the town.

When the great stream had taken to its new channel, Cyrus ordered his Persian officers to bring up their thousands, horse and foot alike, each detachment drawn up two deep, the allies to follow in their old order. They lined up immediately, and Cyrus made his own bodyguard descend into the dry channel first, to see if the bottom was firm enough for marching. When they said it was, he called a council of all his generals and spoke as follows:

"My friends, the river has stepped aside for us; he offers us a passage by his own high-road into Babylon. We must take heart and enter fearlessly, remembering that those against whom we are to march this night are the very men we have conquered before, and that too when they had their allies to help them, when they were awake, alert, and sober, armed to the teeth, and in their battle order. Tonight we go against them when some are asleep and some are drunk, and all are unprepared: and when they learn that we are within the walls, sheer astonishment will make them still more helpless than before. If any of you are troubled by the thought of volleys from the roofs when the army enters the city, I bid you lay these fears aside: if our enemies do climb their roofs we have a god to help us, the god of Fire. Their porches are easily set aflame, for the doors are made of palm-wood and varnished with bitumen, the very food of fire. And we shall come with the pine-torch to kindle it, and with pitch and tow to feed it. They will be forced to flee from their homes or be burnt to death. Come, take your swords in your hand: God helping me, I will lead you on. Do you," he said, turning to Gadatas and Gobryas, "show us the streets, you know them; and once we are inside, lead us straight to the palace."

"So we will," said Gobryas and his men, "and it would not surprise us to find the palace-gates unbarred, for this night the whole city is given over to revelry. Still, we are sure to find a guard, for one is always stationed there."

"Then," said Cyrus, "there is no time for lingering; we must be off at once and take them unprepared."

Thereupon they entered: and of those they met some were struck down and slain, and others fled to their houses, and some raised the hue and cry, but Gobryas and his friends covered the cry with their shouts, as though they were revellers themselves. And thus, making their way by the quickest route, they soon found them-

selves before the king's palace. Here the detachment under Gobryas and Gadatas found the gates closed, but the men appointed to attack, the guards rushed on them as they lay drinking round a blazing fire, and closed with them then and there. As the din grew louder and louder, those within became aware of the tumult, till, the king bidding them see what it meant, some of them opened the gates and ran out. Gadatas and his men, seeing the gates swing wide, darted in, hard on the heels of the others who fled back again, and they chased them at the sword's point into the presence of the king.

They found him on his feet, with his drawn scimitar in his hand. By sheer weight of numbers they overpowered him: and not one of his retinue escaped, they were all cut down, some flying, others snatching up anything to serve as a shield and defending themselves as best they could. Cyrus sent squadrons of cavalry down the different roads with orders to kill all they found in the street, while those who knew Assyrian were to warn the inhabitants to stay indoors under pain of death. While they carried out these orders, Gobryas and Gadatas returned, and first they gave thanks to the gods and did obeisance because they had been suffered to take vengeance on their unrighteous king, and then they fell to kissing the hands and feet of Cyrus, shedding tears of joy and gratitude. And when it was day and those who held the heights knew that the city was taken and the king slain, they were persuaded to surrender the citadel themselves. Cyrus took it over forthwith, and sent in a commandant and a garrison, while he delivered the bodies of the fallen to their kinsfolk for burial, and bade his heralds make proclamation that all the citizens must deliver up their arms: wherever weapons were discovered in any house all the inmates would be put to death. So the arms were surrendered, and Cyrus had them placed in the citadel for use in case of need. When all was done he summoned the Persian priests and told them the city was the captive of his spear and bade them set aside the first-fruits of the booty as an offering to the gods and mark out land for sacred demesnes. Then he distributed the houses and the public buildings to those whom he counted his partners in the exploit; and the distribution was on the principle accepted, the best prizes to the bravest men: and if any thought they had not received their deserts they were invited to come and tell him. At the same time he issued a proclamation to the Babylonians, bidding them till the soil and pay the dues and render willing service to those under whose rule they were placed. As for his partners the Persians, and such of his allies as elected to remain with him, he gave them to understand they were to treat as subjects the captives they received.

After this Cyrus felt that the time was come to assume the style and manner that became a king: and he wished this to be done with the goodwill and concurrence of his friends and in such a way that, without seeming ungracious, he might appear but seldom in public and always with a certain majesty. Therefore he devised the following scheme. At break of day he took his station at some convenient place, and received all who desired speech with him and then dismissed them. The people, when they heard that he gave audience, thronged to him in multitudes, and in the struggle to gain access there was much jostling and scheming and no little fighting. His attendants did their best to divide the suitors, and introduce them in some order, and whenever any of his personal friends appeared, thrusting their way through the crowd, Cyrus would stretch out his hand and draw them to his side and say, "Wait, my friends, until we have finished with this crowd, and then we can talk at our ease." So his friends would wait, but the multitude would pour on, growing greater and greater, until the evening would fall before there had been a moment's leisure for his friends. All that Cyrus could do then was to say, "Perhaps, gentlemen, it is a little late this evening and time that we broke up. Be sure to come early tomorrow. I am very anxious myself to speak with you." With that his friends were only too glad to be dismissed, and made off without more ado. They had done penance enough, fasting and waiting and standing all day long. So they would get to rest at last, but the next morning Cyrus was at the same spot and a much greater concourse of suitors round him than before, already assembled long before his friends arrived. Accordingly Cyrus had a cordon of Persian lancers stationed round him, and gave out that no one except his personal friends and the generals were to be allowed access, and as soon as they were admitted he said:

"My friends, we cannot exclaim against the gods as though they had failed to fulfil our prayers. They have granted all we asked. But if success means that a man must forfeit his own leisure and the good company of all his friends, why, to that kind of happiness I would rather bid farewell. Yesterday," he added, "I make no doubt you observed yourselves that from early dawn till late evening I never ceased listening to petitioners, and today you see this crowd before us, larger still than yesterday's, ready with business for me. If this must be submitted to, I calculate that what you will get of me and I of you will be little enough, and what I shall get of myself will simply be nothing at all. Further," he added, "I foresee another absurd consequence. I, personally, have a feeling towards you which I need not state, but, of that audience yonder, scarcely one of them do I know at all, and yet they are

all prepared to thrust themselves in front of you, transact their business and get what they want out of me before any of you have a chance. I should have thought it more suitable myself that men of that class, if they wanted anything from me, should pay some court to you, my friends, in the hopes of an introduction. Perhaps you will ask why I did not so arrange matters from the first instead of always appearing in public. Because in war it is the first business of a commander not to be behindhand in knowing what ought to be done and seeing that it is done, and the general who is seldom seen is apt to let things slip. But today, when war with its insatiable demands is over, I feel as if I had some claim myself to rest and refreshment. I am in some perplexity, however, as to how I can arrange matters so that all goes well, not only with you and me, but also with those whom we are bound to care for. Therefore I seek your advice and counsel, and I would be glad to learn from any of you the happiest solution."

Cyrus paused, and up rose Artabazus the Mede, who had claimed to be his kinsman, and said:

"You did well, Cyrus, to open this matter. Years ago, when you were still a boy, from the very first I longed to be your friend, but I saw you did not need me, and so I shrank from approaching you. Then came a lucky moment when you did have need of me to be your good messenger among the Medes with the order from Cyaxares, and I said to myself that if I did the work well, if I really helped you, I might become your comrade, and have the right to talk with you as often as I wished. Well, the work was done, and done so as to win your praise. After that the Hyrcanians joined us, the first friends we made, when we were hungry and thirsty for allies, and we loved them so much we almost carried them about with us in our arms wherever we went. Then the enemy's camp was taken, and I scarcely think you had the leisure to trouble your head with me—oh, I quite forgave you. The next thing was that Gobryas became your friend, and I had to take my leave, and after him Gadatas, and by that time it was a real task to get hold of you. Then came the alliances with the Sakians, and the Cadousians, and no doubt you had to pay them court; if they danced attendance on you, you must dance attendance on them. So that there I was, back again at my starting-point, and yet all the while, as I saw you busy with horses and chariots and artillery, I consoled myself by thinking, 'when he is done with this he will have a little leisure for me.' And then came the terrible news that the whole world was gathering in arms against us; I could not deny that these were important matters, but still I felt certain if all went well, a time would come at last when you need not

grudge me your company, and we should be together to my heart's content, you and I. Now, the day has come; we have conquered in the great battle; we have taken Sardis and Babylon; the world is at our feet, and yesterday, by Mithras! unless I had used my fists a hundred times, I swear I could never have got near you at all. Well, you grasped my hand and gave me greeting, and bade me wait beside you, and there I waited, the cynosure of every eye, the envy of every man, standing there all day long, without a scrap to eat or a drop to drink. So now, if any way can be found by which we who have served you longest can get the most of you, well and good: but, if not, pray send me as your messenger once more, and this time I will tell them they can all leave you, except those who were your friends of old."

This appeal set them all laughing, Cyrus with the rest. Then Chrysantas the Persian stood up and spoke as follows:

"Formerly, Cyrus, it was natural and right that you should appear in public, for the reasons you have given us yourself, and also because we were not the folk you had to pay your court to. We did not need inviting: we were with you for our own sakes. It was necessary to win over the masses by every means, if they were to share our toils and our dangers willingly. But now you have won them, and not them alone; you have it in your power to gain others, and the moment has come when you ought to have a house to yourself. What would your empire profit you if you alone were left without hearth or home? Man has nothing more sacred than his home, nothing sweeter, nothing more truly his. And do you not think," he added, "that we ourselves would be ashamed if we saw you bearing the hardships of the camp while we sat at home by our own firesides? Should we not feel we had done you wrong, and taken advantage of you?"

When Chrysantas had spoken thus, many others followed him, and all to the same effect. And so it came about that Cyrus entered the palace, and those in charge brought the treasures from Sardis thither, and handed them over. And Cyrus when he entered sacrificed to Hestia, the goddess of the Hearth, and to Zeus the Lord, and to any other gods named by the Persian priests.

THE CONQUEST OF CONSTANTINOPLE, 1203

BY

GEOFFREY DE VILLEHARDOUIN

Now give ear to one of the greatest marvels, and most wonderful adventures that you have ever heard tell of. At that time there was an emperor in Constantinople, whose name was Isaac, and he had a brother, Alexius by name, whom he had ransomed from captivity among the Turks. This Alexius took his brother the emperor, tore the eyes out of his head, and made himself emperor by the aforesaid treachery. He kept Isaac a long time in prison, together with a son, whose name was Alexius. This son escaped from prison, and fled in a ship to a city on the sea, which is called Ancona. Thence he departed to go to King Philip of Germany, who had his sister for wife; and he came to Verona in Lombardy, and lodged in the town, and found there a number of pilgrims and other people who were on their way to join the host.

And those who had helped him to escape, and were with him, said: "Sire, here is an army in Venice, quite near to us, the best and most valiant people and knights that are in the world, and they are going oversea. Cry to them therefore for mercy, that they have pity on thee and on thy father, who have been so wrongfully dispossessed. And if they be willing to help thee, thou shalt be guided by them. Perchance they will take pity on thy estate." And Alexius said he would do this right willingly, and that the advice was good.

Thus he appointed envoys, and sent them to the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, who was chief of the host, and to the other barons. And when the barons saw them, they marvelled greatly, and said to the envoys: "We understand right well what you tell us. We will send an envoy with the prince to King Philip, whither he is going. If the prince will help to recover the land oversea, we will help him to recover his own land, for we know that it has been wrested from him and from his father wrongfully." So were envoys sent into Germany, both to the heir of Constantinople and to King Philip of Germany.

Before this happened, there came the news to the host which

greatly saddened the barons and the other folk, viz. that Fulk, the good man, the holy man, who first preached the Crusade, had made an end and was dead.

And after this adventure, there came to the host a company of very good and worthy people from the empire of Germany, of whose arrival they of the host were full fain.

Then were the ships and transports apportioned by the barons. Ah, God! What fine war-horses were put therein. And when the ships were fulfilled with arms and provisions, and knights and sergeants, the shields were ranged round the bulwarks and castles of the ships, and the banners displayed, many and fair.

And be it known to you that the vessels carried more than three hundred petraries and mangonels, and all such engines as are needed for the taking of cities, in great plenty. Never did finer fleet sail from any port. And this was in the octave of the Feast of St. Remigius (October) in the year of the Incarnation of Jesus Christ twelve hundred and two. Thus did they sail from the port of Venice, as you have been told.

On the Eve of St. Martin (November 10th) they came before Zara in Sclavonia, and beheld the city enclosed by high walls and high towers; and vainly would you have sought for a fairer city, or one of greater strength, or richer. And when the pilgrims saw it, they marvelled greatly, and said one to another, "How could such a city be taken by force, save by the help of God himself?"

The first ships that came before the city cast anchor, and waited for the others; and in the morning the day was very fine and very clear, and all the galleys came up with the transports, and the other ships which were behind; and they took the port by force, and broke the chain that defended it and was very strong and well-wrought; and they landed in such sort that the port was between them and the town. Then might you have seen many a knight and many a sergeant swarming out of the ships, and taking from the transports many a good war-horse, and many a rich tent and many a pavilion. Thus did the host encamp. And Zara was besieged on St. Martin's Day (November 11th, 1202).

At this time all the barons had not yet arrived. Thus the Marquis of Montferrat had remained behind for some business that detained him. And Stephen of Perche had remained at Venice sick, and Matthew of Montmorency. When they were healed of their sickness Matthew of Montmorency came to rejoin the host at Zara; but Stephen of Perche dealt less worthily, for he abandoned the host, and went to sojourn in Apulia. With him went Rotrou of Montfort and Ives of la Jaille, and many others, who were much blamed therein; and they journeyed to Syria in the following spring.

On the day following the feast of St. Martin, certain of the people of Zara came forth, and spoke to the Doge of Venice, who was in his pavilion, and said to him that they would yield up the city and all their goods—their lives being spared—to his mercy. And the Doge replied that he would not accept these conditions, nor any conditions, save by consent of the counts and barons, with whom he would go and confer.

While he went to confer with the counts and barons, that party, of whom you have already heard, who wished to disperse the host, spoke to the envoys and said, "Why should you surrender your city? The pilgrims will not attack you—have no care of them. If you can defend yourselves against the Venetians, you will be safe enough." And they chose one of themselves, whose name was Robert of Boves, who went to the walls of the city, and spoke the same words. Therefore the envoys returned to the city, and the negotiations were broken off.

The Doge of Venice, when he came to the counts and barons, said to them: "Signors, the people who are therein desire to yield the city to my mercy, on condition only that their lives are spared. But I will enter into no agreement with them—neither this nor any other—save with your consent." And the barons answered: "Sire, we advise you to accept these conditions, and we even beg of you so to do." He said he would do so; and they all returned together to the pavilion of the Doge to make the agreement, and found that the envoys had gone away by the advice of those who wished to disperse the host.

Then rose the abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, and said to them: "Lords, I forbid you on the part of the Pope of Rome, to attack this city; for those within it are Christians, and you are pilgrims." When the Doge heard this, he was very wroth, and much disturbed, and he said to the counts and barons: "Signors, I had this city, by their own agreement, at my mercy, and your people have broken that agreement; you have covenanted to help me to conquer it, and I summon you to do so."

Whereon the counts and barons all spoke at once, together with those who were of their party, and said: "Great is the outrage of those who have caused this agreement to be broken, and never a day has passed that they have not tried to break up the host. Now are we shamed if we do not help to take the city." And they came to the Doge, and said: "Sire, we will help you to take the city in despite of those who would let and hinder us."

Thus was the decision taken. The next morning the host encamped before the gates of the city, and set up their petraries and mangonels, and other engines of war, which they had in plenty, and

on the side of the sea they raised ladders from the ships. They began to throw stones at the walls of the city and at the towers. So did the assault last for about five days. Then were the sappers set to mine one of the towers, and began to sap the wall. When those within the city saw this, they proposed an agreement, such as they had before refused by the advice of those who wished to break up the host.

Thus did the city surrender to the mercy of the Doge, on condition only that all lives should be spared. Then came the Doge to the counts and barons, and said to them: "Signors, we have taken this city by the grace of God, and your own. It is now winter, and we cannot stir hence till Eastertide; for we should find no market in any other place; and this city is very rich, and well furnished with all supplies. Let us therefore divide it in the midst, and we will take one half, and you the other."

As he had spoken, so was it done. The Venetians took the part of the city towards the port, where were the ships, and the Franks took the other part. There were quarters assigned to each, according as was right and convenient. And the host raised the camp, and went to lodge in the city.

On the third day after they were all lodged, there befell a great misadventure in the host, at about the hour of vespers; for there began a fray, exceeding fell and fierce, between the Venetians and the Franks, and they ran to arms from all sides. And the fray was so fierce that there were but few streets in which battle did not rage with swords and lances and cross-bows and darts; and many people were killed and wounded.

But the Venetians could not abide the combat, and they began to suffer great losses. Then the men of mark, who did not want this evil to befall, came fully armed into the strife, and began to separate the combatants; and when they had separated them in one place, they began again in another. This lasted the better part of the night. Nevertheless with great labour and endurance at last they were separated. And be it known to you that this was the greatest misfortune that ever befell a host, and little did it lack that the host was not lost utterly. But God would not suffer it.

Great was the loss on either side. There was slain a high lord of Flanders, whose name was Giles of Landas: he was struck in the eye, and with that stroke he died in the fray; and many another of whom less was spoken. The Doge of Venice and the barons laboured much, during the whole of that week, to appease the fray, and they laboured so effectually that peace was made. God be thanked therefor.

A fortnight after came to Zara the Marquis Boniface of Mont-

ferrat, who had not yet joined, and Matthew of Montmorency, and Peter of Bracieux, and many another man of note. And after another fortnight came also the envoys from Germany, sent by King Philip and the heir of Constantinople. Then the barons, and the Doge of Venice assembled in a palace where the Doge was lodged. And the envoys addressed them and said: "Lords, King Philip sends us to you, as does also the brother of the king's wife, the son of the Emperor of Constantinople.

" 'Lords,' says the king, 'I will send you the brother of my wife; and I commit him into the hands of God—may He keep him from death!—and into your hands. And because you have fared for God, and for right, and for justice, therefore you are bound, in so far as you are able, to restore to their own inheritance those who have been unrighteously despoiled. And my wife's brother will make with you the best terms ever offered to any people, and give you the most puissant help for the recovery of the land oversea.

" " 'And first, if God grant that you restore him to his inheritance, he will place the whole empire of Roumania in obedience to Rome, from which it has long been separated. Further, he knows that you have spent of your substance, and that you are poor, and he will give you two hundred thousand marks of silver, and food for all those of the host, both small and great. And he, of his own person, will go with you into the land of Babylon, or, if you hold that that will be better, send thither ten thousand men, at his own charges. And this service he will perform for one year. And all the days of his life he will maintain, at his own charges, five hundred knights in the land oversea, to guard that land.' "

" 'Lords, we have full power,' said the envoys, 'to conclude this agreement, if you are willing to conclude it on your parts. And be it known to you, that so favourable an agreement has never before been offered to any one; and that he that would refuse it can have but small desire of glory and conquest.' "

The barons and the Doge said they would talk this over; and a parliament was called for the morrow. When all were assembled, the matter was laid before them.

Then arose much debate. The abbot of Vaux, of the order of the Cistercians, spoke, and that party that wished for the dispersal of the host; and they said they would never consent: that it was not to fall on Christians that they had left their homes, and that they would go to Syria.

And the other party replied: "Fair lords, in Syria you will be able to do nothing; and that you may right well perceive by considering how those have fared who abandoned us, and sailed from other ports. And be it known to you that it is only by way of

Babylon, or of Greece, that the land oversea can be recovered, if so be that it ever is recovered. And if we reject this covenant we shall be shamed to all time."

There was discord in the host, as you hear. Nor need you be surprised if there was discord among the laymen, for the white monks of the order of Cîteaux were also at issue among themselves in the host. The abbot of Loos, who was a holy man and a man of note, and other abbots who held with him, prayed and besought the people, for pity's sake, and the sake of God, to keep the host together, and agree to the proposed convention, in that "it afforded the best means by which the land oversea might be recovered;" while the abbot of Vaux, on the other hand, and those who held with him, preached full oft, and declared that all this was naught, and that the host ought to go to the land of Syria, and there do what they could.

Then came the Marquis of Montferrat, and Baldwin Count of Flanders and Hainault, and Count Lewis, and Count Hugh of St. Paul, and those who held with them, and they declared that they would enter into the proposed covenant, for that they should be shamed if they refused. So they went to the Doge's hostel, and the envoys were summoned, and the covenant, in such terms as you have already heard, was confirmed by oath, and by charters with seals appended.

And the book tells you that only twelve persons took the oaths on the side of the Franks, for more (of sufficient note) could not be found. Among the twelve were first the Marquis of Montferrat, the Count Baldwin of Flanders, the Count Lewis of Blois and of Chartres, and the Count of St. Paul and eight others who held with them. Thus was the agreement made, and the charters prepared, and a term fixed for the arrival of the heir of Constantinople; and the term so fixed was the fifteenth day after the following Easter.

Thus did the host sojourn at Zara all that winter (1202-1203) in face of the King of Hungary. And be it known to you that the hearts of the people were not at peace, for the one party used all efforts to break up the host, and the other to make it hold together.

Many of the lesser folk escaped in the vessels of the merchants. In one ship escaped wellnigh five hundred, and they were all drowned, and so lost. Another company escaped by land, and thought to pass through Scavonia; and the peasants of that land fell upon them, and killed many, so that the remainder came back flying to the host. Thus did the host go greatly dwindling day by day. At that time a great lord of the host, who was from Germany, Garnier of Borland by name, so wrought that he escaped in a

merchant vessel, and abandoned the host, whereby he incurred great blame.

Not long afterwards, a great baron of France, Renaud of Monmirail by name, besought so earnestly, with the countenance of Count Lewis, that he was sent to Syria on an embassy in one of the vessels of the fleet; and he swore with his right hand on holy relics, he and all the knights who went with him, that within fifteen days after they had arrived in Syria, and delivered their message, they would return to the host. On this condition he left the host, and with him Hervée of Châtel, his nephew, William the *vidame* of Chartres, Geoffry of Beaumont, John of Frouville, Peter his brother, and many others. And the oaths that they swore were not kept; for they did not rejoin the host.

Then came to the host news that was heard rightwillingly, viz. that the fleet from Flanders, of which mention has been made above, had arrived at Marseilles. And John of Nèle, Castellan of Bruges, who was captain of that host, and Thierri, who was the son of Count Philip of Flanders, and Nicholas of Mailly, advised the Count of Flanders, their lord, that they would winter at Marseilles, and asked him to let them know what was his will, and said that whatever was his will, that they would do. And he told them, by the advice of the Doge of Venice and the other barons, that they should sail at the end of the following March, and come to meet him at the port of Modon in Roumania. Alas! they acted very evilly, for never did they keep their word, but went to Syria, where, as they well knew, they would achieve nought.

Now be it known to you, lords, that if God had not loved the host, it could never have held together, seeing how many people wished evil to it!

Then the barons spoke together and said that they would send to Rome, to the Pope, because he had taken the capture of Zara in evil part. And they chose as envoys such as they knew were fitted for this office, two knights, and two clerks. Of the two clerks one was Nevelon, Bishop of Soissons, and the other Master John of Noyon, who was chancellor to Count Baldwin of Flanders; and of the two knights one was John of Friaize, the other Robert of Boves. These swore on holy relics that they would perform their embassy loyally and in good faith, and that they would come back to the host.

Three kept their oath right well, and the fourth evilly, and this one was Robert of Boves. For he executed his office as badly as he could, and perjured himself, and went away to Syria as others had done. But the remaining three executed their office right well, and delivered their message as the barons had directed, and said to

the Pope: "The barons cry mercy to you for the capture of Zara, for they acted as people who could do no better, owing to the default of those who had gone to other ports, and because, had they not acted as they did, they could not have held the host together. And as to this they refer themselves to you, as to their good Father, that you should tell them what are your commands, which they are ready to perform."

And the Pope said to the envoys that he knew full well that it was through the default of others that the host had been impelled to do this great mischief, and that he had them in great pity. And then he notified to the barons and pilgrims that he sent them his blessing, and absolved them as his sons, and commanded and besought them to hold the host together, inasmuch as he well knew that without that host God's service could not be done. And he gave full powers to Nevelon, Bishop of Soissons, and Master John of Noyon, to bind and to unloose the pilgrims until the cardinal joined the host.

So much time had passed, that it was now Lent, and the host prepared their fleet to sail at Easter. When the ships were laden on the day after Easter (April 7th, 1203), the pilgrims encamped by the port, and the Venetians destroyed the city, and the walls and the towers.

Then there befell an adventure which weighed heavily upon the host; for one of the great barons of the host, by name Simon of Montfort, had made private covenant with the King of Hungary, who was at enmity with those of the host, and went to him, abandoning the host. With him went Guy of Montfort his brother, Simon of Nauphle and Robert Mauvoisin, and Dreux of Cresson-sacq, and the abbot of Vaux, who was a monk of the order of the Cistercians, and many others. And not long after another great lord of the host, called Enguerrand of Boves, joined the King of Hungary, together with Hugh, Enguerrand's brother, and such of the other people of their country as they could lead away.

These left the host, as you have just heard; and this was a great misfortune to the host, and to such as left it a great disgrace.

Then the ships and transports began to depart; and it was settled that they should take port at Corfu, an island of Roumania, and that the first to arrive should wait for the last; and so it was done.

Before the Doge, the Marquis, and the galleys left Zara, Alexius, the son of the Emperor Isaac of Constantinople, had arrived thither. He was sent by the King Philip of Germany, and received with great joy and great honour; and the Doge gave him as many galleys and ships as he required. So they left the port of Zara, and had a

fair wind, and sailed onwards till they took port at Duras. And those of the land, when they saw their lord, yielded up the city right willingly and sware fealty to him.

And they departed thence and came to Corfu, and found there the host encamped before the city; and those of the host had spread their tents and pavilions, and taken the horses out of the transports for ease and refreshment. When they heard that the son of the Emperor of Constantinople had arrived in the port, then might you have seen many a good knight and many a good sergeant leading many a good war-horse and going to meet him. Thus they received him with very great joy, and much high honour. And he had his tent pitched in the midst of the host; and quite near was pitched the tent of the Marquis of Montferrat, to whose ward he had been commended by King Philip, who had his sister to wife.

The host sojourned thus for three weeks in that island, which was very rich and plenteous. And while they sojourned, there happened a misadventure fell and grievous. For a great part of those who wished to break up the host, and had aforetime been hostile to it, spoke together and said that the adventure to be undertaken seemed very long and very perilous, and that they, for their part, would remain in the island, suffering the host to depart, and that—when the host had so departed—they would, through the people of Corfu, send to Count Walter of Brienne, who then held Brandis, so that he might send ships to take them thither.

I cannot tell you the names of all those who wrought in this matter, but I will name some among the most notable of the chiefs, viz. Odo of Champlitte, of Champagne, James of Avesnes, Peter of Amiens, Guy the Castellan of Coucy, Oger of Saint-Chéron, Guy of Chappes and Clerembaud his nephew, William of Aunois, Peter Coiseau, Guy of Pesmes and Edmund his brother, Guy of Conflans, Richard of Dampierre, Odo his brother, and many more who had promised privately to be of their party, but who dared not for shame openly so to avow themselves; in such sort that the book testifies that more than half the host were in this mind.

And when the Marquis of Montferrat heard thereof, and Count Baldwin of Flanders, and Count Lewis, and the Count of St. Paul, and the barons who held with them, they were greatly troubled, and said: "Lords, we are in evil case. If these people depart from us, after so many who have departed from us aforetime, our host is doomed, and we shall make no conquests. Let us then go to them, and fall at their feet, and cry to them for mercy, and for God's sake to have compassion upon themselves and upon us, and not to dishonour themselves, and ravish from us the deliverance of the land oversea."

Thus did the council decide; and they went, all together, to a valley where those of the other part were holding their parliament; and they took with them the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and all the bishops and all the abbots of the host. And when they had come to the place they dismounted and went forward, and the barons fell at the feet of those of the other part, greatly weeping, and said they would not stir till those of the other part had promised not to depart from them.

And when those of the other part saw this, they were filled with very great compassion; and they wept very bitterly at seeing their lords, and their kinsmen, and their friends, thus lying at their feet. So they said they would consult together, and drew somewhat apart, and there communed. And the sum of their communing was this: that they would remain with the host till Michaelmas, on condition that the other part would swear, loyally, on holy relics, that from that day and thenceforward, at whatever hour they might be summoned to do so, they would in all good faith, and without guile, within fifteen days, furnish ships wherein the non-contents might betake themselves to Syria.

Thus was covenant made and sworn to; and then was there great joy throughout all the host. And all gat themselves to the ships, and the horses were put into the transports.

Then did they sail from the port of Corfu on the eve of Pentecost (May 24th), which was twelve hundred and three years after the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ. And there were all the ships assembled, and all the transports, and all the galleys of the host, and many other ships of merchants that fared with them. And the day was fine and clear, and the wind soft and favourable, and they unfurled all their sails to the breeze.

And Geoffry, the Marshal of Champagne, who dictates this work, and has never lied therein by one word to his knowledge, and who was moreover present at all the councils held—he bears witness that never was yet seen so fair a sight. And well might it appear that such a fleet would conquer and gain lands, for, far as the eye could reach, there was no space without sails, and ships, and vessels, so that the hearts of men rejoiced greatly.

Thus they sailed over the sea till they came to Malea, to straits that are by the sea. And there they met two ships with pilgrims, and knights and sergeants returning from Syria, and they were of the parties that had gone to Syria by Marseilles. And when these saw our fleet so rich and well-appointed, they conceived such shame that they dared not show themselves. And Count Baldwin of Flanders sent a boat from his ship to ask what people they were; and they said who they were.

And a sergeant let himself down from his ship into the boat, and said to those in the ship, "I cry quits to you for any goods of mine that may remain in the ship, for I am going with these people, for well I deem that they will conquer lands." Much did we make of the sergeant, and gladly was he received in the host. For well may it be said, that even after following a thousand crooked ways a man may find his way right in the end.

The host fared forward till it came to Nigra (Negropont). Nigra is a very fair island, and there is on it a very good city called Negropont. Here the barons took council. Then went forward the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, with a great part of the transports and galleys, taking with them the son of the Emperor Isaac of Constantinople; and they came to an island called Andros, and there landed. The knights took their arms, and over-rode the country; and the people of the land came to crave mercy of the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, and gave so much of their goods that they made peace with him.

Then they returned to the ships, and sailed over the sea; when a great mishap befell, for a great lord of the host, whose name was Guy, Castellan of Coucy, died, and was cast into the sea.

The other ships, which had not sailed thitherward, had entered the passage of Abydos, and it is there that the straits of St. George (the Dardanelles) open into the great sea. And they sailed up the straits to a city called Abydos, which lies on the straits of St. George, towards Turkey, and is very fair, and well situate. There they took port and landed, and those of the city came to meet them, and surrendered the city, as men without stomach to defend themselves. And such guard was established that those of the city lost not one stiver current.

They sojourned there eight days to wait for the ships transports and galleys that had not yet come up. And while they thus sojourned, they took corn from the land, for it was the season of harvest, and great was their need thereof, for before they had but little. And within those eight days all the ships and barons had come up. God gave them fair weather.

All started from the port of Abydos together. Then might you have seen the Straits of St. George (as it were) in flower with ships and galleys sailing upwards, and the beauty thereof was a great marvel to behold. Thus they sailed up the Straits of St. George till they came, on St. John the Baptist's Eve, in June (June 23rd, 1203) to St. Stephen, an abbey that lay three leagues from Constantinople. There had those on board the ships and galleys and transports full

sight of Constantinople; and they took port and anchored their vessels.

Now you may know that those who had never before seen Constantinople looked upon it very earnestly, for they never thought there could be in all the world so rich a city; and they marked the high walls and strong towers that enclosed it round about, and the rich palaces, and mighty churches—of which there were so many that no one would have believed it who had not seen it with his eyes—and the height and the length of that city which above all others was sovereign. And be it known to you, that no man there was of such hardihood but his flesh trembled: and it was no wonder, for never was so great an enterprise undertaken by any people since the creation of the world.

Then landed the counts and barons and the Doge of Venice, and a parliament was held in the church of St. Stephen. There were many opinions set forth, this way and that. All the words then spoken shall not be recorded in this book; but in the end the Doge rose on his feet and said: "Signors, I know the state of this land better than you do, for I have been here erewhile. We have undertaken the greatest enterprises, and the most perilous, that ever people have undertaken. Therefore it behoves us to go to work warily. Be it known to you that if we go on dry ground, the land is great and large, and our people are poor and ill-provided. Thus they will disperse to look for food; and the people of the land are in great multitude, and we cannot keep such good watch but that some of ours will be lost. Nor are we in case to lose any, for our people are but few indeed for the work in hand.

"Now there are islands close by which you can see from here, and these are inhabited, and produce corn, and food, and other things. Let us take port there, and gather the corn and provisions of the land. And when we have collected our supplies, let us go before the city, and do as our Lord shall provide. For he that has supplies, wages war with more certainty than he that has none." To this counsel the lords and barons agreed, and all went back to their ships and vessels.

They rested thus that night. And in the morning, on the day of the feast of our Lord St. John the Baptist in June (June 24th, 1203), the banners and pennants were flown on the castles of the ships, and the coverings taken from the shields, and the bulwarks of the ships garnished. Every one looked to his arms, such as he should use, for well each man knew that full soon he would have need of them.

The sailors weighed the anchors, and spread the sails to the wind, and God gave them a good wind, such as was convenient to them.

Thus they passed before Constantinople, and so near to the walls and towers that we shot at many of their vessels. There were so many people on the walls and towers that it seemed as if there could be no more people (in the world).

Then did God our Lord set to naught the counsel of the day before, and keep us from sailing to the islands: that counsel fell to naught as if none had ever heard thereof. For lo, our ships made for the mainland as straight as ever they could, and took port before a palace of the Emperor Alexius, at a place called Chalcedon. This was in face of Constantinople, on the other side of the straits, towards Turkey. The palace was one of the most beautiful and delectable that ever eyes could see, with every delight therein that the heart of man could desire, and convenient for the house of a prince.

The counts and barons landed and lodged themselves in the palace; and in the city round about, the main part pitched their tents. Then were the horses taken out of the transports, and the knights and sergeants got to land with all their arms, so that none remained in the ships save the mariners only. The country was fair, and rich, and well supplied with all good things, and the sheaves of corn (which had been reaped) were in the fields, so that all—and they stood in no small need—might take thereof.

They sojourned thus in that palace the following day; and on the third day God gave them a good wind, and the mariners raised their anchors, and spread their sails to the wind. They went thus up the straits, a good league above Constantinople, to a palace that belonged to the Emperor Alexius, and was called Scutari. There the ships anchored, and the transports, and all the galleys. The horsemen who had lodged in the palace of Chalcedon went along the shore by land.

The host of the French encamped thus on the straits of St. George, at Scutari, and above it. And when the Emperor Alexius saw this, he caused his host to issue from Constantinople, and encamp over against us on the other side of the straits, and there pitched his tents, so that we might not take land against him by force. The host of the French sojourned thus for nine days, and those obtained supplies who needed them, and that was every one in the host.

During this time, a company of good and trustworthy men issued (from the camp) to guard the host, for fear it should be attacked, and the foragers searched the country. In the said company were Odo of Champfite, of Champagne, and William his brother, and Oger of Saint-Chéron, and Manasses of l'Isle, and Count Girard, a

count of Lombardy, a retainer of the Marquis of Montferrat; and they had with them at least eighty knights who were good men and true.

And they espied, at the foot of a mountain, some three leagues distant from the host, certain tents belonging to the Grand Duke of the Emperor of Constantinople, who had with him at least five hundred Greek knights. When our people saw them, they formed their men into four battalions, and decided to attack. And when the Greeks saw this, they formed their battalions, and arrayed themselves in rank before their tents, and waited. And our people went forward and fell upon them vigorously.

By the help of God our Lord, this fight lasted but a little while, and the Greeks turned their backs. They were discomfited at the first onset, and our people pursued them for a full great league. There they won plenty of horses and stallions, and palfreys and mules, and tents and pavilions, and such spoil as is usual in such case. So they returned to the host, where they were right well received, and their spoils were divided, as was fit.

The next day after, the Emperor Alexius sent an envoy with letters to the counts and to the barons. This envoy was called Nicholas Roux, and he was a native of Lombardy. He found the barons in the rich palace of Scutari, where they were holding council and he saluted them on the part of the Emperor Alexius of Constantinople, and tendered his letters to the Marquis of Montferrat—who received them. And the letters were read before all the barons; and there were in them words, written after various manners, which the book does not (here) relate, and at the end of the other words so written, came words of credit, accrediting the bearer of the letters, whose name was Nicholas Roux.

"Fair sir," said the barons, "we have seen your letters, and they tell us that we are to give credit to what you say, and we credit you right well. Now speak as it pleases you."

And the envoy was standing before the barons, and spoke thus: "Lords," said he, "the Emperor Alexius would have you know that he is well aware that you are the best people uncrowned, and come from the best land on earth. And he marvels much why, and for what purpose, you have come into his land and kingdom. For you are Christians, and he is a Christian, and well he knows that you are, on your way to deliver the Holy Land oversea, and the Holy Cross, and the Sepulchre. If you are poor and in want, he will right willingly give you of his food, and substance, provided you depart out of his land. Neither would he otherwise wish to do you any hurt, though he has full power therein, seeing that if you were twenty times as numerous as you are, you would not be able

to get away without utter discomfiture if so be that he wished to harm you."

By agreement and desire of the other barons, and of the Doge of Venice, then rose to his feet Conon of Béthune, who was a good knight, and wise, and very eloquent, and he replied to the envoy: "Fair sir, you have told us that your lord marvels much why our signors and barons should have entered into his kingdom and land. Into his land they have not entered, for he holds this land wrongfully and wickedly, and against God and against reason. It belongs to his nephew, who sits upon a throne among us, and is the son of his brother, the Emperor Isaac. But if he is willing to throw himself on the mercy of his nephew, and to give him back his crown and empire, then we will pray his nephew to forgive him, and bestow upon him as much as will enable him to live wealthily. And if you come not as the bearer of such a message, then be not so bold as to come here again." So the envoy departed and went back to Constantinople, to the Emperor Alexius.

The barons consulted together on the morrow, and said that they would show the young Alexius, the son of the Emperor of Constantinople, to the people of the city. So they assembled all the galleys. The Doge of Venice and the Marquis of Montferrat entered into one, and took with them Alexius, the son of the Emperor Isaac; and into the other galleys entered the knights and barons, as many as would. They went thus quite close to the walls of Constantinople and showed the youth to the people of the Greeks, and said, "Behold your natural lord; and be it known to you that we have not come to do you harm, but have come to guard and defend you, if so be that you return to your duty. For he whom you now obey as your lord holds rule by wrong and wickedness, against God and reason. And you know full well that he has dealt treasonably with him who is your lord and his brother, that he has blinded his eyes and reft from him his empire by wrong and wickedness. Now behold the rightful heir. If you hold with him, you will be doing as you ought; and if not we will do to you the very worst that we can." But for fear and terror of the Emperor Alexius, not one person on the land or in the city made show as if he held for the prince. So all went back to the host, and each sought his quarters.

On the morrow, when they had heard mass, they assembled in parliament, and the parliament was held on horseback in the midst of the fields. There might you have seen many a fine war-horse, and many a good knight thereon. And the council was held to discuss the order of the battalions, how many they should have, and of what strength. Many were the words said on one side and the

other. But in the end it was settled that the advanced guard should be given to Baldwin of Flanders, because he had a very great number of good men, and archers and crossbowmen, more than any other chief that was in the host.

And after, it was settled that Henry his brother, and Matthew of Wallincourt, and Baldwin of Beauvoir, and many other good knights of their land and country, should form the second division.

The third division was formed by Count Hugh of St. Paul, Peter of Amiens his nephew, Eustace of Canteleu, Anseau of Cayeaux, and many good knights of their land and country.

The fourth division was formed by Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and was very numerous and rich and redoubtable; for he had placed therein a great number of good knights and men of worth.

The fifth division was formed by Matthew of Montmorency and the men of Champagne. Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne formed part of it, and Ogar of Saint Chéron, Manasses of l'Isle, Miles the Brabant, Macaire of Sainte-Menehould, John Foissinous, Guy of Chappes, Clerembaud his nephew, Robert of Ronsoi; all these people formed part of the fifth division. Be it known to you that there was many a good knight therein.

The sixth division was formed by the people of Burgundy. In this division were Odo the Champenois of Champlitte, William his brother, Guy of Pesmes, Edmund his brother, Otho of la Roche, Richard of Dampierre, Odo his brother, Guy of Conflans, and the people of their land and country.

The seventh division, which was very large, was under the command of the Marquis of Montferrat. In it were the Lombards and Tuscans and the Germans, and all the people who were from beyond Mont Cenis to Lyons on the Rhone. All these formed part of the division under the marquis, and it was settled that they should form the rearguard.

The day was fixed on which the host should embark on the ships and transports to take the land by force, and either live or die. And be it known to you that the enterprise to be achieved was one of the most redoubtable ever attempted. Then did the bishops and clergy speak to the people, and tell them how they must confess, and make each one his testament, seeing that no one knew what might be the will of God concerning him. And this was done right willingly throughout the host, and very piously.

The term fixed was now come; and the knights went on board the transports with their war-horses; and they were fully armed, with their helmets laced, and the horses covered with their housings, and saddled. All the other folk, who were of less consequence in battle,

were on the great ships; and the galleys were fully armed and made ready.

The morning was fair a little after the rising of the sun; and the Emperor Alexius stood waiting for them on the other side, with great forces, and everything in order. And the trumpets sound, and every galley takes a transport in tow, so as to reach the other side more readily. None ask who shall go first, but each makes the land as soon as he can. The knights issue from the transports, and leap into the sea up to their waists, fully armed, with helmets laced, and lances in hand; and the good archers, and the good sergeants, and the good crossbowmen, each in his company, land so soon as they touch the ground.

The Greeks made a goodly show of resistance; but when it came to the lowering of the lances, they turned their backs, and went away flying, and abandoned the shore. And be it known to you that never was port more proudly taken. Then began the mariners to open the ports of the transport, and let down the bridges, and take out the horses; and the knights began to mount, and they began to marshal the divisions of the host in due order.

Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, with the advanced guard, rode forward, and the other divisions of the host after him, each in due order of march; and they came to where the Emperor Alexius had been encamped. But he had turned back towards Constantinople, and left his tents and pavilions standing. And there our people had much spoil.

Our barons were minded to encamp by the port before the tower of Galata, where the chain was fixed that closed the port of Constantinople. And be it known to you, that any one must perforce pass that chain before he could enter into the port. Well did our barons then perceive that if they did not take the tower, and break the chain, they were but as dead men, and in very evil case. So they lodged that night before the tower, and in the Jewry that is called Stenon, where there was a good city, and very rich.

Well did they keep guard during the night; and on the morrow, at the hour of tierce, those who were in the tower of Galata made a sortie, and those who were in Constantinople came to their help in barges; and our people ran to arms. There came first to the onset James of Avesnes and his men on foot; and be it known to you that he was fiercely charged, and wounded by a lance in the face, and in peril of death. And one of his knights, whose name was Nicholas of Joinlain, gat to horse, and came to his lord's rescue, and succoured him right well, and so won great honour.

Then a cry was raised in the host, and our people ran together from all sides, and drove back the foe with great fury, so that many

were slain and taken. And some of them did not go back to the tower, but ran to the barges by which they had come, and there many were drowned, and some escaped. As to those who went back to the tower, the men of our host pressed them so hard that they could not shut the gate. Then a terrible fight began again at the gate, and our people took it by force, and made prisoners of all those in the tower. Many were there killed and taken.

So was the tower of Galata taken, and the port of Constantinople won by force. Much were those of the host comforted thereby, and much did they praise the Lord God; and greatly were those of the city discomfited. And on the next day, the ships, the vessels, the galleys and the transports were drawn into the port.

Then did those of the host take council together to settle what thing they should do, and whether they should attack the city by sea or by land. The Venetians were firmly minded that the scaling ladders ought to be planted on the ships, and all the attack made from the side by the sea. The French, on the other hand, said that they did not know so well how to help themselves on sea as on land, but that when they had their horses and their arms they could help themselves on land right well. So in the end it was devised that the Venetians should attack by sea, and the barons and those of the host by land.

They sojourned thus for four days. On the fifth day, the whole host were armed, and the divisions advanced on horseback, each in the order appointed, along the harbour, till they came to the palace of Blachernæ; and the ships drew inside the harbour till they came over against the self-same place, and this was near to the end of the harbour. And there is at that place a river that flows into the sea, and can only be passed by a bridge of stone. The Greeks had broken down the bridge, and the barons caused the host to labour all that day and all that night in repairing the bridge. Thus was the bridge repaired, and in the morning the divisions were armed, and rode one after the other in the order appointed, and came before the city. And no one came out from the city against them; and this was a great marvel, seeing that for every man that was in the host there were over two hundred men in the city.

Then did the barons decide that they should quarter themselves between the palace of Blachernæ and the castle of Boemond, which was an abbey enclosed with walls. So the tents and pavilions were pitched—which was a right proud thing to look upon; for of Constantinople, which had three leagues of front toward the land, the whole host could attack no more than one of the gates. And the Venetians lay on the sea, in ships and vessels, and raised their

ladders, and mangonels, and petraries, and made order for their assault right well. And the barons for their part made ready their petraries and mangonels on land.

And be it known to you that they did not have their time in peace and quiet; for there passed no hour of the night or day but one of the divisions had to stand armed before the gate, to guard the engines, and provide against attack. And, notwithstanding all this, the Greeks ceased not to attack them, by this gate and by others, and held them so short that six or seven times a day the whole host was forced to run to arms. Nor could they forage for provisions more than four bow-shots' distance from the camp. And their stores were but scanty, save of flour and bacon, and of those they had a little; and of fresh meat none at all, save what they got from the horses that were killed. And be it known to you that there was only food generally in the host for three weeks. Thus were they in very perilous case, for never did so few people besiege so many people in any city.

Then did they bethink themselves of a very good device; for they enclosed the whole camp with good lists, and good palisades, and good barriers, and were thus far stronger and much more secure. The Greeks meanwhile came on to the attack so frequently that they gave them no rest, and those of the host drove them back with great force; and every time that the Greeks issued forth they lost heavily.

One day the Burgundians were on guard, and the Greeks made an attack upon them, with part of the best forces that they had. And the Burgundians ran upon the Greeks and drove them in very fiercely, and followed so close to the gate that stones of great weight were hurled upon them. There was taken one of the best Greeks of the city, whose name was Constantine Lascaris; William of Neuilly took him all mounted upon his horse. And there did William of Champille have his arm broken with a stone, and great pity it was, for he was very brave and very valiant.

I cannot tell you of all the good strokes that were there stricken, nor of all the wounded, nor all the dead. But before the fight was over, there came into it a knight of the following of Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault, and his name was Eustace of Marchais; and he was armed only in padded vest and steel cap, with his shield at his neck; and he did so well in the fray that he won to himself great honour. Few were the days on which no sorties were made; but I cannot tell you of them all. So hardly did they hold us, that we could not sleep, nor rest, nor eat, save in arms.

Yet another sortie was made from a gate further up; and there

again did the Greeks lose heavily. And there a knight was slain, whose name was William of Gi; and there Matthew of Wallincourt did right well, and lost his horse, which was killed at the draw-bridge of the gate; and many others who were in that fight did right well. From this gate, which was beyond the palace of Blachernæ, the Greeks issued most frequently, and there Peter of Bracieux gat himself more honour than any, because he was quartered the nearest, and so came most often into the fray.

Thus their peril and toil lasted for nearly ten days, until, on a Thursday morning (July 17th, 1203) all things were ready for the assault, and the ladders in trim; the Venetians also had made them ready by sea. The order of the assault was so devised, that of the seven divisions, three were to guard the camp outside the city, and the other four to give the assault. The Marquis Boniface of Montferrat guarded the camp towards the fields, with the division of the Burgundians, the division of the men of Champagne, and Matthew of Montmorency. Count Baldwin of Flanders and Hainault went to the assault with his people, and Henry his brother; and Count Lewis of Blois and Chartres, and Count Hugh of St. Paul, and those who held with them, went also to the assault.

They planted two ladders at a barbican near the sea; and the wall was well defended by Englishmen and Danes; and the attack was stiff and good and fierce. By main strength certain knights and two sergeants got up the ladders and made themselves masters of the wall; and at least fifteen got upon the wall, and fought there, hand to hand, with axes and swords, and those within redoubled their efforts, and cast them out in very ugly sort, keeping two as prisoners. And those of our people who had been taken were led before the Emperor Alexius; much was he pleased thereat. Thus did the assault leave matters on the side of the French. Many were wounded and many had their bones broken, so that the barons were very wroth.

Meanwhile the Doge of Venice had not forgotten to do his part, but had ranged his ships and transports and vessels in line, and that line was well three crossbow-shots in length; and the Venetians began to draw near to the part of the shore that lay under the walls and the towers. Then might you have seen the mangonels shooting from the ships and transports, and the crossbow bolts flying, and the bows letting fly their arrows deftly and well; and those within defending the walls and towers very fiercely; and the ladders on the ships coming so near that in many places swords and lances crossed; and the tumult and noise were so great that it seemed as if the very earth and sea were melting together. And be it known to you that the galleys did not dare to come to the shore.

Now may you hear of a strange deed of prowess; for the Doge of Venice, who was an old man, and saw naught (seeing he was blind), stood, fully armed, on the prow of his galley, and had the standard of St. Mark before him; and he cried to his people to put him on land, or else that he would do justice upon their bodies with his hands. And so they did, for the galley was run aground, and they leapt therefrom, and bore the standard of St. Mark before him on to the land.

And when the Venetians saw the standard of St. Mark on land, and the galley of their lord touching ground before them, each held himself for shamed, and they all gat to the land; and those in the transports leapt forth, and landed; and those in the big ships got into barges, and made for the shore, each and all as best they could. Then might you have seen an assault, great and marvellous; and to this bears witness Geoffry of Villehardouin, who makes this book, that more than forty people told him for sooth that they saw the standard of St. Mark of Venice at the top of one of the towers, and that no man knew who bore it thither.

Now hear of a strange miracle: those who are within the city fly and abandon the walls, and the Venetians enter in, each as fast and as best he can, and seize twenty-five of the towers, and man them with their people. And the Doge takes a boat, and sends messengers to the barons of the host to tell them that he has taken twenty-five towers, and that they may know for sooth that such towers cannot be retaken. The barons are so overjoyed that they cannot believe their ears; and the Venetians begin to send to the host in boats the horses and palfreys they have taken.

When the Emperor Alexius saw that our people had thus entered into the city, he sent his people against them in such numbers that our people saw they would be unable to endure the onset. So they set fire to the buildings between them and the Greeks; and the wind blew from our side, and the fire began to wax so great that the Greeks could not see our people, who retired to the towers they had seized and conquered.

Then the Emperor Alexius issued from the city, with all his forces, by other gates which were at least a league from the camp; and so many began to issue forth that it seemed as if the whole world were there assembled. The emperor marshalled his troops in the plain, and they rode towards the camp; and when our Frenchmen saw them coming, they ran to arms from all sides. On that day Henry, the brother of Count Baldwin of Flanders, was mounting guard over the engines of war before the gate of Blachernæ, together with Matthew of Wallincourt, and Baldwin of Beauvoir, and their followers. Against their encampment the Emperor Alexius

had made ready a great number of his people, who were to issue by three gates, while he himself should fall upon the host from another side.

Then the six divisions issued from our camp as had been devised, and were marshalled in ranks before the palisades: the sergeants and squires on foot behind the horses, and the archers and crossbowmen in front. And there was a division of the knights on foot, for we had at least two hundred who were without horses. Thus they stood still before the palisades. And this showed great good sense, for if they had moved to the attack, the numbers of the enemy were such that they must have been overwhelmed and (as it were) drowned among them.

It seemed as if the whole plain was covered with troops, and they advanced slowly and in order. Well might we appear in perilous case, for we had but six divisions, while the Greeks had full forty, and there was not one of their divisions but was larger than any of ours. But ours were ordered in such sort that none could attack them save in front. And the Emperor Alexius rode so far forward that either side could shoot at the other. And when the Doge of Venice heard this, he made his people come forth, and leave the towers they had taken, and said he would live or die with the pilgrims. So he came to the camp, and was himself the first to land, and brought with him such of his people as he could.

Thus, for a long space, the armies of the pilgrims and of the Greeks stood one against the other; for the Greeks did not dare to throw themselves upon our ranks, and our people would not move from their palisades. And when the Emperor Alexius saw this, he began to withdraw his people, and when he had rallied them, he turned back. And seeing this, the host of the pilgrims began to march towards him with slow steps, and the Greek troops began to move backwards, and retreated to a palace called Philopas.

And be it known to you, that never did God save any people from such peril as He saved the host that day; and be it known to you further that there was none in the host so hardy but he had great joy thereof. Thus did the battle remain for that day. As it pleased God nothing further was done. The Emperor Alexius returned to the city, and those of the host to their quarters—the latter taking off their armour, for they were weary and overwrought; and they ate and drank little, seeing that their store of food was but scanty.

Now listen to the miracles of our Lord—how gracious are they whithersoever it pleases Him to perform them! That very night the

Emperor Alexius of Constantinople took of his treasure as much as he could carry, and took with him as many of his people as would go, and so fled and abandoned the city. And those of the city remained astonished, and they drew to the prison in which lay the Emperor Isaac, whose eyes had been put out. Him they clothed imperially, and bore to the great palace of Blachernæ, and seated on a high throne; and there they did to him obeisance as their lord. Then they took messengers, by the advice of the Emperor Isaac, and sent them to the host, to apprise the son of the Emperor Isaac, and the barons, that the Emperor Alexius had fled, and that they had again raised up the Emperor Isaac as emperor.

When the young man knew of this he summoned the Marquis Boniface of Montferrat, and the marquis summoned the barons throughout the host. And when they were met in the pavilion of the Emperor Isaac's son, he told them the news. And when they heard it, their joy was such as cannot be uttered, for never was greater joy in all this world. And greatly and most devoutly was our Lord praised by all, in that He had succoured them within so short a term, and exalted them so high from such a low estate. And therefore well may one say: "Him whom God will help can no man injure."

Then the day began to dawn, and the host to put on their armour; and all gat them to their arms throughout the host, because they did not greatly trust the Greeks. And messengers began to come out from the city, two or three together, and told the same tale. The barons and counts, and the Doge of Venice had agreed to send envoys into the city to know how matters really stood; and, if that was true which had been reported, to demand of the father that he should ratify the covenants made by the son; and, if he would not, to declare that they on their part should not suffer the son to enter into the city. So envoys were chosen: one was Matthew of Montmorency, and Geoffry the Marshal of Champagne was the other, and two Venetians on the part of the Doge of Venice.

The envoys were conducted to the gate, and the gate was opened to them, and they dismounted from their horses. The Greeks had set Englishmen and Danes, with their axes, at the gate and right up to the Palace of Blachernæ. Thus were the envoys conducted to the great palace. There they found the Emperor Isaac, so richly clad that you would seek in vain throughout the world for a man more richly apparelled than he, and by his side the empress, his wife, a most fair lady, the sister of the King of Hungary; and of great men and great ladies there were so many, that you could not stir foot for the press, and the ladies were so richly adorned that richer adornment might not be. And all those who, the day before, had

been against the emperor were, on that day, subject in everything to his good pleasure.

The envoys came before the Emperor Isaac, and the emperor and all those about him did them great honour. And the envoys said that they desired to speak to him privily, on the part of his son, and of the barons of the host. And he rose and entered into a chamber, and took with him only the empless, and his chancellor, and his dragūman (interpreter) and the four envoys. By consent of the other envoys, Geoffry of Villehardouin, the Marshal of Champagne, acted as spokesman, and he said to the Emperor Isaac: "Sire, thou seest the service we have rendered to thy son, and how we have kept our covenants with him. But he cannot come hither till he has given us surety for the covenants he has made with us. And he asks of thee, as thy son, to confirm those covenants in the same form, and the same manner, that he has done." "What covenants are they?" said the emperor. "They are such as we shall tell you," replied the envoys: "In the first place to put the whole empire of Roumania in obedience to Rome, from which it has been separated this long while; further to give two hundred thousand marks of silver to those of the host, with food for one year for small and great; to send ten thousand men, horse and foot—as many on foot as we shall devise and as many mounted—in his own ships, and at his own charges, to the land of Babylon, and keep them there for a year; and during his lifetime to keep, at his own charges, five hundred knights in the land oversea, so that they may guard that land. Such is the covenant that your son made with us, and it was confirmed by oath, and charters with seals appended, and by King Philip of Germany who has your daughter to wife. This covenant we desire you to confirm."

"Certes," said the emperor, "this covenant is very onerous, and I do not see how effect can be given to it; nevertheless, you have done us such service, both to my son and to myself, that if we bestowed upon you the whole empire, you would have deserved it well." Many words were then spoken in this sense and that, but, in the end, the father confirmed the covenants, as his son had confirmed them, by oath and by charters with gold seals appended. These charters were delivered to the envoys. Then they took their leave of the Emperor Isaac, and went back to the host, and told the barons that they had fulfilled their mission.

Then did the barons mount their horses, and led the young man, with great rejoicings, into the city, to his father; and the Greeks opened the gate to him, and received him with very much rejoicing and great feasting. The joy of the father and of the son was very great, because of a long time they had not seen one another, and

because, by God's help and that of the pilgrims, they had passed from so great poverty and ruin to such high estate. Therefore the joy was great inside Constantinople; and also without, among the host of the pilgrims, because of the honour and victory that God had given them.

And on the morrow the emperor and his son also besought the counts and the barons, for God's sake, to go and quarter themselves on the other side of the straits, toward Estanor and Gaiata; for, if they quartered themselves in the city, it was to be feared that quarrels would ensue between them and the Greeks, and it might well chance that the city would be destroyed. And the counts and barons said that they had already served him in so many ways that they would not now refuse any request of his. So they went and quartered themselves on the other side, and sojourned there in peace and quiet, and with great store of good provisions.

Now you must know that many of those in the host went to see Constantinople, and the rich palaces and great churches, of which there were many, and all the great wealth of the city—for never was there city that possessed so much. Of relics it does not behove me to speak, for at that day there were as many there as in all the rest of the world. Thus did the Greeks and French live in good fellowship in all things, both as regards trafficking and other matters.

By common consent of Franks and Greeks, it was settled that the new emperor should be crowned on the feast of our Lord St. Peter (August 1st, 1203). So was it settled, and so it was done. He was crowned full worthily and with honour according to the use for Greek emperors at that time.

THE FRENCH AT MOSCOW, 1812

BY

COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

DURING the evening of the 13th, Rostopchine had had an interview with Koutouzow, and had come away deeply offended. As he was not a member of the council of war, his proposal to assist in defending the city was not even noticed; he was also extremely astonished at the faith in the tranquility of Moscow which prevailed in the camp, some high personages seeming indeed to regard its loyalty as a secondary and unimportant factor.

On his return, after eating supper, he lay down, without undressing, to rest on a sofa; between midnight and one in the morning a servant woke him with a letter from Koutouzow, which had come by an express messenger. This announced that the army was to retire behind Moscow, by the Riazan road, and begged him to be good enough to send the police force to facilitate the march of the regiments through the town. This was not news to the count; he had foreseen this issue even before his meeting with Koutouzow, nay, the very day after Borodino. In fact all the generals had agreed that a second pitched battle was out of the question, and consequently all the treasure and crown valuables had been conveyed out of the city. Nevertheless this command, in the form of a mere note from Koutouzow, and brought at night to rouse him out of his first sleep, annoyed him to the last degree.

After the event, when he amused his leisure by writing an explanation of all he had done at this crisis, Count Rostopchine stated in several passages in his memoirs that his object throughout had been to keep Moscow quiet, and induce the inhabitants to quit it. If this was, in fact, what he aimed at, his conduct was above reproach. Why was not the wealth of the capital saved—arms, stores, powder, and corn? Why were thousands of inhabitants cheated and ruined by being told that Moscow would not be evacuated? "To preserve tranquillity," says Count Rostopchine. Why were masses of worthless documents removed, and Leppich's balloon, and fifty other things? "In order that nothing should be sacrificed," says the count again. If these views are admissible, everything he did may be justified.

From: *War and Peace* by COUNT LEO TOLSTOI

All the horrors of the Reign of Terror in France were, in the same way, intended to secure public tranquillity. What could have given Count Rostopchine any ground for fearing a revolution at Moscow when the inhabitants had left, and the army had retired? Neither there, nor on any other spot of Russian ground, did anything take place which had the faintest resemblance to a revolt.

On the 13th and 14th of September there were still above ten thousand men left in Moscow, and excepting at one moment when the crowd collected in some excitement, by the governor's orders in the courtyard of his residence, there was no sign of a riot. Nor would there have been any reason to fear one, even if it had been announced after Borodino that the city must be abandoned instead of asserting the very contrary, distributing arms, and, in short, taking every step which could conduce to keeping up the effervescence of the mob.

Rostopchine was a man of sanguine and irritable temperament; he had always lived and moved in the higher circles of official administration; consequently, in spite of his very genuine patriotism, he knew nothing of the people, though he flattered himself he could manage them. Ever since the enemy had crossed the frontier he had assumed that he could play the part of supreme and active ruler of the national movement in the heart of Russia. He fancied that he had not only governed the actions of the inhabitants, but influenced their impulses by means of his "posters"—proclamations written in a style of vulgar familiarity which the populace hold cheap even among themselves, and which they feel to be derogatory from the pen of a superior. But the part was to his fancy; he had thrown himself into it, and the necessity for laying it down before he could find an opportunity for some heroic exploit took him by surprise. The ground was cut from under his feet and he did not know what line of conduct to pursue.

Though he had so long foreseen the catastrophe, he resisted the conviction that Moscow must be sacrificed to the very last moment, and would do nothing with a view to such a result. It was against his wish that the inhabitants were quitting the town, and it was extremely difficult to persuade him to authorise the steps necessary to secure the safety of the archives of the law courts. All his energies and all his actions were devoted to keeping alive in the citizens that patriotic hatred of the foe and that self-confidence with which he himself was so thoroughly imbued. As to any measure of the extent to which this energy was understood and shared by the populace no estimate has ever been possible. But when, in the course of their development events assumed their true historical proportions—when words were too feeble to express the hatred of the nation for

the invader, though it was not possible to give vent in the fury of battle—when self-reliance was no longer sufficient to defend Moscow—when the people rushed away like a torrent, carrying their property with them, displaying by this act of negative determination the strength of their national feeling—then Rostopchine's attitude suddenly became an absurdity; he felt deserted, helpless, and ridiculous, and with the ground cut away from under his feet. Having received on waking the cold and commanding epistle of Koutouzow he felt all the more irritated because he knew himself to be guilty. Everything that Moscow contained had been entrusted to him—everything belonging to the State, and which it was his business to see taken into safety. And now to take it out of town was no longer possible. "And who is answerable?" he asked himself. "Certainly not I. All was in readiness, I held Moscow in my two hands and this is what they have chosen to do. Traitors! Scoundrels!" he cried out in his rage, not identifying the traitors and scoundrels against whom he was railing, but stung with an impulse of hatred towards those who, in his opinion, had placed him in this ridiculous position.

He spent the night in giving orders which everyone came to ask for; his friends and household had never seen him so morose and unmanageable.

"Excellency, here is a message from the Consistory—from the University—from the Senate House—from the Foundling Hospital. . . ." "The firemen—the governor of the prison—the director of the lunatic asylum want to know what is to be done!" And so it went on all night.

The count's answers were short and stern, and simply intended to convey that he declined to take upon himself any responsibility for the instructions he gave, but threw it all on those who had nullified his efforts.

"Tell the idiot to take proper care of his archives—and the other one not to worry me with silly questions about his firemen . . . If they have horses let them go to Vladimir. Does he want to leave them for the French?"

"Excellency, the inspector of lunatic asylums is here, what is he to do?"

"To go of course; to go at once, and turn the madmen loose in the town. Since the army is commanded by madmen it is only fair that those who are shut up should be set free."

When he was asked what was to be done with the prisoners, the count flew in a rage. "Do you expect me to give you two battalions to escort them out of the city? There are no troops, you know. Well then, set them at liberty."

"But, excellency, there are the political prisoners—Metchkow and Verestchaguine."

"Verestchaguine? Is he not hanged yet. Bring him here."

By about nine in the morning, when the troops began marching through the town, the count had ceased to be importuned with vexatious questions; those who were leaving and those who were staying no longer needed his advice. He had ordered his carriage to go to Sokolniki, and while waiting for it sat down with his arms crossed and a scowling brow.

In times of peace, when the humblest administrator complacently believes the lives of those to whom he administers depend solely on his care, he finds the rich reward of his pains in the consciousness of his own indispensable utility. So long as the calm lasts, the pilot who leads the way in his frail boat, showing the bulky man-of-war the line along which it must steer, firmly believes—as is but natural—that his personal efforts are moving the huge hulk; but if a storm should rise and the surges drive the ship out of her course, she rides the waves in majestic independence, and the pilot, who before was apparently omnipotent, is now feeble and useless. This was what Rostopchine felt, and he was deeply aggrieved.

The chief commissioner of police—the official who had been stopped by the crowd—came into the count's room at the same time as the aide-de-camp, who announced that the governor's carriage was ready. Both men were pale, and the commissioner, after reporting to the governor as to the results of his errand, went on to say that the courtyard was full of a great crowd who were asking to see him. The count, without saying a word, went into the drawing-room and laid his hand on the latch of the glass door that led out on to the balcony; but, changing his mind, he went to another window, from which he could watch what was going on outside. The tall, fair man was still haranguing and gesticulating; the shoeing-smith, covered with blood, stood at his elbow in sullen anger, and the sound of voices came through the closed panes.

"The carriage is ready?" asked Rostopchine.

"Quite ready, your excellency," said the aide-de-camp.

"And what do those fellows want?" asked Rostopchine, going towards the balcony.

"They have assembled, they say, to march against the French by your orders. They talk of treason too; they are a riotous crew, and I only just escaped from them. Allow me to suggest to your excellency . . ."

"Have the goodness to withdraw; I know what I have to do"—and he still stood looking out. "This is what they have brought the country to, and this is what they have brought me to!" he went on, his passion against those whom he held guilty rising to a pitch of savage fury beyond his control. "There they are—the mob, the very dregs of the people, that they have brought to the top by their folly! They want a victim perhaps," thought he, as his eyes fell on the young ringleader, and he wondered to himself on whom he could pour out the vials of his rage.

"Is the carriage quite ready?" he asked once more.

"Yes, excellency. What orders have you to give with regard to Verestchaguine; he is below."

"Ah!" cried Rostopchine, struck by a new idea; he opened the glass door and stepped out on to the balcony. The crowd uncovered their heads and all turned to look at him.

"Good day, my children," he said loudly and hurriedly. "Thank you for coming. I will be among you in a moment, but first I have to settle with the wretch who has lost us Moscow. Wait." And he went back into the room as suddenly as he had come out.

A murmur of satisfaction ran through the crowd.

"You will see—he will make everything right—and you would have it that the French—" and so on—reproaching each other for want of confidence.

Two minutes later an officer made his appearance at the front door and said a few words to the dragoons who formed in a line; the crowd, eagerly curious, pressed forward towards the portico, where Rostopchine now came out.

"Where is he?" he said wrathfully.

Just then a young man appeared upon the scene, coming round the corner of the house; his neck was thin, his head half-shaved, and he wore a blue caftan, once an elegant garment, and a convict's dirty, shabby trousers; he walked slowly between two dragoons painfully dragging his shrunken legs and heavy chains.

"Put him there," said Rostopchine, pointing to the bottom step; but he did not look at the prisoner. The young man stepped up with difficulty, and the clank of his fetters was heard; he sighed, and dropping his hands, which were not at all like those of a working man, he stood with them folded in a submissive attitude. During this little scene not a sound was heard but a stifling cry here and there in the background where the people were crushing each other in their anxiety to see. The count frowning, waited till the prisoner was in his place.

"Children!" he began in a sharp, ringing voice. "This is Verestchaguine, the man who has lost Moscow!"

The prisoner, whose pallid features expressed utter prostration of mind and body, held his head down; but as the count spoke, he slowly raised it and looked at him from under his brows; he seemed anxious to speak, or perhaps to catch his eye. All down his slender throat a blue vein swelled like whipcord, and his face flushed. Everyone turned to gaze at him, and he smiled sadly, as though he felt encouraged by a belief in their sympathy; then his head fell again and he tried to stand steady on the step.

"He has betrayed his sovereign and his country; he sold himself to Bonaparte; he is the only man of us all who has disgraced the name of Russian. It is through him that Moscow is perishing!" said Rostopchine in a steady hard voice. Suddenly with a glance at his victim, he added in a louder voice, "I give him over to you to judge. Take him!"

The crowd, still speechless, packed closer and closer; the press was intolerable, and it became agony to breathe in the malodorous atmosphere while awaiting something awful and unknown. The men in the front ranks, who had seen and understood, stood open-mouthed, their eyes staring with fright—a barrier to the surging of the throng behind them.

"Kill him! Let the traitor perish!" cried Rostopchine. "Put him to the sword—I order it!"

A universal cry rose up in response to the furious tone in which the words were spoken, though they were scarcely articulate; there was a general forward movement, but it was instantly checked.

"Count," said Verestchaguine, timidly but solemnly, during this brief lull, "count, the same God judges us both . . . !" and he stopped.

"Kill him! I command you!" repeated Rostopchine, white with rage.

"Draw swords!" cried the officer in command.

At these words the crowd heaved like a billow, pushing the front ranks against the portico steps. Thus the fair-haired orator was brought quite close to Verestchaguine; his face looked stony—he still held his arm in the air.

"Get it done!" said the officer in a low tone to his men, and one of the dragoons hit Verestchaguine violently with the flat of his sword.

The poor wretch cried out with sheer terror; he hardly felt the blow. A thrill of horror and pity went through the crowd.

"Oh Lord! Oh Lord!" pleaded a voice; but Verestchaguine shrieked, and that shriek sealed his fate. The human feeling which till now had held the frenzied mass in suspense suddenly gave way,

and the crime, already half done, could no longer be averted. A dull roar of rage and revenge drowned the last murmurs of pity; like the fatal ninth wave which destroys a sinking ship, a human wave rolled irresistibly onward; the hindmost of the crowd bore down among the front rows, and all were mingled in indescribable disorder. The dragoon who had already hit Verestchaguine raised his hand for a second stroke. The miserable wretch, covering his face with his hands, flung himself among the people. The young ringleader, against whom he fell, gripped him by the throat, and with a yell like a wild beast, fell with the prisoner in the middle of the mob, which rushed upon them both. Some pulled or hit Verestchaguine, others fell upon the lad, and their cries only incited the rage of their enemies. It was long before the dragoons were able to rescue the young workman, who was half dead; and, in spite of the violence they put into their bloody deed, the murderers could not beat the life out of their hapless and hardly breathing victim, for the dense mass crushed and squeezed them as in a vice, so that they had not room to do their hideous work.

"Finish him off with an axe! Is he well pummelled? A traitor! a Judas! Is he not dead yet? He has been paid his score!"

Not till the poor wretch had ceased to struggle, and his chest scarcely heaved with the death rattle, did the mob make way round his bleeding body: then all came in turn to stare, and turned away shuddering and shocked.

"Good God! What a wild beast a mob is! How could he possibly have escaped! And he is quite a young fellow, too! Some shop keeper's son, no doubt! Oh! the mob! And now they say he was not the right man after all; they gave another a good beating! How can they be so little afraid of such a sin—?" They could all say this now, as they looked at the mangled body and the face all disfigured with dust and blood. A zealous soldier in the police service, thinking that the body ought not to be left to cumber the courtyard of the governor's house, ordered that it should be thrown into the street, and the dragoons dragged it out without ceremony, the head knocking against the stones, while the people shrank back in dismay as the corpse went by.

At the first moment, when Verestchaguine fell and the crowd flew at him, Rostopchine had turned as pale as death, and instead of making for the side door where the carriage was waiting for him, he hurriedly ran into the rooms on the ground floor, he himself knew not why. His teeth were chattering as if with ague.

"Excellency, not that way! Here—!" cried a scared servant.

Rostopchine mechanically followed, found his carriage, jumped in, and told the coachman to drive to his country residence. He

could hear the yells of the mob in the distance; and as he went farther away from it, the recollection of the excitement and alarm he had allowed himself to display before his inferiors annoyed him excessively. "The mob is terrible, hideous!" said he to himself in French. "It is like a troop of wolves that can only be appeased with flesh!"

"Count, the same God judges us both!" he remembered Verestchaguine's words; a cold chill ran down his spine. But it was only for an instant, and he smiled at his own weakness. "Come, come," thought he, "I had a duty to fulfil. The people had to be pacified! . . . public good is merciless on individuals!" and he reflected on his duty to his family, to the capital entrusted to his keeping, and to himself—not as a private resident, but as his sovereign's representative. "Had I been no more than a private gentleman my line of conduct must have been quite different, but under existing circumstances I was bound, at any cost, to protect the life and dignity of the governor-general!"

Comfortably rocked in his chariot, his body recovered by degrees, and as is always the way, with the calming of the body, came calm to the mind. His mind suggested the most flattering arguments to soothe his spirit. They were not new ones; ever since the world was created and men began to kill each other, no man that has ever committed a crime of this character has failed to hush his remorse by deflecting that he was forced to it by his regard for the good of the public. Only those who do not allow their passions to get the upper hand refuse to admit that the good of the public can require such deeds. Rostopchine did not for a moment blame himself for Verestchaguine's death; on the contrary, he formed a hundred reasons for being satisfied with his own tact in punishing a malefactor, and at the same time pacifying the mob.

"Verestchaguine was tried and condemned to death," said he to himself—but, in fact he had only been condemned to penal servitude. "He was a traitor, and I could not let him go unpunished. Thus I killed two birds with one stone."

As soon as he reached his destination he proceeded to various other occupations, and so put to rout any further doubts he might have had.

Half an hour later he was driving across the open ground of Sokolniki, having quite forgotten all previous incidents; thinking only of the future, he made his way to speak with Koutouzow who, as he was told, was to be found at the bridge over the Yaouza. As he rode along he prepared a speech of extreme severity, denouncing the commander-in-chief's disloyal conduct, by which he hoped to make that old "court-fox" feel that he alone was answerable for the

woes of Russia and the loss of Moscow. The open plain was quite deserted, excepting that at the opposite side, in front of a work-house and the lunatic asylum, a number of persons dressed all in white were moving about, some of them shouting and gesticulating. When the count's chariot came in view one of these men ran forward to meet it. The coachman, the dragoons and Rostopchine himself looked with interest mingled with alarm at this party of mad creatures who had just been liberated, and particularly at the man who was coming towards them with an unsteady gait, his long white dressing-gown flying behind his lank legs. He kept his eyes fixed on the count, and shouted to him unintelligible words, while he signed to him to stop. His haggard and gloomy face was covered with tufts of hair; his eyeballs were yellow, with large, jet-black pupils, and they rolled with a scared and restless glare.

"Stop! Stop!" he shouted, panting for breath: and then he went on with his harangue and his extravagant gesticulations. At last he reached the carriage and ran on by the side of it as it went.

"I have been killed three times, and three times I have risen from the dead! . . . They stoned me, they crucified me. But I shall rise again—I shall rise again! Three times must the Kingdom of God be overthrown, and three times shall I re-establish it!" and his voice rose almost to a scream.

Count Rostopchine turned pale, as he had done when the mob had flung itself on Verestchaguine.

"Go on—faster, faster!" he cried to the coachman, quaking with fear.

The horses dashed onward; but still the madman's cries rang in his ears, as he left him farther and farther behind; and before him rose the blood-stained form of Verestchaguine in his fur-trimmed caftan. Time, he knew, could never dim the clearness of that vision; the fearful traces of that scene, he felt, would sink deeper and deeper into his soul, and haunt him till his dying day. He could hear himself say it: "Kill him—on your heads be it if you do not."

"Why should I have said that?" he involuntarily wondered. "I might have held my tongue and nothing would have happened." He could see the dragoon's face with its sudden change from terror to ferocity, and the sad look of timid reproach in his victim's eyes: "But no—I could not do otherwise—the mob—the traitor—the safety of the public. . . ."

The bridge over the Yaouza was still crowded with troops; the heat was intense. Koutouzow, tired and anxious, was sitting on a bench close by and mechanically tracing figures in the sand, when

a general in a cocked hat with an enormous plume of feathers got out of a carriage at a short distance off and addressed him in French with a mixed air of irritation and hesitancy. It was Count Rostopchine, and he explained to Koutouzow that he had come in search of him, since, as Moscow had ceased to exist, there was nothing left but the army.

"Matters would have turned out differently," he said, "if your highness had told me that Moscow would be deserted without a struggle!"

Koutouzow looked at him, not paying any particular heed to his words, but simply trying to read the expression of his face, and Rostopchine, abashed, said no more. Koutouzow quietly nodded his head, and without taking his eyes off him said: "No, I will not abandon Moscow without a struggle!"

Was he thinking of something else, or did he speak in full consciousness that the words were meaningless? Rostopchine withdrew, and strange to say this proud man, Governor-General of Moscow, found nothing better to do than to proceed to the bridge and stand there cracking a whip to drive on the carts that crowded the road.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Murat's army entered Moscow, preceded by a detachment of Wurtemberg Hussars. The King of Naples himself, with a large suite, came on horseback behind. Having reached the Arbat, Murat waited for information from the van as to the state of the fortress known as the Kremlin. A few idlers gathered round him, staring in amazement at this foreign commander with his long hair, his coat blazing with gold, and his many-coloured plume of feathers.

"I say, is that their king?" said one.

An interpreter rode up to the crowd.

"Take your cap off!" whispered somebody in the crowd.

The interpreter came forward, and speaking to an old gatekeeper, asked him whether it were far to the Kremlin. Puzzled by the Polish accent, which was strange to him, the man did not understand the question, and slunk behind his companions. Murat rode up to the interpreter and told him to ask where the Russian troops were. One of the Russians understood the question and several voices answered together. At this moment an officer came up from the front to tell Murat that the gates of the citadel were shut, and that no doubt, those within were preparing to defend it.

"Very good," he said, and he ordered one of his aides-de-camp to bring up three guns. The artillery set out at a trot, and Murat, passing the column which was to follow, crossed the Arbat. When

they reached the end of the street the column stopped. Some French officers directed the placing of the guns and examined the Kremlin through a field-glass. Suddenly the bells began to ring for vespers; believing it to be an alarm they took fright, and some infantrymen ran forward to the Koutafiew gates, which were barricaded with beams and planks. As they approached two shots were fired. The general in command of the artillery shouted a few words, and all, officers and soldiers alike, turned back. Three more shots were fired and a soldier was wounded in the foot. Seeing this, a determination to fight it out and face death became visible on every face, taking the place of the calm and easy expression which till this moment they had worn. All, from the field-marshal to the humblest private, understood that this was not merely a street in Moscow, but a field of battle—where a bloody struggle was perhaps imminent. The guns were pointed, the gunners lighted their slow matches, the officer shouted: "Fire!" Two sharp whistles rent the air at once, the grape-shot rattled and sank with a sharp noise into the beams, the stonework, and the barricade, while two puffs of smoke hovered over the pieces. The echo of their discharge had hardly died away when a strange noise was heard in the air: an enormous number of rooks flew up from the walls and soared in a circle, croaking and beating their wings heavily as they rose. At the same moment a solitary shout was heard behind the barricade, and in the midst of the smoke, as it cleared away, the figure of a man stood revealed, bareheaded, wearing a caftan, and aiming at the French with a musket.

"Fire!" repeated the artillery officer, and the crack of the musket rang out at the same moment as the roar of the cannon. A cloud of smoke hid the gate; there was not another sound; the foot soldiers again went forward. Three wounded men and four dead lay in front of the entrance, while two men fled along under the wall.

"Clear away!" said the officer, pointing to the beams and the bodies.

The French finished off the wounded and threw the bodies over the railings. Who were these men? No one ever knew. Monsieur Thiers alone has even mentioned them. "These wretches had taken possession of the sacred stronghold, seized some muskets out of the arsenal and fired on the French. Some were cut down and the Kremlin was purged of their presence."¹ Murat was now told that the way was open. The French entered the gates and bivouacked on the square in front of the Senate House, while the soldiers invaded

¹ "The Wretches," as Monsieur Thiers calls them, were the convicts.

the premises and threw the chairs out of windows to make their fires. The different detachments followed in files, marching through the Kremlin to find empty and deserted houses where they established themselves, as it were in camp.

Their uniforms were worn out, their faces haggard and hungry, they were reduced to a half of their original strength, but they nevertheless entered Moscow in good order. But as soon as they dispersed through the abandoned city the army, *quâd army*, ceased to exist, and the soldier was lost in the marauder. These marauders, when they left Moscow five weeks later, carried off loads of objects which they regarded as necessary or valuable. Their aim was no longer conquest but the preservation of what they had stolen. Like a monkey who, after having plunged his hand into a narrow-necked jar and grasped a quantity of nuts will not open his fist for fear of losing his plunder and so risks his life, the French increased the perils of their retreat by dragging after them an enormous mass of booty; which, like the monkey, they would not relinquish.

Within ten minutes of their dispersal, soldiers and officers were indistinguishable. Men might be seen inside the houses, passing across the windows, to and fro, in gaiters and uniforms, examining the rooms with a look of satisfaction, and rummaging the cellars and ice-houses for provisions. They tore down the gates of the stables and coach-houses, and turning up their sleeves to the elbows, lighted the stoves and cooked their dinners, amusing some of the inhabitants that had lingered behind, frightening others, trying to win over the women and children. This sort of men swarmed everywhere—in the shops and in the streets, but of soldiers in the true sense there were none.

It was in vain that repeated orders were sent to the different heads of divisions desiring them to keep the men from running about the town, from using any violence towards the inhabitants, and from pillage; quite in vain was the rule that the roll was to be called daily. In spite of every precaution these men, who only yesterday were an army, were scattered throughout the deserted city, seeking the abundant stores of food and means of enjoyment which it still contained. Like a flock of cattle that wanders off and breaks up as soon as rich pasturage is reached after the desert, so did this army wander off in the rich town; and they were soon lost, as water is lost which trickles away through sand. The cavalry quartered in a rich merchant's house, which had been abandoned with all contents, found adjoining stables of far greater extent than they really needed; but they nevertheless could not be kept from overflowing into the next house which they fancied was more commodious. Some, indeed, took possession of several houses at

once, and made haste to write on the doors with a scrap of chalk the names of the occupants; so that finally the men of different corps fell to quarrelling and abusing each other. Even before they settled into their quarters they ran about to inspect the town, and rushed off to the places where from hearsay, they expected to find articles of value. Their chiefs, after vainly trying to check them, allowed themselves to succumb to the temptation to commit similar depredations. Even the generals crowded to the coachmakers' warehouses to choose, one a chariot and another a travelling-carriage. The few inhabitants who had not been able to get away offered free quarters to the superior officers, in the hope of thus escaping pillage. Wealth was abundant; there seemed no end to the plunder, and the French fancied that they would find even greater treasure in the parts of the town that they had not yet explored. And as when water is poured on dry soil, the water and the dry soil disappear so when a hungry army enters a wealthy town, disappear both the army and the wealthy town—the result is mud, fires and pillage.

The French ascribe the burning of Moscow to Rostopchine's savage patriotism; the Russians attribute it to the barbarity of the French; but, in point of fact, neither Rostopchine nor the invaders can be held responsible for it. The condition of the town itself was the real cause. Moscow was burnt, as any town might have been (which was built of wood—quite apart from the state of the fire-engines and whether there were any left or no. Moscow was burnt because it was deserted by its inhabitants, and as inevitably as a pile of saw-dust on which sparks have been falling for several days. A town built of wood in which while it was in the possession of its inhabitant-owners and with a police, fires break out every day, cannot but catch fire when the inhabitants are not there, and an army smoking, making bonfires in its squares of the furniture out of the houses and cooking two meals a day, is in possession. When an army, even in time of peace, is encamped in a village, the number of fires increases enormously. What must then be the fate of a town built of wood and in the possession of a hostile army? The savage patriotism of Rostopchine and the barbarity of the French can neither of them be blamed. Moscow was burnt because of the pipes, the kitchens, the bonfires; because of the carelessness of enemy soldiers, the non-owning inhabitants of the houses. If there was any incendiarism (which is doubtful) it cannot be considered the reason, for without it the same result was bound to occur. If it is in any sense true that Moscow was burnt by the inhabitants, it is not less certain that it was not by those who had

remained there, but by the fact that so many had left. Moscow was not treated by the French with such respect as Berlin and Vienna, because its inhabitants did not welcome the invaders with bread and salt and the keys of the gates, but preferred to leave it to its hapless fate.

THE RELIEF OF LUCKNOW

BY

L. J. TROTTER

ON the last day of July 1857, Sir James Outram, G.C.B., landed in Calcutta, having just received the Grand Cross of the Bath in reward for his services against the Persians. For our imperilled countrymen in India July had been a month of torturing anxiety, of incessant alarms, relieved by a few gleams of hope, too often 'swallowed up in a black cloud of unspeakable disaster. Even in the strongly governed, well-policed Punjâb the fear of Nicholson's avenging column had failed to avert a formidable outbreak at Simla. The little army, which on June 8th had encamped before Delhi, seemed by the close of July as far as ever from the capture of a great walled city bristling with guns and garrisoned by more than thirty thousand trained Sepoys. In the North-West Provinces the fort of Agra was filled with fugitives from the neighbouring districts, and held by a garrison too weak to cope with the lawlessness everywhere rampant outside its walls. All Oudh was in wild revolt, and the untimely death of Sir Henry Lawrence in his Residency, which his foresight had made defensible, marked the first days of a siege memorable for the sufferings and the dauntless heroism of a few hundred men and women under the most trying conditions, in the face of overwhelming odds.

From Allahabad, succoured in the nick of time by Colonel James Neill and his Madras Fusiliers fresh from restoring order in Benares, General Havelock and his recent comrades of the Persian war had fought their way in triumph to Cawnpore against thousands of armed mutineers sent out for their undoing by the miscreant Nana of Bithur. They had already learned something of the fate which befell Sir Hugh Wheeler's hapless garrison in the last days of June, but they still hoped to rescue the women and children whom the Nana held in close captivity. On the night of July 16th, Havelock's weary soldiers slept on the parade-ground of Cawnpore, still unprepared for the crowning catastrophe, whose tokens on the morrow were to meet their eyes. Not until then did they learn the whole truth; how on the evening of July 15th, the day of his last defeat, the ruthless Nana had caused the remnant of his captives—men,

women, and children—to be shot down, hacked, stabbed, or beaten to death, within the bungalow which had been their prison for a fortnight past, and how next morning their mangled bodies had been stripped and tumbled into the nearest well. Two hundred in all, including those who had survived the slaughter of Fathigarh, appear to have perished, on that night of horror. Of all the nine hundred souls who entered the doomed intrenchment in the first week of June, four only, two officers and two privates, survived to rejoin their countrymen at Allahabad.

Before the end of July, mutiny and rebellion were rampant also in the province of Bihâr, where the mutineers from Dinapore acted in concert with the armed retainers of Kunwar Singh. From his quarters at Government House Outram wrote on August 2nd, to inform Lord Elphinstone that events had occurred in Dinapore and elsewhere which required his "immediate services in command of the two divisions of the Bengal army," covering the whole distance from Calcutta to Cawnpore. Besides his appointment to this ~~double~~ charge, Lord Canning intrusted him a few days later with the post of chief commissioner in Oudh, left vacant by the death of Sir Henry Lawrence. His lordship further insisted on Outram's retaining the appointment of governor-general's agent for Rajputana, in spite of Outram's earnest desire to hand that post over to his *locum tenens*, Sir George Lawrence, "one of my companions in chase of Dost Muhammad over the Hindu Kush in 1839."

On the evening of August 5th, Outram started on his voyage up the Ganges with Colonel Robert Napier of the Bengal Engineers—afterwards Lord Napier of Magdala—for his military secretary and chief of the staff. "I take up a mountain train with me," he writes to Lord Elphinstone, "but no artillerymen are to be had, and I must extemporise a crew for the guns as best I can from among the sailors and soldiers. You will allow my prospects are not very brilliant, but your lordship may rely on my doing my best to uphold my honour as a Bombay officer, and to prove myself worthy of the confidence you have always placed in me."

The soldiers to whom he refers belonged to the 5th and 90th Regiments of Foot. On his way up the river Outram learned how gloriously Vincent Eyre, at the head of two hundred and twenty Europeans and three guns, had won his perilous way through thousands of Bihâr insurgents to the rescue of Wake's heroic little garrison at Arrah, at the very moment when hope had wellnigh given place to despair. At Dinapore, on the 18th, Outram received perhaps his first telegram from the new commander-in-chief, the veteran Sir Colin Campbell, who expressed the hope that Eyre's success in Bihâr would enable Sir James Outram to send on his

European troops at once to Allahabad. "It is an exceeding satisfaction to me," Sir Colin added, "to have your assistance, and to find you in your present position."

Not until the evening of September 1st did Outram arrive at Allahabad. By that time Havelock had fallen back upon Cawnpore, disheartened by the failure of two attempts made in the teeth of appalling obstacles to relieve the daily dwindling garrison of Lucknow. He had even talked of retiring as far as Allahabad unless the reinforcements he sorely needed were sent up to him without delay. The prospect indeed was enough to daunt the most sanguine leader of troops in the field; for cholera, sunstroke, dysentery, and the inevitable losses in battle against heavy odds had reduced Havelock's effective strength from thirteen hundred men to seven hundred. His spirits had been further depressed by the knowledge that another officer was about to relieve him of his command.

On this point, however, Outram had already taken care to reassure him. On August 28th, he had telegraphed to Havelock announcing his intention to retain that officer in command of the relieving force. "I shall join you with the reinforcements. But to you shall be left the glory of relieving Lucknow, for which you have already struggled so much. I shall accompany you only in my civil capacity as commissioner, placing my military service at your disposal should you please, serving under you as volunteer." This act of heroic self-abnegation, over which Outram had pondered long and anxiously, and which he lived sincerely to regret, was warmly commended at the time both by Sir Colin Campbell and the governor-general.

On the night of September 5th, Outram began his march towards Cawnpore at the head of the 90th Foot, having sent on half of his force under Major Simmons in the first hours of the same day. At the second stage of his march he was joined by a strong company of the 78th Highlanders, dispatched by bullock-train from Benares. On the morning of the 10th Outram dispatched Major Eyre, with two guns and one hundred and fifty men mounted on elephants, to look after a body of insurgents who were threatening to outflank him. "As Major Eyre commands the party," he wrote to Havelock, "he will succeed if any one can in discomfiting the scoundrels." Eyre discharged his errand so completely, that few of the enemy escaped across the river.

On the morning of the 15th more than half of Outram's reinforcements marched into camp at Cawnpore. The rest were brought up later in the day by their noble leader, who found himself warmly welcomed, both by his friend and comrade of the Persian war and by Havelock's bold lieutenant, James Neill. He had

intended, if need arose, to make Cawnpore by forced marches; but one day's experience convinced him of the danger of overtaxing the strength of men, some hundreds of whom had been cooped up for five months on board ship and in river-steamers. "As we have such favourable accounts of the Lucknow garrison," he wrote to Havelock on September 6th, "and it being of importance you should receive your reinforcements in an efficient state, I propose to pursue the ordinary ten marches to Cawnpore." Three days later he was able to telegraph to the commander-in-chief, "We are getting on better, as the 90th get more accustomed to their shore-legs."

Thanks to Outram's timely dissuasions, Havelock's order for the immediate advance of his troops across the Ganges was countermanded, pending the construction of a bridge of boats on the Cawnpore side. During the three days spent upon this work by Crommelin and his sappers, aided by the coolies whom Mr. John Sherer, the energetic magistrate, had got together, Outram's magnetic influence made itself felt among all classes of his countrymen at Cawnpore. "Although every soldier," writes Captain John Robertson, "had perfect confidence in Brigadier-General Havelock, all who had served with Outram were delighted to see him again. . . . During the few days he was at Cawnpore he got up sports for the amusement of the men, as he had done in Persia, awarding prizes to the successful competitors. His unselfish and generous nature in allowing Havelock to command until the garrison of Lucknow had been relieved, was characteristic of the man. He never appeared to have any thought for himself."

Mr. Sherer "felt somewhat nervous on entering a room in the large house on the bank, where he [Outram] had taken up his quarters—a little out of conversation, as one does find oneself when first in the presence of a person of whom one has heard much. The kindly face, the friendly hand extended, the entire absence of stiffness or self-consciousness—reminding me greatly, in this noble and natural simplicity, of Mr. Thomason—soon brought reassurance. He took the trouble to show me a map of Lucknow, and to explain some of the difficulties of reaching the Residency. And never neglecting an opportunity of encouraging what he thought was right, he told me he had not failed to observe how harmoniously all efforts for the objects in view were working together."

On the morning of the 16th Sir James Outram issued the famous order which transferred to Havelock the sole command of the troops destined for the relief of Lucknow. "The important duty of first relieving the garrison of Lucknow has been intrusted to Brigadier-General Havelock, C.B.; and Major-General Outram feels

that it is due to this distinguished officer, and the strenuous and noble exertions which he has already made to effect that object, that to him should accrue the honour of the achievement. Major-General Outram is confident that the great end for which General Havelock and his brave troops have so long and so gloriously fought will now, under the blessing of Providence, be accomplished.

"The major-general therefore, in gratitude for, and admiration of, the brilliant deeds in arms achieved by General Havelock and his gallant troops, will cheerfully waive his rank on the occasion; and will accompany the force to Lucknow in his civil capacity as Chief Commissioner of Oudh, tendering his military services to General Havelock as a volunteer. On the relief of Lucknow the major-general will resume his position at the head of the force."

That such an order, in Mr. Sherer's opinion, "did honour to his heart, no one, of course, could dispute. But there was no question of Outram's heart. He was known to be the most generous man alive. The difficulty that exercised many military minds was of a different kind. Can an officer, intrusted with a task by the queen, make that task over to another person?" What Outram himself thought upon this subject a few years later will be shown in a subsequent chapter.

In the early morning of September 19th the relieving column, now mustering about three thousand fighting men, began its fateful march over the bridge of boats into Oudh. Outram reined up his mottled roan horse on the mound where Mr. Sherer and a few other friends were standing. "He was bearded and sat erect, as if his youth had returned. The long array wound down to the water, and slowly crossed over into Oudh. Men of history were there: Havelock and Napier, Neill and Eyre; and many others. The pageant passed us; and by nightfall the troops were spread out on the opposite shore. Next day the heavy guns were taken over—a task of some trouble, of course."

The first infantry brigade, commanded by Neill himself, consisted of the Madras Fusiliers, the 5th Fusiliers, the 84th Foot, and two companies of the 64th. The second, composed of the 78th Highlanders, the 90th Light Infantry, and Brasyer's Sikhs, was led by Colonel Hamilton of the 78th. The field-batteries of Maude and Olpherts, together with Vincent Eyre's heavy guns and howitzers, made up the artillery brigade under the command of Major Cooper. Crommelin commanded the Engineers. To Captain Barrow of the Madras army had been assigned the leadership of the Volunteer Cavalry, about one hundred and fifty in all, two-thirds of whom were officers in search of employment, indigo-planters,

refugee tradesmen, and police patrols. Conspicuous among these for his powerful war-horse and the stout cudgel which he carried in the place of any other weapon, rode our Indian Bayard, in himself a host.

Only forty-five miles lay between the river and the goal of every man's desire. But the rainy season was not yet over, and for three days our men had to tramp along through a flooded country under a downpour of persistent rain. On the morning of the 21st they had marched only five miles from camp when the enemy were seen in great numbers with twelve guns about the village of Mangalwâr. A strong turning movement against the enemy's right was promptly seconded by a dashing charge of Barrow's volunteers, foremost among whom was Sir James Outram, as eager for the fray as when many years before, he started in chase of Dost Muhammad. "A turn in the road," to quote from Mr. G. W. Forrest, "disclosed right ahead a dense body of rallied rebels. 'Close up and take order,' shouted Barrow, and in a word they plunged forward and rode into the mass, sabring right and left; Outram's malacca in full play. Pursued and pursuers rolled pell-mell along the road to Bashiratganj. Two guns behind an intrenchment barred the way. Barrow, his men following him, rushed at the earthwork and over it, cut down the gunners and captured the guns. The rebels were pursued and sabred through the town till the great serai beyond was reached. A hundred and twenty killed, two guns and the regimental colours of the Bengal Native Infantry captured, attested the vigour of the pursuit."

For eight miles, as far as Bashiratganj was the pursuit continued. Havelock gave the routed enemy no time to destroy the bridge over the Sai, or to carry across it more than four of their guns. That night the column bivouacked a little beyond Bashiratganj. On the 22nd it crossed the Sai, still under a drenching rain, and found shelter for the night in some neighbouring villages. During that afternoon the firing at Lucknow could be heard so plainly that a royal salute was fired from Eyre's 24-pounders, in the hope of its reaching the ears of our countrymen only sixteen miles away. But that hope proved fallacious, for the wind was blowing in the wrong direction.

On the 23rd Havelock's force marched on for some ten miles along a road lined by broad swamps to attack ten thousand or eleven thousand rebels strongly posted about the walled park and gardens of the Alambâgh, the great summer palace of the kings of Oudh. In the face of a steady fire from many guns the assailants plunged through the intervening marshes, drove the enemy before them at every turn, and stormed the park with the adjacent build-

ings, taking five guns, and following up the routed enemy to the very skirts of Lucknow. Outram's volunteers and Johnson's irregulars vied with each other in deeds of successful daring, charging some of the guns, cutting down the gunners, and chasing the pandies back to their intrenchments beyond the canal. Sixty officers and men slain or wounded was the price paid by Havelock for a victory which placed him within arm's-length of his long-desired goal.

Barrow and Outram, joined by Olpherts with his light guns, had chased the rebels up to the Chârbagh bridge which spanned the canal. The failing daylight stayed their further progress at a point too strong to be carried by a sudden rush. As Outram was riding back with his men he received a dispatch announcing the fall of Delhi, and the flight of its king. Later in the evening our wet and weary soldiers drank in the glad tidings from Outram's own lips as he passed along the lines of their respective bivouacs. The ringing cheers which everywhere followed the reading of Brigadier Wilson's letter seemed to find their answer in the booming of the guns from the hard-pressed garrison of Lucknow.

All that day, indeed, the people in the Residency had been listening with eager ears to the sounds of battle raging only a few miles off, sounds which eloquently confirmed the news brought back to Colonel Inglis on the night before by his faithful scout Angad. The letter which that brave old pensioner delivered into the colonel's hands had been written by Outram on September 20th—"telling us," says Fayrer, "that a force had crossed the Ganges on the 19th and was advancing to our relief. The letter advised us not to leave the defences as they approached, and only to attempt to assist them in such a way as we could with safety. This news did good to all by raising our spirits and inspiring hope, which had at this time sunk very low."

On the following day, the 24th, Havelock resolved to give his men a full day's rest before the crowning struggle against immeasurable odds. The tents were pitched for the first time since the crossing of the Ganges and the troops were thus enabled once more to enjoy the luxury of dry clothes. The only close fighting done that day arose from a sudden dash of hostile cavalry upon the weakly guarded baggage in our rear. One officer and several men were slain in the first surprise, before the rearguard had learned to distinguish foes from friends. It was not long, however, before the assailants were driven back with heavy loss by the steadiness of the 90th Foot, and the timely onset of Olphert's guns. "Far greater annoyance," says Havelock's biographer, "was experienced from two of the enemy's 9-pounders placed near the Chârbagh bridge,

in a thick wood which afforded no mark to our guns but the white puffs of smoke as they rose above the trees. Our six heavy guns endeavoured to silence them from daybreak till near evening, but with little success."

The two generals, Outram and Havelock, spent several hours of this day in discussing ways and means of carrying out the heroic enterprise appointed for the morrow. Of the four routes leading to the Residency, Havelock would have preferred that which passed along the northern bank of the river Gumti, to a point which might afford an easy passage for his guns. But this route was declared impracticable, even for light field-guns, by Colonel Napier, who had just returned from a careful reconnaissance of a country waterlogged by three days of incessant rain. It was finally resolved to force the Chârbagh bridge, turn to the right along the canal, pass round the eastern side of the city, and make for the Farid Baksh, a palace near the Residency.

There was nothing, indeed, but a choice of evils for these two veterans to consider. Had time been of less importance, Havelock would have stood fast a few days longer in the Alambâgh until the drying of the ground enabled him to reach the Residency by the route of his own preferring, and even to escort the rescued garrison back in triumph to Cawnpore. But the latest messages from Colonel Inglis pointed to the absolute need of pressing forward at all hazards to the help of a garrison closely besieged, wasted by wounds, sickness, hardship in every form, and threatened by the imminent failure of its fast diminishing stock of food. "It was certain," says Malleon, "that the Chârbagh bridge and every inch of ground beyond it would be desperately defended." But every soldier in the force knew that he formed part of a forlorn-hope on whose success alone the life of every man, woman, and child in the Lucknow Residency would depend.

It was arranged that the baggage, with the sick and wounded, the hospital, and the reserves of food and ammunition, should be left in the Alambâgh, under the charge of six officers and three hundred men, mostly footsore, commanded by Major M'Intyre of the 78th Highlanders. The position was further guarded by two 9-pounders and two of the heavy guns, beside those previously captured from the enemy. The troops were ordered to take sixty rounds of ball-cartridge in their pouches, while a reserve of the same quantity was to be conveyed on camels. In spite of Outram's objections, Havelock, mindful of Keane's mistake at Ghazni, decided to take with him the rest of the heavy guns.

Less than five miles lay between the Residency and the Alambâgh. But many hours of the following day had to elapse,

and many lions to be encountered by the way, before that march was fairly accomplished.

On the morning of September 25th, as the troops were standing armed and eager for the work before them, Outram rode up to Havelock with the view of effecting certain changes in the movements ordered for that day. As the two were bending together over a map of the locality, a round-shot bounding over their heads seemed like the challenge to immediate and deadly battle. The advance was sounded, and Outram placed himself at the head of the first, or Neill's brigade, while Havelock followed in front of the second.

It was not many minutes before the fight began in deadly earnest. In spite of a tremendous fire from guns in front, and from houses and walls on either side, Neill's war-tried Fusiliers, stoutly aided by the men of the 64th and 84th Foot, by Maude's battery, and part of the 5th Fusiliers, ere long drove the enemy from a succession of gardens and walled enclosures which blocked the approach to the Chattragh bridge.

As the column neared the bridge a halt was sounded by Havelock's orders. The bridge itself was defended on the Lucknow side by a battery of five guns, light and heavy, nearly hidden by a strong breastwork, on each side of which rose lofty houses held by a crowd of musketeers. For many long minutes the troops had to find what shelter they could from the hail of lead and iron that beat upon them, while Maude's guns kept up an answering fire upon the batteries in his front. Outram was struck by a bullet which pierced his arm; "but he only smiled," says Colonel Maude, "and asked one of us to tie his handkerchief tightly above the wound." Several times during the halt Maude "turned to the calm, cool, grim general, and asked him to allow us to advance, as we could not possibly do any good by halting there. He agreed with me, but did not like to take the responsibility of ordering us to go on. At last Havelock sent the welcome order to advance."

At a word from Neill the Madras Fusiliers with a dozen or so of the 84th, covered by the fire from Maude's guns, rushed on with a cheer towards the bridge through a storm of grape-shot, and, before the enemy had time to reload, carried the breastwork, bayoneting the gunners and spiking the guns. At the same moment Outram emerged at the head of the 5th Fusiliers from the walled gardens which he had cleared of the foe. The 78th were left to hold the bridge with the adjacent houses until all the troops and baggage had passed.

Meanwhile the rest of the column marched quietly forward along

the northern bank of the canal, hindered only by the dead weight of the heavy guns, which stuck fast at any part of the road where the mud lay deepest. Avoiding the certain dangers of the direct road to the Residency, Havelock finally struck off from the canal into a road which led northwards past the Sikandrabad towards the line of palaces about the Kaiser Bagh, or King's Garden. Here on that afternoon the crowning struggle of an eventful day began. A fire of grape and musketry, under which, as Havelock said, "nothing could live," mowed down scores of brave men as they rushed across a narrow bridge that led to the shelter of some deserted buildings near the Chatar Manzil and the palace of Farid Baksh.

"The force," says Marshman, "was halted under the shelter of a wall of one of the palaces to allow the long column, the progress of which had been impeded by the narrowness of the streets, and by the heavy guns, to come up, and the troops obtained some respite." Ere long the 78th Highlanders issued from a road along which they had been stubbornly fighting their way for three hours against fearful odds. Daylight was now waning fast, and five hundred yards of streets and lanes still lay between our foremost troops and the Residency. The heavy guns, the dhoolies full of wounded, the baggage, and the rearguard were still some way behind, with the enemy all around them. A few hours' halt at the Chatar Manzil would enable the rest of the troops with the wounded to close up; and meanwhile messages might somehow be exchanged with the beleaguered garrison. Outram, as cool-headed as he was chivalrous, urged upon Havelock the only course which prudence could have justified. "I proposed a halt," he wrote to Sir Colin Campbell, "of only a few hours' duration, in order to enable the rearguard, with which were all our heavy guns, the baggage, and the dhoolies containing our wounded, to come up, by which time the whole force would have occupied the Chatar Manzil in security, which we were then holding, and from which we could have effected our way to the Residency by opening communication through the intervening palaces; in a less brilliant manner, it is true, but with comparatively little loss; at the same time offering to show the way through the street, if he preferred it."

Havelock, however, viewing the question from its sentimental side, would fear of nothing but an immediate advance; and Outram, vexed at heart but mindful of a soldier's duty, rode forward in the deepening twilight to show his countrymen the way across what to him was familiar ground.

The final advance was led by Stisted's Highlanders and Brasyer's Sikhs, who now formed the head of the column. "This column," in

Havelock's own words, "rushed on with a desperate gallantry, led by Sir James Outram and myself and Lieutenants Hudson and Hargood of my staff, through streets of flat-roofed loop-holed houses, from which a perpetual fire was kept up."

Meanwhile the spirits of the beleaguered garrison had been rising higher and higher as the sounds of that day's fighting drew hourly nearer. "At 4 p.m.," say Sir J. Fayer, "it was reported that Europeans could be seen near Mr. Martin's house and about the Moti Mahal, and a continuous heavy musketry-fire, coming nearer and nearer, was heard. We could not see our friends, hidden as they were amongst the streets, but we could see that the enemy were firing upon them from the roofs of the houses, and from places of vantage. Very soon the Europeans could be seen fighting their way through one of the principal streets, men falling rapidly, when, as Wilson says, "once fairly seen, all our doubts and fears regarding them were ended, and then the garrison's long-pent-up feelings of anxiety and suspense burst forth in a succession of deafening cheers from every pit, trench, and battery; from behind the sandbags piled on shattered houses, from every post still held by a few gallant spirits, rose cheer on cheer. Even from the hospital many of the wounded crawled forth to join in the glad shout of welcome of those who had so bravely come to our assistance. It was a moment never to be forgotten.'"

With an exultant hurrah the Highlanders and Sikhs, headed by Outram and Havelock, rushed through the evening shades into a whirl of outstretched hands and joy-flashing eyes, and voices feebly re-echoing the shouts that each fresh band of victors sent up to heaven in their turn. Strange hands wrung each other in familiar greeting; strange voices thrilled together with a rush of sympathy seldom shown even between the oldest and dearest friends. The ladies with their children crowded to the porch of Dr. Fayer's house to see Outram and Havelock enter in, and to welcome the rough-bearded warriors who pressed forward to shake the hands of their rescued countrywomen, and to catch up the children one after another in their arms.

Among the new-comers who thronged the Residency, one man of superlative mark was missing. Brigadier-General Neill had fallen from his horse, shot dead by a Sepoy marksman as he was leading his "Blue-caps," the Madras Fusiliers, towards the Residency by another road than that which Outram and Havelock had followed. Of him Kaye has well said, "Like the two Lawrences, like Outram and like Nicholson, he had wonderful self-reliance; and there was no responsibility so great as to make him shrink from taking upon himself the burden of it." But for the crisis which brought him and

his regiment round to Calcutta, the deeds of Colonel James Neill might never have filled a page in the annals of Indian history. Nor would his name have figured among the heroes to whom more than one speaker paid eloquent tribute at the great meeting held that winter in Calcutta. "He was an honour to the country, and the idol of the British army," said a soldier of the 78th Highlanders in a letter to his brother on September 20th.

That evening Dr. Fayer found his house filled with "officers and soldiers all showing the results of hard fighting. Dear old Outram, with him Colonel R. Napier as chief of his staff, Sitwell and Chamier, his A.D.C.'s, and W. Money, C.S., his private secretary, all entered by the Bailey-guard into my house. We felt as if it were all over now, though we knew, too, that this could not be the case, and very shortly realised that by finding ourselves as closely besieged as before.

"Outram and Napier both came in wounded: Outram had been shot through the arm and Napier through the leg. I dressed their wounds and made them as comfortable as possible. We had very little to offer them, but we did all we could. The enemy was still keeping up a heavy fire upon us, as if in defiance. We were reinforced, but not relieved in the sense that we had hoped to be."

During that night several hundred of Havelock's men still lay outside the Residency between the Bailey-guard and the adjacent buildings. It was not until the next morning that the bulk of these troops made their way into the garrison lines. Not until the night of the 26th did the rearguard, which had fought its way to the Moti Mahal palace, join hands with a strong column which Colonel Napier had led out in quest of the missing troops and guns.

Thus, after a close siege of eighty-seven days, had the Lucknow garrison been saved from untold disaster by the sturdy courage of the men who stormed the defences of the canal, and fought their conquering way through every barrier that frowned between them and the Bailey-guard. In the success so far achieved good generalship had borne but little part. "It is difficult," says Colonel Maude, "to resist the conclusion that the affair was a muddle, however, gloriously conducted, from beginning to end.

"The officers led their men right well; but of generalship, *proprement dit*, that day there was little if any at all." Outram of course "had his wits about him, and was cool and collected enough; but having voluntarily subordinated his rank, he could not take any independent steps without involving a grave breach of discipline, while the general who was nominally in command took no initiative action whatever."

Out of the two thousand who marched out from the Alambâgh

on September 25th, no fewer than 31 officers and 504 men had been killed or wounded during the movements of that and the following day. The number of slain alone amounted to 196, of whom 77 were wounded soldiers who were either burnt to death in their dhoolies or cut up by a merciless foe.

THE GERMANS IN PARIS

BY

IRWIN SHAW

CHRISTIAN felt like an imposter, sitting in the little, open scout car, with his helmet on his head. He held his light automatic machine-pistol loosely over his knees as they sped cheerfully along the tree-bordered French road. He was eating cherries they had picked from an orchard back near Meaux. Paris lay just ahead over the ripples of frail, green hills. To the French, who must be peering at him from behind the shutters of their stone houses along the road, he looked, he knew, like a conqueror and stern soldier and destroyer. He hadn't heard a shot fired yet, and here the war was already over.

He turned to talk to Brandt, sitting in the back seat. Brandt was a photographer in one of the propaganda companies and he had hitched on to Christian's reconnaissance squadron as far back as Metz. He was a frail, scholarly-looking man who had been a mediocre painter before the war. Christian had grown friendly with him when Brandt had come to Austria for the spring ski-ing. Brandt's face was burned a bright red and his eyes were sandy from the wind, and his helmet made him look like a small boy playing soldiers in the family back yard. Christian grinned at him, jammed in there with an enormous corporal from Silesia, who spread himself happily over Brandt's legs and photographic equipment in the cramped, little seat.

"What're you laughing about, Sergeant?" Brandt asked.

"The colour of your nose," Christian said.

Brandt touched the burned, flaked skin gingerly. "Down to the seventh layer," he said. "It is an floor-model nose. Come on, Sergeant, hurry up and take me to Paris. I need a drink."

"Patience," Christian said. "Just a little patience. Don't you know there's a war on?"

The Silesian corporal laughed uproariously. He was a high-spirited young man, simple and stupid, and apart from being anxious to please his superiors, he was having a wonderful time on his journey across France. The night before, very solemnly, he had told Christian, as they lay side by side on their blankets along the

road, that he hoped the war didn't end too soon. He wanted to kill at least one Frenchman. His father had lost a leg at Verdun in 1916, and the corporal, whose name was Kraus, remembered saying, at the age of seven, standing rigidly in front of his one-legged father after church on Christmas Eve, "I will die happy after I have killed a Frenchman." That had been fifteen years ago. But he still peered hopefully at each new town for signs of Frenchmen who might oblige him. He had been thoroughly disgusted back at Chanly, when a French lieutenant had appeared in front of a café, carrying a white flag, and had surrendered sixteen likely candidates to them without firing a shot.

Christian glanced back, past Brandt's comic, burning face, at the other two cars speeding smoothly along on the even, straight road at intervals of seventy-five metres behind them. Christian's lieutenant had gone down another parallel road with the rest of the section, leaving these three cars under Christian's command. They were to keep moving towards Paris, which they had been assured would not be defended. Christian grinned as he felt himself swelling a little with pride at this first independent command, three cars and eleven men, with armament of ten rifles and tommy-guns and one heavy machine-gun.

He turned in his seat and watched the road ahead of him. What a pretty country, he thought. How industriously it has been cared for, the neat fields bordered by poplars, the regular lines of the ploughing now showing the budding green of June.

How surprising and perfect it all had been, he thought drowsily. After the long winter of waiting, the sudden superb bursting out across Europe, the marvellous, irresistible tide of energy, organised and detailed down to the last salt tablet and tube of Salvarsan (each man had had three issued with his emergency field rations in Aachen, before they started out, and Christian had grinned at the Medical Department's estimate of the quality of French resistance). And how exactly everything had worked. The dumps and maps and water just where they had been told they would be, the strength of the enemy and the extent of his resistance exactly as predicted, the roads in precisely the condition they had been told they would be. Only Germans, he thought, remembering the complex flood of men and machines pouring across France, only Germans could have managed it.

There was the sound of a plane over the hum of the scout car's engine. Christian looked up behind him and smiled. A Stuka, fifty feet in the air, was flying slowly along the road behind him. How graceful and sure it looked, with the two wheels like hawk's talons stretching eagerly forward under the belly. For a moment, looking

up at the wings against the sky, Christian regretted that he hadn't gone into the Air Force. There was no doubt about it, they were the darlings of the Army and the people back home. And their living conditions were absurdly comfortable, like first-class accommodation at a holiday resort hotel. And the men themselves were wonderful types, the best in the country, young, careless, confident. Christian had seen them in the bars, and listened to them talk, in tight, exclusive groups with their own peculiar, elliptical language, spending a lot of money, talking about what it was like over Madrid, and the day they hit Warsaw, and of the girls in Barcelona, and what they thought of the new Messerschmitt, all of them seeming to be oblivious of the facts of death or defeat, as though those things could not exist in their close, aristocratic, dangerous, gay world.

The Stuka was above Christian now, and Christian could see the pilot's face, grinning over the cockpit, as he banked across the scout car. Christian grinned back, and waved, and the pilot waggled his wings before he flew on, unprotected and youthful and arrogant, down the tree-lined road stretching out ahead of them towards Paris.

Through Christian's head, as he sat easily in the front seat of the scout car, with the sound of the engine busy and reassuring in his ears, and the green-smelling wind in his hair, ran a theme of music he had heard at a concert when he was on leave in Berlin. It was from a clarinet quintet by Mozart, sorrowful and persuasive, like a young girl mourning decorously for a lost lover by a slowly moving river on a summer afternoon. As Christian listened to the interior music, his eyes half closed, the gold flecks in their depths only occasionally glinting for a moment, he remembered the clarinetist. He had been a small, sad-looking little man with a bald head and drooping sandy moustache, like a henpecked husband in a cartoon.

Really, Christian thought playfully, at a time like this, I should be humming Wagner. It is probably a kind of treachery to the Greater Third Reich not to be singing Siegfried today. He didn't like Wagner very much, but he promised himself he would think of some Wagner after he got through with the clarinet quintet. Anyway, it would help keep him awake. His head fell on to his chest and he slept, breathing softly and smiling a little. The driver looked over at him, and grinned and jerked his thumb at Christian in friendly mockery for the benefit of the photographer and the Silesian corporal in the back. The Silesian corporal roared with laughter, as though Christian had done something irresistibly clever and amusing for his benefit.

The three cars sped along the road through the calm, shining countryside, deserted, except for occasional cattle and chickens and ducks, as though all the inhabitants had taken a holiday and gone to a fair in the next town.

The first shot seemed to be part of the music.

The next five shots wakened him, though, and the sound of the brakes, and the tumbling sensation of the car skidding sideways to a halt in the ditch next to the road. Still almost asleep, Christian jumped out and lay behind the car. The others lay panting in the dust beside him. He waited for something to happen, somebody to tell him what to do. Then he realised that the others were looking anxiously at him. In command, he thought, the non-commissioned officer will take immediate stock of the situation and make his disposition with simple, clear orders. He will betray no uncertainty and will at all times behave with confidence and aggressiveness.

"Anybody hurt?" he whispered.

"No," said Kraus. He had his finger on the trigger of his rifle and was peering excitedly around the front tyre of the car.

"Christ," Brandt was saying nervously. "Jesus Christ." He was fumbling erratically with the safety catch on his pistol, as though he had never handled the weapon before.

"Leave it alone," Christian said sharply, "leave the safety catch on. You'll kill somebody this way."

"Let's get out of here," Brandt said. His helmet had tumbled off and his hair was dusty. "We'll all get killed."

"Shut up," Christian said.

There was a rattle of shots. Slugs tore through the scout car and a tyre exploded.

"Christ," Brandt mumbled. "Christ."

Christian edged towards the rear of the car, climbing over the driver as he did so. This driver, Christian thought automatically, as he rolled over him, hasn't bathed since the invasion of Poland.

"For God's sake," he said irritably, "why don't you take a bath?"

"Excuse me, Sergeant," the driver said humbly.

Protected by the rear wheel of the car, Christian raised his head. A little clump of daisies waved gently, in front of him, magnified to a forest of prehistoric growths by their closeness. The road, shimmering a little in the heat, stretched away in front of him.

Twenty feet away a small bird landed and strutted, busy with its affairs, rustling its feathers, calling unmusically from time to time, like an impatient customer in a deserted shop.

A hundred yards away was the road-block.

Christian examined it carefully. It was squarely across the road in a place where the land on both sides rose quite steeply, and it was placed like a dam in a brook. There were no signs of life from behind it. It was in deep shadow, shaded by the rustling trees that grew on both sides of the road and made an arch over the barricade. Christian looked behind him. There was a bend in the road there, and the other two cars were nowhere to be seen. Christian was sure they had stopped when they heard the shots. He wondered what they were doing now and cursed himself for having fallen asleep and letting himself get into something like this.

The barricade was obviously hastily improvised, two trees with the foliage still on them, filled in with springs and mattresses and an overturned farm cart and some stones from the nearby fence. It was well placed in one way. The overhanging trees hid it from aerial observation; the only way you'd find out about it would be by coming on it as they had done.

It was a lucky thing the Frenchmen had fired so soon. Christian's mouth felt dusty. He was terribly thirsty. The cherries he had eaten suddenly made his tongue smart where it had been burned a little raw by cigarettes.

If they have any sense, he thought, they will be around on our flanks now and preparing to murder us. How could I do it? he thought, staring harshly at the two felled trees silent in the enigmatic shadow a hundred metres away, how could I have fallen asleep? If they had a mortar or a machine-gun placed anywhere in the woods, it would be all over in five seconds. But there was no sound in front of them, just the bird hopping beyond the daisies on the asphalt, making its irritable, sharp cry.

There was a noise behind him and he twisted round. But it was only Maeschen, one of the men from the other two cars, crawling up to them through the undergrowth. Maeschen crawled correctly and methodically, as he had been taught in training camp, with his rifle cradled in his arms.

"How are things back there?" Christian asked. "Anybody hurt?"

"No," Maeschen panted. "The cars are up a side road. Everybody's all right. Sergeant Himmler sent me up here to see if you were still alive."

"We're alive," Christian said grimly.

"Sergeant Himmler told me to tell you he will go back to battery headquarters and report that you have engaged the enemy and will ask for two tanks," Maeschen said, very correct, again as he had been taught in the long, weary hours with the instructors.

Christian squinted at the barricade, low and mysterious in the green gloom between the aisle of trees. It had to happen to me, he

thought bitterly. If they find out I was asleep, it will be court martial. He had a sudden vision of disapproving officers behind a table, with the rustle of official papers before them and he standing there stiffly, waiting for the blow to fall.

Its damned helpful of Himmler, he thought ironically, to offer to go back for reinforcements, leaving me here getting my balls shot off. Himmler was a round, loud, jovial man who always laughed and looked mysterious when he was asked if he was any relation to Heinrich Himmler. Somehow it was part of the uneasy myth of the battery that they were related, probably uncle and nephew, and Sergeant Himmler was treated with touchy consideration by everyone. Probably at the end of the war, by which time Himmler would have risen to the rank of Colonel, mostly on the strength of the shadowy relationship, because he was a mediocre soldier and would never get anywhere by himself, they'd find out there was nothing there at all, no connection whatever.

Christian shook his head. He had to concentrate on the job ahead of him. It was amazing how difficult it was with your life hanging on every move you made, your brain kept sliding around: Himmler, the rank, heavy smell of the driver's body, like old laundry, the little bird hopping on the road, the pallor under the sunburn of Brandt's skin and the way he sprawled, biting into the ground, as though he could dig a trench for himself with his teeth.

There was no movement behind the barricade. It lay low on the road, its leaves flicking gently now and again in the wind.

"Keep covered," he whispered to the others.

"Should I stay?" Maeschen asked anxiously.

"If you would be so kind," Christian said. "We serve tea at four."

Maeschen looked baffled and uneasy and blew some dust out of the breech of his rifle.

Christian pushed his machine-pistol through the daisy clump and aimed at the barricade. He took a deep breath. The first time, he thought, the first shot of the war. He fired two short bursts. The noise was savage and mean under the trees and the daisies waved wildly before his eyes. Somewhere behind him he heard grunting, whimpering little noises. Brandt, he thought, the war photographer.

For a moment, nothing happened. The bird had disappeared and the daisies stopped waving and the echoes of the shots died down in the woods. No, Christian thought, of course they're not that stupid. They're not behind the block. Things couldn't be that easy.

Then, as he watched, he saw the rifles through chinks high in the barricade. The shots rang out and there was the vicious, searching whistle of the bullets around his head.

"No, oh no, oh please no. . . ." It was Brandt's voice. What the hell could you expect from a middle-aged landscape painter?

Christian made himself keep his eyes open. He counted the rifles as they fired. Six, possibly seven. That was all. As suddenly as they had begun they stopped.

It's too good to be true, Christian thought. They can't have any officers with them. Probably half a dozen boys, deserted by their lieutenant, scared, but willing, and easy to take.

"Maeschen!"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Go back to Sergeant Himmler. Tell him to bring his car out on to the road. They can't be seen from here. They're perfectly safe."

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Brandt!" Christian didn't look back, but he made his voice as cutting and scornful as possible. "Stop that!"

"Of course," Brandt said. "Certainly. Don't pay any attention. I will do whatever you say I should do. Believe me. You can depend on me."

"Maeschen," Christian said.

"Yes, Sergeant."

"Tell Himmler I am going to move off to my right through these woods and try to come up on the block from behind. He is to cross the road where he is and do the same thing on his side with at least five men. I think there are only six or seven people behind that barricade and they are armed only with rifles. I don't think there's an officer with them. Can you remember all that?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"I'll fire once at them, in fifteen minutes," Christian said, "and then demand that they surrender. If they find themselves being under fire from behind, I don't think they'll do much fighting. If they do, you're to be in position to block them on your side. I'm leaving one man here in case they come on up over the barricade. Have you got all that?"

"Yes, Sergeant."

"All right. Go ahead."

"Yes, Sergeant." Maeschen crawled away, his face ablaze with duty and determination.

"Diestl," Brandt said.

"Yes," Christian said coldly, without looking at him. "If you want, you can go back with Maeschen. You're not under my command."

"I want to go with you." Brandt's voice was controlled. "I'm all right now. I just had a bad moment." He laughed a little. "I

just had to get used to being shot at. You said you were going to ask them to give up. You'd better take me with you. No Frenchman'll ever understand your French." Christian looked at him and they grinned at each other. He's all right! Christian thought, finally he's all right.

"Come along," he said. "You're invited."

Then with Brandt dragging his Leica, with his pistol in his other hand, thoughtfully at safety, and Kraus eagerly bringing up the rear, they crawled off through a bed of fern into the woods towards their right. The fern was soft and dank-smelling. The ground was a little marshy and their uniforms were soon stained with green. There was a slight rise thirty metres away. After they had crawled over that they could stand up and proceed, bent over, behind its cover.

There was a small continuous rustling in the wood. Two squirrels made a sudden racket leaping from one tree to another. The undergrowth tore at their boots and trousers as they cautiously tried to walk a course parallel to the road.

It's not going to work, Christian thought, it's going to be a terrible failure. They can't be that stupid. It's a perfect trap and I've fallen perfectly into it. The Army will get to Paris all right, but I'll never see it. Probably you could lie dead here for ten years and no one would find you but the owls and the wood animals. He had been sweating out on the road, and when he was crawling, but now the chill gloom struck through his clothes and the sweat congealed on his skin. He clenched his teeth to keep them from chattering. The woods were probably full of Frenchmen, desperate, full of hate, slipping in and out behind the trees which they knew like the furniture in their own bedrooms, furiously happy to kill one more German before going down in the general collapse. Brandt, who had lived all his life on city pavements, sounded like a herd of cattle, blundering through the brush.

Why in God's name, Christian thought, did it have to happen this way? The first action. All the responsibility on his shoulders. Just this time the lieutenant had to be off on his own. Every other moment of the war the lieutenant had been there, looking down his long nose, sneering, saying, "Sergeant, is that how you have been taught to give a command?" and "Sergeant, is it your opinion that this is the correct manner in which to fill out a requisition form?" and "Sergeant, when I say I want ten men here at four o'clock, I mean four o'clock, not four-two, or four-ten, or four-fifteen. FOUR O'CLOCK, SERGEANT. Is that clear?" And now the lieutenant was driving happily along in the armoured car, down a perfectly safe road, stuffed full of tactics and Clausewitz and disposition of

troops and flanking movements and fields of fire and compass marches over unfamiliar terrain, when all he needed was a Michelin road map and a few extra gallons of petrol. And here was Christian, a dressed-up civilian really, stumbling through treacherous woods in an insane, improvised patrol against a strong position, with two men who had never fired a shot at anyone in their lives. . . . It was madness. It would never succeed. He remembered his optimism out on the road and marvelled at it. "Suicide," he said, "absolute suicide."

"What's that?" Brandt whispered, and his voice carried through the rustling forest like a dinner gong. "What did you say?"

"Nothing," Christian said. "Keep quiet."

His eyes were aching now from the strain of watching each leaf, each blade of grass.

"Attention!" Kraus shouted crazily. "Attention!"

Christian dived behind a tree. Brandt crashed into him and the shot hit the wood over their heads. Christian swung round, and Brandt blinked through his glasses and struggled with the safety-catch on his pistol. Kraus was jumping wildly to one side, trying to disentangle the sling of his rifle from the branches of a bush. There was another shot, and Christian felt the sting on the side of his head. He fell down and got up again and fired at the kneeling figure he suddenly saw in the confusion of green and waving foliage behind a boulder. He saw his bullets chipping the stone. Then he had to change the clip in his gun and he sat on the ground, tearing at the breech, which was stiff and new. There was a shot to his left and he heard Kraus calling, wildly, 'I got him, I got him,' like a boy on his first hunt for pheasant, and he saw the Frenchman quite deliberately slide, face down, on the grass. Kraus started to run for the Frenchman, as though he were afraid another hunter would claim him. There were two more shots, and Kraus fell into a stiff bush and sprawled there, almost erect, with the bush quivering under him, giving his buttocks a look of electric life. Brandt had got the safety catch off his pistol and was firing erratically at a clump of bushes, his elbow looking rubbery and loose. He sat on the ground, with his glasses askew on his nose, biting his lips white, holding the elbow of his right arm with his left hand in an attempt to steady himself. By that time Christian had the clip in his pistol and started firing at the clump of bushes too. Suddenly a rifle came hurtling out and a man sprang out with his hands in the air. Christian stopped firing. There was the quiet of the forest again and Christian suddenly smelled the sharp, dry, unpleasant fumes of the burnt powder.

"*Venez*," Christian called. "*Venez ici*." Somewhere, inside him,

with the buzzing of his head and the ringing of his ears from the firing, there was a proud twinge at the sudden access of French.

The man, his hands still over his head, came towards them slowly. His uniform was soiled and open at the collar and his face was pasty and green with fright under the scrubby beard. He kept his mouth open and the tongue licked at the corners of his mouth dryly.

"Cover him," Christian said to Brandt, who, amazingly, was snapping pictures of the advancing Frenchman.

Brandt stood up and poked his pistol out menacingly. The man stopped. He looked as though he were going to fall down in a moment and his eyes were imploring and hopeless as Christian passed him on the way over to the bush where Kraus hung. The bush had stopped vibrating and Kraus looked deader now. Christian laid him out on the ground. Kraus had a surprised, eager look on his face.

Walking erratically, with his head aching from the slap of the bullet and the blood dripping over his ear, Christian went over to the Frenchman Kraus had shot. He was lying on his face with a bullet between his eyes. He was very young, Kraus's age, and his face had been badly mangled by the bullet. Christian dropped him back to the ground hurriedly. How much damage, he thought, these amateurs can do. No more than four shots fired between them in the whole war, and two dead to show for it.

Christian felt the scratch on his temple; it had already stopped bleeding. He went over to Brandt and told him to instruct the prisoner to go down to the block and tell them they were surrounded and demand the surrender of everyone there, upon pain of annihilation. My first real day in the war, he thought, while Brandt was translating, and I am delivering ultimatums like a major-general. He grinned. He felt light-headed and uncertain of his movements, and from moment to moment he was not sure whether he was going to laugh or weep.

The Frenchman kept nodding again and again, very emphatically, and talking swiftly to Brandt, too swiftly for Christian's meagre talent for the language.

"He says he'll do it," Brandt said.

"Tell him," Christian said, "we'll follow him and shoot him at the first sign of any nonsense."

The Frenchman nodded vigorously as Brandt told him this, as though it were the most reasonable statement in the world. They started out down through the forest towards the road-block, past Kraus's body, looking healthy and relaxed on the grass, with the sun slicing through the branches, gilding his helmet with dull gold.

They kept the Frenchman ten paces ahead of them. He stopped

at the edge of the forest, which was about three metres higher than the road and along which ran a low stone fence.

"Emile," the Frenchman called, "Emile . . . It's I. Morel." He clambered over the fence, and disappeared from view. Carefully, Christian and Brandt approached the fence, and knelt behind it. Down on the road, behind the block, their prisoner was talking swiftly, standing up, to seven soldiers kneeling and lying on the road behind their barricade. Occasionally, one of them would stare nervously into the woods, and they kept their voices to a swift, trembling whisper. Even in their uniforms, with their guns in their hands, they looked like peasants congregated in a town hall to discuss some momentous local problem. Christian wondered what stubborn, despairing flare of patriotism or private determination had led them to make this pathetic, inaccurate, useless, stand, deserted, unofficered, clumsy, bloody. He hoped they would surrender. He did not want to kill any of these whispering, weary-looking men in their rumpled, shoddy uniforms.

Their prisoner turned and waved to Christian.

"*C'est fait!*" he shouted. "*Nous sommes finis.*"

"He says, all right," Brandt said, "they're finished."

Christian stood up, to wave to them to put down their arms. But at that moment there were three ragged bursts from the other side of the road. The Frenchman who had done the negotiating fell down and the others started running back along the road, firing, and vanishing one by one into the woods.

Himmler, Christian thought bitterly. At exactly the wrong moment. If you needed him, he'd never . . .

Christian jumped over the wall and slid down the embankment towards the barricade. They were still shooting from the other side, but without effect. The Frenchmen had disappeared, and Himmler and his men didn't seem to have any mind for pursuit.

As Christian reached the road, the man who was lying there stirred. He sat up and stared at Christian. The Frenchman leaned stiffly over to the base of the barricade where there was a case of grenades. Awkwardly, he took one out of the box and pulled weakly at the pin. Christian turned round. The man's face was glaring up at him and he was pulling at the pin with his teeth. Christian shot him and he fell back. The grenade rolled away. Christian leaped at it and threw it into the woods. He waited for the explosion, crouched behind the barricade next to the dead Frenchman, but there was no sound. The pin had never come out.

Christian stood up. "All right," he called. "Himmler. Come on out here."

He looked down at the man he had just killed as Himmler and

the others came crashing down out of the brush. Brandt took a picture of the corpse, because photographs of dead Frenchmen were still quite rare in Berlin.

I've killed a man, Christian thought. He didn't feel anything special.

"How do you like that?" Himmler was saying jubilantly. "That's the way to do it. This is an Iron Cross job, I'll bet."

"Oh, Christ," Christian said, "be quiet."

He picked up the dead man and dragged him over to the side of the road. Then he gave orders to the other men to tear down the barricade, while he went up with Brandt to where Kraus was lying in the forest.

By the time he and Brandt had carried Kraus back to the road, Himmler and the others had got most of the barricade down. Christian left the Frenchman who had been killed in the forest lying where he had died. He felt very impatient now, and anxious to move on. Somebody else would have to do the honours to the fallen enemy.

He laid Kraus down gently. Kraus looked very young, and healthy, and there were red stains around his lips, from the cherries, like a small boy who comes guiltily out of the pantry, after pillaging the jam jars. Well, Christian thought, looking down at the large, simple boy who had laughed so heartily at Christian's jokes, you killed your Frenchman. When he got to Paris, he would write to Kraus's father to tell him how his son had died. Fearless, he would write, cheerful, aggressive, best type of German soldier. Proud in his hour of grief. Christian shook his head. No, he would have to do better than that. That was like the idiotic letters in the last war, and, there was no denying it, they had become rather comic by now. Something more original for Kraus, something more personal. We buried him with cherry stains on his lips and he always laughed at my jokes and he got himself killed because he was too enthusiastic. . . . You couldn't say that either. Anyway, he would have to write something.

He turned away from the dead boy as the other two cars drove slowly and warily up the road. He watched them coming with impatient, superior amusement.

"Come on, ladies," he shouted, "there's nothing to be afraid of. The mice have left the room."

The cars spurted obediently and stopped at the road-block, their motors running. Christian's driver was in one of them. Their own car was a wreck, he said, the engine riddled, the tyres torn. It could not be used. The driver was very red, although he had merely lain in the ditch when all the firing was going on. He spoke in gulps,

as though it was hard to get his breath, two short, gasping words at a time. Christian realised that the man, who had been quite calm while the action was on, had grown terribly frightened now that it was over, and had lost control of his nerves.

Christian listened to his own voice as he gave orders. "Maeschen," he said, "you will stay here with Taub, until the next organisation comes down this road." The voice is steady, Christian noted with elation, the words are crisp and efficient. I came through it all right. I can do it. "Maeschen, go up there into the woods about sixty metres and you will find a dead Frenchman. Bring him out and leave him with the other two . . ." He gestured to Kraus and the little man Christian had killed, lying side by side now along the road, "so that they can be correctly buried. All right." He turned to the others. "Get moving."

They climbed into the two cars. The drivers put them in gear, and they went slowly through the space that had been cleared in the block. There was some blood on the road and bits of mattress and trampled leaves, but it all looked green and peaceful. Even the two bodies lying in the heavy grass alongside the road looked like two gardeners who were taking a nap after lunch.

The cars gathered speed and pulled swiftly out of the shade of the trees. There was no more danger of sniping among the open, budding fields. The sun was shining warmly, making them sweat a little, quite pleasantly, after the chill of the woods. I did it, Christian thought. He was a little ashamed of the small smiles of self-satisfaction that pulled at the corners of his mouth. I did it, I commanded an action. I am earning my keep, he thought.

Ahead of him, at the bottom of a slope some three kilometres away, was a little town. It was made of stone and was dominated by two church steeples, medieval and delicate, rising out of the cluster of weathered walls around them. The town looked comfortable and secure, as though people had been living there quietly for a long time. The driver of Christian's car slowed down as they approached the buildings. He looked nervously at Christian again and again.

"Come on," Christian said impatiently. "There's nobody there."

The driver obediently stepped on the accelerator.

The houses didn't look as pretty or comfortable from close up as they had from out in the fields. Paint was flaking off the walls, and they were dirty, and there was an undeniable strong smell. Foreigners, Christian thought, they are all dirty.

The street took a bend and they came into the town square. There were some people standing on the church steps and some others in front of a café that surprisingly was open. "CHASSEUR ET

PECHEUR" Christian read on the sign over the café. There were five or six people sitting at the tables and a waiter was serving two of them drinks on those little saucers. Christian grinned. What a war.

On the church steps there were three young girls in bright skirts and low-cut blouses.

"Ooo," the driver said. "Ooo, la, la."

"Stop here," Christian said.

"*Avec plaisir, mon colonel*," the driver said, and Christian looked at him, surprised and amused at his unsuspected culture.

The driver drew up in front of the church and stared unashamedly at the three girls. One of the girls, a dark, full-bodied creature, holding a bouquet of garden flowers in her hand, giggled. The other two girls giggled with her, and they stared with frank interest at the two car-loads of soldiers.

Christian got out of his car. "Come on, Interpreter," he said to Brandt. Brandt followed him, carrying his camera.

Christian walked up to the girls on the church steps. "*Bon jour, Mesdemoiselles*," he said, carefully taking his helmet off with a graceful, unofficial salute.

The girls giggled again, and the big one said, in French that Christian could understand: "How well he speaks." Christian felt foolishly flattered, and went on, disdaining the use of Brandt's superior French.

"Tell me, ladies," he said, only groping a little for the words, "are there any of your soldiers who have passed through here recently?"

"No, Monsieur," the big one answered, smiling. "We have been deserted completely. Are you going to do us any harm?"

"We do not plan to harm anyone," Christian said, "especially three young ladies of such beauty."

"Now," Brandt said, in German, "now listen to that." Christian grinned. There was something very pleasant about standing there in this old town in front of the church in the morning sunlight, looking at the full bosom of the dark girl showing through her sheer blouse, and flirting with her in the unfamiliar language. It was one of the things you never thought about when you started off to war.

"My," the dark girl said, smiling at him, "is that what they teach you in army school in your country?"

"The war is over," Christian said solemnly, "and you will find that we are truly friends of France."

"Oh," said the dark girl, "what a marvellous propagandist." She looked at him invitingly, and for a moment Christian had a wild thought of perhaps staying in this town for an hour. "Will there be many like you following?"

"Ten million," said Christian.

The girl threw up her hands in mock despair. "Oh, my God," she said, "what will we do with them all? Here," she offered him the flowers, "because you are the first."

He looked at the flowers with surprise, then took them gently from her hand. What a young, human thing it was to do. How hopeful it was. . . .

"Mademoiselle . . ." His French became halting. "I don't know how to say it . . . but . . . Brandt!"

"The Sergeant wishes to say," Brandt said smoothly and swiftly in his proper French, "that he is most grateful and takes this as a token of the great bond between our two peoples."

"Yes," said Christian, jealous of Brandt's fluency. "Exactly."

"Ah," said the girl, "he is a sergeant. The officer." She smiled even more widely at him, and Christian thought, amused, they are not so different from the ones at home.

There were steps behind him, clear and ringing on the cobblestones. Christian turned with the bouquet in his hand. He felt a glancing blow, light but sharp, on his fingers, and the flowers went spinning out of his grasp and scattered on the dirty stones at his feet.

An old Frenchman in a black suit and a greenish felt hat was standing there, a cane in his hand. The old man had a sharp, fierce face and a military ribbon in his lapel. He was glaring furiously at Christian.

"Did you do that?" Christian asked the old man.

"I do not talk to Germans," the old man said. The way he stood made Christian feel that he was an old, retired regular soldier, used to authority. His leathery face, wrinkled and weathered, added to the impression. The old man turned on the girls.

"Sluts!" he said. "Why don't you just lie down? Lift your skirts and be done with it!"

"Ah," the dark girl said sullenly, "be quiet, Captain, this is not your war."

Christian felt foolish standing there, but he didn't know what to do or say. This was not exactly a military situation, and he certainly couldn't use force on a seventy-year-old man.

"Frenchwomen!" The old man spat. "Flowers for Germans! They've been out killing your brothers and your present them with bouquets?"

"They're just soldiers," the girl said. "They're far away from home and they're so young and handsome in their uniforms." She was smiling impudently at Brandt and Christian by now, and Christian couldn't help laughing at her direct womanly reasoning.

"All right," he said, "old man. We no longer have the flowers.

Go back to your drink." He put his arm in a friendly manner across the old man's shoulders. The old man shook the arm off violently.

"Keep your hands off me!" he shouted. "*Boche!*"

He strode across the square, his heels clicking fiercely off the cobbles. "Ooo, la, la," Christian's driver said, shaking his head reprovingly as the old man passed the car.

The old man paid no attention to him. "Frenchmen! Frenchwomen!" he shouted to the town at large as he stalked towards the café. "It's no wonder the *Boche* are here this time! No heart, no courage. One shot and they are running through the woods like rabbits. One smile and they are in bed for the whole German Army! They don't work, they don't pray, they don't fight, all they know how to do is surrender. Surrender in the line, surrender in the bedroom. For twenty years France has been practising for this and now they have perfected it!"

"Ooo, la, la," said Christian's driver, who understood French. He bent over and picked up a stone and casually threw it across the square at the Frenchman. It missed him, but it went through the window of the café behind him. There was the sharp crash of the plate glass and then silence in the square. The old Frenchman didn't even look round at the damage. He sat down silently, leaning on the head of his cane. Ferociously and heartbrokenly he glared across at the Germans.

Christian walked over to the driver. "What did you do that for?" he asked quietly.

"He was making too much noise," the driver said. He was a big, ugly, insolent man, like a Berlin taxi-driver, and Christian disliked him intensely. "Teach them some respect for the German Army."

"Don't ever do anything like that again," Christian said harshly. "Understand?"

The driver stood a little straighter, but he didn't answer. He merely stared dully and ambiguously, with a lurking hint of insolence, into Christian's eyes.

Christian turned from him. "All right," he called. "On the road."

The girls were subdued now, and didn't wave as the cars lurched across the square and on to the road towards Paris.

Christian was disappointed when he drove up to the brown sculptured bulk of the Porte Saint Denis and saw the open square around it thronged with armoured vehicles and grey uniforms, the men lounging on the concrete and eating from a field kitchen, for all the world like a Bavarian garrison town on a national holiday, preparing for a parade. Christian had never been in Paris, and he

felt it would have been a marvellous climax to the war to be the first to drive through the historic streets, leading the army into the ancient capital of the enemy.

He drove slowly through the lounging troops and the stacked rifles to the base of the monument. He signalled to Himmler in the car behind him to stop. This was the rendezvous point at which he had been ordered to wait for the rest of the company. Christian took his helmet off and stretched in his seat, taking a deep breath. The mission was finished.

Brandt leaped out of the car and busied himself taking pictures of troops eating, leaning against the base of the monument. Even with his uniform and the black leather holster strapped around his waist, Brandt still looked like a bank clerk on vacation, taking snapshots for the family album. Brandt had his own theories about pictures. He picked out the handsomest and youngest soldiers. He made a point of picking very blond boys most of the time, privates and lower-grade non-commissioned officers. "My function," he had once told Christian, "is to make the war attractive to the people at home." He seemed to be having success with his theories, because he was up for a commission, and he was constantly receiving commendations from propaganda headquarters in Berlin for his work.

There were two small children wandering shyly among the soldiers, the sole representatives of the French civilian population of Paris in the streets that afternoon. Brandt led them over to where Christian was cradling his gun on the hood of the little scout car.

"Here," Brandt said, "do me a favour. Pose with these two."

"Get someone else," Christian protested. "I'm no actor."

"I want to make you famous," Brandt said. "Lean over and offer them some sweets."

"I haven't any sweets," Christian said. The two children, a boy and a girl who could not have been over five years old, stood at the wheel of the car, looking gravely up at Christian, with sad, deep black eyes.

"Here." Brandt took some chocolate out of his pocket and gave it to Christian. "The good soldier is prepared for everything."

Christian sighed and put down the dismantled barrel of the machine-pistol. He leaned over the two shabby, pretty children.

"Excellent types," Brandt said, squatting, with the camera up to his eyes. "The youth of France, pretty, undernourished, sad, trusting. The good-natured, hearty, generous German sergeant, athletic, friendly, handsome, photogenic . . ."

"Get away from here," Christian said.

"Keep smiling, Beauty." Brandt was busily snapping a series of angles. "And don't give it to them until I tell you. Just hold it out and make them reach for it."

"I would like you to remember, soldier," Christian said, grinning down at the sombre, unsmiling faces below him, "that I am still your superior officer."

"Art," said Brandt, "above everything. I wish you were blond. You're a good model for a German soldier, except for the hair. You look as though you once had a thought in your head and that's hard to find."

"I think," said Christian, "I ought to report you for statements detrimental to the honour of the German Army."

"The artist," said Brandt, "is above these petty considerations."

He finished his pictures, working very fast, and said: "All right." Christian gave the chocolate to the children, who didn't say anything. They merely looked up at him solemnly and tucked the chocolate in their pockets and wandered off hand-in-hand among the steel treads and the boots and rifle butts.

An armoured car, followed by three scout cars, came into the square and moved slowly alongside Christian's detachment. Christian felt a slight twinge of sorrow when he saw it was the lieutenant. His independent command was over. He saluted and the lieutenant saluted back. The lieutenant had one of the smartest salutes in military history. You heard the rattle of swords and the jangle of spurs down the ages to the campaigns of Achilles and Ajax when he brought his arm up. Even now, after the long ride from Germany, the lieutenant looked shiny and impeccable. Christian disliked the lieutenant and felt uncomfortable before that rigid perfection. The lieutenant was very young, twenty-three or four, but when he looked around him with his cold, light-grey, imperious stare, a whole world of bumbling, inaccurate civilians seemed to be revealed to his merciless observation. There were very few men who had ever made Christian feel inefficient, but the lieutenant was one of them. As he stood at attention, watching the lieutenant climb crisply down from the armoured car, Christian hastily rehearsed his report, and felt all over again the inadequacy and sense of guilt and neglect of duty that he had felt walking through the forest into the trap.

"Yes, Sergeant?" The lieutenant had a cutting, weary voice, a voice that might have belonged to Bismarck when in military school. He didn't look around him; he had no interest in the old closed buildings of Paris; he might just as well have been on an enormous bare drill-field outside Königsberg as in the centre of the capital of France on the first day of its occupation by foreign

troops since 1871. What an admirable, miserable character, Christian thought, what a useful man to have in your army.

"At ten hundred hours," Christian said, "we made contact with the enemy on the Meaux-Paris road. The enemy had a camouflaged road-block and opened fire on our leading vehicle. We engaged him with nine men. We killed two of the enemy and drove the others in disorder from their position and demolished the block." Christian hesitated for the fraction of a second.

"Yes, Sergeant?" the lieutenant said flatly.

"We had one casualty, sir," Christian said, thinking this is where I start my trouble, "Corporal Kraus was killed."

"Corporal Kraus," said the lieutenant. "Did he perform his duty?"

"Yes, sir." Christian thought of the lumbering boy, shouting enthusiastically "I got him! I got him!" among the shaking trees. "He killed one of the enemy with his first shots."

"Excellent," said the lieutenant. A frosty smile shone briefly on his face, twisting the long, angled nose for a moment. "Excellent."

He is delighted, Christian noted in surprise.

"I am sure," the lieutenant was saying, "that there will be a decoration for Corporal Kraus."

"I was thinking, sir," Christian said, "of writing a note to his father."

"No," said the lieutenant. "That's not for you. This is the function of the company commander. Captain Mueller will do that. I will give him the facts. It is a delicate matter, this kind of letter, and it is important that the proper sentiments are expressed. Captain Mueller will say exactly the correct thing."

Probably, Christian thought, in a military college there is a course. "Personal Communications to Next of Kin. One hour a week."

"Sergeant," the lieutenant said, "I am pleased with your behaviour and the behaviour of the rest of the men under your command."

"Thank you, sir," said Christian. He felt foolishly pleased.

Brandt came over and saluted. The lieutenant saluted back coldly. He didn't like Brandt, who never could look like a soldier. The lieutenant made clear his feelings about men who fought the war with cameras instead of guns. But the directives from Headquarters down to lower echelons about giving photographers all possible assistance were too definite to be denied.

"Sir," Brandt said, in his soft civilian voice, "I have been instructed to report with my film as soon as possible to the Place de l'Opéra. The film is being collected there and is to be flown back

to Berlin. I wonder if I might have a vehicle to take me there. I'll come back immediately."

"I'll let you know in a little while, Brandt," the lieutenant said. He turned and strode across the square to where Captain Müller, who had just arrived, was sitting in his amphibious car.

"Just crazy about me," Brandt said, "that lieutenant."

"You'll get the car," Christian said. "He's feeling pretty good."

"I'm crazy about him, too," Brandt said. "I'm crazy about all lieutenants." He looked around him at the soft stone colours of the tenements rising from the square, with the helmets and the grey uniforms and the large, lounging, armed men looking foreign and unnatural in front of the French signs and the shuttered cafés. "The last time I was in this place," Brandt said reflectively, "was less than a year ago. I had on a blue jacket and flannel trousers. Everybody mistook me for an Englishman, so they were nice to me. There's a wonderful little restaurant just round that corner there and I drove up in a taxi and it was a mild summer night and I was with a beautiful girl with black hair and I'd slept with her for the first time that afternoon. . . ." Brandt closed his eyes dreamily and leaned his head against the armoured side of a troop-carrier. "It was her notion that the function of the female sex was to please men and she had a voice that made you want her if you heard it a block away, and she had the most remarkable breasts this side of the Danube. We had champagne before dinner and she was wearing a dark blue dress. Very demure and young. When you looked at her it was impossible to believe you'd been in bed with her just an hour ago. We sat and held hands across the table and I think tears came into her eyes, and we had a marvellous omelette and a bottle of Chablis and I'd never heard of Lieutenant Hardenburg and I knew I was going to be back in bed with her in an hour and a half and I could have blown my brains out I felt so marvellous."

"Stop it," Christian said. "My morale is tottering."

"That was in the old days," Brandt said, his eyes still closed, "when I was a loathsome civilian. The old days, before I became a military figure."

"Open your eyes," Christian said, "and pull yourself out of that bed. Here comes the lieutenant."

They both stood at attention as the lieutenant strode up to them.

"It is agreed," the lieutenant said to Brandt. "You can have the car."

"Thank you, sir," Brandt said.

"I myself will go with you," said the lieutenant. "And I will take Himmler and Diestl. There is talk of our unit being billeted in that neighbourhood. The captain suggested we look at the situation

there." He smiled in what he obviously thought was a warm, intimate manner. "Also, we have earned a little sightseeing tour. Come."

He led the way over to one of the cars, Christian and Brandt following him. Himmler was already there, seated at the wheel, and Brandt and Christian climbed in behind. The lieutenant sat in front, stiff, erect, a shining representative of the German Army and the German Reich on the boulevards of Paris.

Brandt made a grimace and shrugged his shoulders as they started off towards the Place de l'Opéra. Himmler drove with dash and certainty. He had spent several holidays in Paris, and he spoke a kind of understandable French was a coarse, ungrammatical fluency. He pointed out places of interest, like a guide, cafés he had patronised, a vaudeville theatre in which he had seen an American negress dancing naked, a street down which, he assured them, was the most fully equipped brothel in the world. Himmler was the combination comedian and politician of the company, a common type of all armies, and a favourite with all the officers, who permitted him liberties for which other men would be mercilessly punished. The lieutenant sat stiffly beside Himmler, his eyes roaming hungrily up and down the deserted streets. He even laughed twice at Himmler's jokes.

The Place de l'Opéra was full of troops. There were so many soldiers, filling the impressive square before the soaring pillars and broad steps, that for a long time the absence of women or civilians in the heart of the city, was hardly noticeable.

Brandt went into a building, very important and business-like with his camera and his film, and Christian and the Lieutenant got out of the car and stared up at the domed mass of the opera house.

"I should have come here before," the lieutenant said softly. "It must have been wonderful in peacetime."

Christian laughed. "Lieutenant," he said, "that's exactly what I was thinking."

The lieutenant's chuckle was warm and friendly. Christian wondered how it was that he had always been so intimidated by this rather simple boy.

Brandt bustled out. "The business is finished," he said. "I don't have to report back till tomorrow afternoon. They're delighted in there. I told them what sort of stuff I took and they nearly made me a colonel on the spot."

"I wonder," the lieutenant said, his voice hesitant for the first time since 1919, "I wonder if it would be possible for you to take my picture standing in front of the Opéra? To send home to my wife."

"It will be a pleasure," Brandt said gravely.

"Himmler," the lieutenant said. "Deistl. All of us together."

"Lieutenant," Christian said, "why don't you do it alone? Your wife isn't interested in seeing us." It was the first time since they had met a year ago that he had dared contradict the lieutenant in anything.

"Oh, no." The lieutenant put his arm around Christian's shoulders and for a fleeting moment Christian wondered if he'd been drinking. "Oh, no. I've written a great deal about you. She would be most interested."

Brandt made a fuss about getting the angle just right, with as much of the Opéra as possible in the background. Himmler grinned clownishly at one side of the group, but Christian and the lieutenant peered seriously into the lens, as though this were a moment of solemn historic interest.

After Brandt had finished they climbed back into their car and started towards the Porte Saint Denis. It was late afternoon and the streets looked warm and lonely in the level light, especially since ~~there~~ were long stretches in which there were no soldiers and no military traffic. For the first time since they had arrived in Paris, Christian began to feel a little uneasy.

"A great day," the lieutenant said reflectively, up in the front seat. "A day of lasting importance. In years to come, we will look back on this day, and we will say to ourselves, 'We were there at the dawn of a new era!'"

Christian could sense Brandt, sitting beside him, making a small, amused grimace, but Brandt, perhaps because of the long years he had lived in France, had an attitude of cynicism and mockery towards all grandiose sentiment.

"My father," the lieutenant said, "got as far as the Marne in 1914. The Marne . . . So close. And he never saw Paris. We crossed the Marne today in five minutes. . . . A day of history. . . ." The lieutenant peered sharply up a side street. Involuntarily, Christian twisted nervously in the back seat to look.

"Himmler," the lieutenant said, "isn't this the street?"

"What street, Lieutenant?"

"The house you talked about, the famous one?"

What a ferocious mind, Christian thought. Everything is engraved on it irrevocably. Gun positions, regulations for courts-martial, the proper procedure for decontamination of metal exposed to gas, the address of French brothels carelessly pointed out in a strange street two hours before. . . .

"It seems to me," the lieutenant said carefully, as Himmler slowed the car down, "it seems to me that on a day like this, a day

of battle and celebration. . . . In short, we deserve some relaxation. The soldier who does not take women does not fight. . . . Brandt, you lived in Paris, have you heard of this place?"

"Yes, sir," said Brandt. "An exquisite reputation."

"Turn the car round, Sergeant," the lieutenant said.

"Yes, sir." Himmler grinned and swung the little car in a dashing circle and made for the street he had pointed out.

"I know," said the lieutenant gravely, "that I can depend upon you men to keep quiet about this."

"Yes, sir," they all said.

"There is a time for discipline," the lieutenant said, "and a time for comradeship. Is this the place, Himmler?"

"Yes, sir," said Himmler. "But it looks closed."

"Come with me." The lieutenant dismounted and marched across the sidewalk to the heavy oak door, his heels crashing on the pavement, making the narrow street echo and re-echo as though a whole company had marched past.

As he tapped on the door, Brandt and Christian looked at each other, grinning. "Next," Brandt whispered, "he'll be selling us dirty postcards."

"Sssh," said Christian.

After a while the door opened and the lieutenant and Himmler half pushed, half argued their way in. It closed behind them and Christian and Brandt were left alone in the empty, shaded street, with night just beginning to touch the sky over their heads. There was no sound, and all the windows of the buildings were closed.

"I was of the impression," Brandt said, "that the lieutenant invited us to this party."

"Patience," Christian said. "He is preparing the way."

"With women," said Brandt, "I prefer to prepare my own way."

"The good officer," Christian said gravely, "always sees that his troops are bedded down before he is himself."

"Go upstairs," Brandt said, "and read the lieutenant that lecture."

The door of the building opened and Himmler waved to them. They got out of the car and went in. A Moorish-looking lamp cast a heavy purple light over the staircase and hanging tapestries along the walls inside.

"The Madam recognised me," Himmler said, clumping up the steps ahead of them. "A big kiss, and '*mon cher garçon*' and all that. How do you like that?"

"Sergeant Himmler," Brandt said. "Well known in the brothels of five countries, Germany's gift to the cause of the Federation of Europe."

"Anyway," said Himmler, grinning, "I didn't waste my time Paris. Here . . . into the bar. Girls aren't ready yet. We have to c a little drinking first. The horrors of war."

He pushed open a door and there was the lieutenant, his gloves and helmet off, sitting on a stool with his legs crossed, delicately picking at the gold foil on a bottle of champagne. The bar was a small room, done in a kind of lavender stucco, with crescent-shaped windows and tasselled hangings. There was a large woman who seemed to go with the room, all frizzed hair, fringed shawls and heavy painted eyelids. She was behind the bar, chattering away in French to the lieutenant, who was nodding gravely, not understanding a word of what she was saying.

"*Amis*," Himmler said, putting his arms around Brandt and Christian. "*Braves soldaten*."

The woman came out from behind the bar and shook hands and said they were very welcome and they must forgive her for the delay, but it had been an upsetting day, as they could understand and the girls would make their appearance quite soon, quite, quite soon, and would they be so kind as to seat themselves and have a glass of wine, and wasn't it democratic, the men drinking and taking their pleasure with the officers, you would never find that in the French Army, and perhaps that was why they had won the war.

The girls hadn't arrived by the time the third bottle had disappeared, but by then it didn't make much difference.

"The French," the lieutenant was saying, sitting stiff and correct, his eyes now dark green and opaque, like sea-worn bottle glass. "I disdain the French. They are not willing to die. That is why we are here drinking their wine and taking their women, because they prefer not to die. Comic . . ." He waved his glass in the air, in a gesture that was drunken but bitter. "This campaign. A comic, ridiculous campaign. Since I have been eighteen years old, I have been studying war. The art of war. At my fingertips. Supply. Liaison. Morale. Selection of disguised points for command posts. Theory of attack against automatic weapons. The value of shock. I could lead an army. Five years of my life. Then the moment comes." He laughed bitterly. "The great moment. The army surges to the battle-line. What happens to me?" He stared at the Madam, who did not understand a word of German and was nodding happily, agreeing. "I do not hear a shot fired. I sit in an automobile and I ride four hundred miles and I go to a brothel. The miserable French Army has made a tourist out of me! A tourist! No more war. Five years wasted. No career. I'll be a lieutenant till the age of fifty. I don't know anyone in Berlin. No influence, no friends, no promotion. Wasted. My father was better off. He only got to the

of me, but he had four years to fight in, and he was a major when 'twas twenty-six, and he had his own battalion at the Somme, when every other officer was killed in the first two days. Himmler!"

"Yes, sir," Himmler said. He was not drunk and he had a sly, amused look on his face as he listened to the lieutenant.

"Himmler! Sergeant Himmler! Where is my girl? I want a French girl."

"Madam says you will have a girl in ten minutes."

"I disdain them," the lieutenant said, sipping at his champagne uncertainly, spilling a little on his chin, "I completely disdain the French."

Two girls came into the room. One was a large, heavy blonde girl with an easy, full-mouthed smile. The other was small and slender and dark, with a brooding, almost Arab face, set off by the heavy make-up and bright red lipstick.

"Here they are," the Madam said caressingly. "Here are the little cabbages." She patted the blonde approvingly, like a horse dealer. "This is Jeanette. Just the type, eh? I predict she will have a great vogue while the Germans are in Paris."

"I'll take that one." The lieutenant stood up, very straight, and pointed to the girl who looked like an Arab. She gave him a dark, professional smile and came over and took his arm.

Himmler had been looking at her with interest, too, but he resigned immediately to the privilege of rank, and put his arm around the big blonde. "*Chérie*," he said, "how would you like a nice, healthy German soldier?"

"Where is there a convenient room?" the lieutenant said in German. "Brandt, translate."

Brandt translated and the dark girl smiled at the others and led the lieutenant, very formal and polite, through the door.

"Now," said Himmler, holding tightly on to the blonde, "now it's my turn. If you boys don't mind. . . ."

"Not at all," said Christian. "No hurry at all."

Himmler grinned and went off with the blonde, saying in his ferocious French: "*Chérie*, I love your gown. . . ."

The madam made her excuses and left, after putting out another bottle of champagne. Christian and Brandt sat alone in the orange-lit Moorish bar, staring silently at the frosted bottle in the ice bucket.

They drank without speaking, Christian opened the new bottle, wrestling with the cork, jumping a little, involuntarily, when it exploded out of the bottle with a loud pop. The champagne ran over on his hand, iced and foamy.

"Were you ever in a place like this before?" Brandt asked finally.

"No."

"War," said Brandt, "makes great changes in a man's standard of living."

"Yes," said Christian.

"You want a girl?" Brandt asked.

"Not particularly."

"If you wanted a girl," Brandt said, "and Lieutenant Hardenburg wanted the same girl, what would you do?"

Christian gravely sipped at his drink. "I won't answer that question," he said.

"Neither will I," said Brandt. He played with the stem of his glass. "How do you feel?" he said after a while.

"I don't know," said Christian. "Strange. A little strange."

"I feel sad," said Brandt. "Very sad. What was it the lieutenant said?"

"Today is the dawn of a new era."

"I feel sad at the dawn of the new era." Brandt poured himself some wine. "Did you know that ten months ago I nearly became a French citizen?"

"No," said Christian.

"I lived in France for ten years, off and on. Some other time I'll take you to the place on the Normandy coast I went to in the summers. I painted all day long, thirty, sometimes forty, canvases a summer. I was developing a little reputation in France, too. We must go to the gallery that showed my stuff. Maybe they still have some of the paintings, and you can take a look at them."

"I'll be very happy to," Christian said formally.

"I couldn't show my paintings in Germany. They were abstract. Non-objective art, they call it. Decadent, the Nazis call it." Brandt shrugged. "I suppose I am a little decadent. Not as decadent as the lieutenant, but sufficient. How about you?"

"I am a decadent skier," Christian said.

"Every field," said Brandt, "to its own decadence."

The door opened and the small dark girl came in. She had on a pink wrap, fringed with feathers. She was grinning a little to herself. "Where is the boss?" she asked.

"Back there somewhere." Brandt waved vaguely. "Can I help?"

"It is your lieutenant," the girl said. "I need some translation. He wants something, and I am not quite sure what it is. I think he wants to be whipped, but I am afraid to start unless I know for certain."

"Begin," said Brandt. "That is exactly what he wants. He is an old friend of mine."

"Are you sure?" The girl looked at both of them doubtfully.

"Absolutely," said Brandt.

"Good." The girl shrugged. "I will essay it." She turned at the door. "It is a little strange," she said, a hint of mockery in her voice, "the victorious soldier . . . The day of victory . . . A curious taste, wouldn't you say?"

"We are a curious people," Brandt said. "You will discover that. Attend to your business."

The girl looked angrily at him for a moment, then smiled and went out.

"Did you understand that?" Brandt asked Christian.

"Enough."

"Let's have a drink." Brandt poured for them both. "I answered the call of the Fatherland," he said.

"What?" Christian looked at him, puzzled.

"The war was about to begin, and there I was painting decadent, abstract landscapes on the French coast, waiting to become a French citizen." Brandt half closed his eyes, looking over his wine at the troubled, uncertain days of August, 1939. "The French are the most admirable people in the world. They eat well; they are independent; a man can paint any kind of picture he wants and they will not do anything to him; they have a glorious military history behind them and they know they are not going to do anything like that again. They are reasonable and wisely, a good atmosphere for art. Still, at the last minute, I became Corporal Brandt, whose pictures could not be shown in a German art gallery. Blood is thicker than . . . what? And here we are in Paris, welcomed by all the whores. I tell you something, Christian, finally we are going to lose. It is too immoral . . . the barbarians of the Elbe eating their sausage on the Champs Elysées."

"Brandt," said Christian, "Brandt . . ."

"The dawn of a new era," said Brandt. "Flagellation for the Wehrmacht. Tomorrow I take a sausage to the Etoile."

The door opened and Himmler came in. He had his jacket off and his collar was open and he was grinning and carrying the green gown that the blonde girl had been wearing.

"Next," he said. "The lady is waiting."

"Do you wish to follow in Sergeant Himmler's footsteps?" Brandt asked.

"No," said Christian. "I do not."

"No offence meant. Sergeant," said Brandt, "but we will drink this one out."

Himmler looked sullenly at both of the men, the usual sly pattern of good humour vanishing from his face for a moment.

"I did it fast," he complained. "I didn't want to keep my pals waiting."

"Thoughtful," said Brandt. "Very thoughtful of you. At a time like that."

"She's pretty good," said Himmler. "A big soft one. Are you sure you don't want it?"

"Sure," said Christian.

"All right," said Himmler, "I'll go back for the second act."

"What did you do?" Brandt asked. "Tear the dress off her back?"

Himmler grinned. "I bought it from her," he said. "Nine hundred francs. She wanted fifteen hundred. I'm going to send it to my wife. She's just about the same size. Feel it. . . ." He pushed it in front of Christian. "Real silk."

Christian fingered the material gravely. "Real silk," he said

"Last chance." Himmler was at the door now, looking back.

"Thank you just the same," said Brandt.

"All right," said Himmler. "It's up to you."

"Himmler," said Christian, "we're leaving. You wait for the lieutenant and drive him back. We'll walk."

"Don't you think you ought to wait for orders?" Himmler asked.

"I don't think this could be called a tactical situation," Christian said. "We'll walk back."

Himmler shrugged. "You're liable to get shot in the back, walking alone through the streets."

"Not tonight," said Brandt. "Later on, but not tonight." He stood up and Christian stood with him. They walked out.

It was dark outside. The blackout was thorough and no lights were showing. The moon hung over the rooftops, though dividing each street into geometrical blocks of light and shadow. The atmosphere was mild and still and there was a hushed, empty air hanging over the city, broken occasionally by the sound of steel-treaded vehicles shifting in the distance, the noise sudden and harsh, then dying down to nothingness among the dark buildings.

Brandt led the way. He was wobbling slightly, but he knew where he was and he walked with reassuring certainty in the direction of the Porte Saint Denis.

They did not speak. They walked side by side, their shoulders touching occasionally, their hobnailed boots clattering on the pavements. Somewhere in the dark a window was slammed shut and Christian thought he heard a child crying, faintly and far away. They turned into the wide, empty boulevard, walking close to the shuttered windows and the stacked tables and chairs of the closed sidewalk cafés. Far off down the boulevard they could see some lights, signs that the Army felt secure from all attack this evening

in the heart of France. Through the sweet haze of the champagne the lights looked cozy and warm with comradeship to Christian, and he smiled dreamily to himself as he walked towards them at an even, regular pace, with Brandt beside him.

Paris, shining under the early moon, was frail and graceful through the mist of alcohol. He loved it. He loved the worn pavements. He loved the narrow streets winding off the boulevard like entrances into another century. He loved the churches crowded among the bars and brothels and grocery shops. He loved the spindly chairs thriftily up-ended on the tables in the shadows under the café awnings. He loved the people hiding now behind their drawn blinds. He loved the river he had not yet seen that poured through and dominated the city and he loved the restaurants he had not yet eaten in and the girls whom he had not yet met, but who would come out tomorrow, in the sunny morning, when the fear of the night had vanished, and would walk down these streets with their high heels and their impudent, clever clothes. He loved the legend of the city and the fact that it was one place on the face of the earth that lived up to the legend it had established in the hearts of men. He loved the fact that he had fought on the road to the city and had killed to get there and he loved the little shabby Frenchman he had killed and he loved Corporal Kraus, lying dead beside him, far from the farm in Silesia, with cherry stains on his lips. He loved the fact that he had been tested on the road and in the forest, that death had whistled past him, and he loved the war because in no other way could a man be truly tested, and he loved it that the war was going to end soon, because he did not want to die. He loved the days to come, because they were going to be peaceful and rich, and all the ideas for which he had been willing to risk his life would be put into law and made permanent and a new time of prosperity and order was beginning. He loved Brandt, walking almost correctly, next to his shoulder, because Brandt had whimpered with fear on the road and had conquered it and fought at his side, holding his shaking elbow with his hand, to steady it as he fired, through the spring foliage at the man who would have killed Christian if he could. And he loved the hour, the calm, dark, moonlit hour, when they walked side by side down the empty, pleasant street, the possessors of the town, and he knew finally that his life had not been wasted, that he had not been borne merely to fritter away his days teaching a game to children and holiday-makers. He was of use and he had been used, and a man could ask no more of life.

"Look," Brandt said. He stopped and pointed.

Christian stopped too, and looked where Brandt was pointing. It

was a stone church wall, angled against the moonlight, and written on it in large, chalk figures was the number 1918. Christian blinked and shook his head. He knew that there was a significance chalked there on the wall, but for a moment he could not make out what it was.

"1918," Brandt said. "They know. The French know."

Christian looked at the wall. He felt sad and suddenly tired, because he had been up since four o'clock in the morning and it had been an exhausting day. He walked heavily over to the wall and lifted his arm. With his sleeve, slowly and methodically, he began to erase the large, chalked numbers.

THE LONDON BLITZ

BY

WINSTON S. CHURCHILL

THE German air assault on Britain is a tale of divided counsels conflicting purposes, and never fully accomplished plans. Three or four times in these months the enemy abandoned a method of attack which was causing us severe stress, and turned to something new. But all these stages overlapped one another, and cannot be readily distinguished by precise dates. Each one merged into the next. The early operations sought to engage our air forces in battle over the Channel and the south coast; next the struggle was continued over our southern counties, principally Kent and Sussex, the enemy aiming to destroy our air-power organisation; then nearer to and over London; then London became the supreme target; and finally, when London triumphed, there was a renewed dispersion to the provincial cities and to our sole Atlantic life-line by the Mersey and the Clyde.

We have seen how very hard they had run us in the attack on the south-coast airfields in the last week of August and the first week of September. But on September 7th, Goering publicly assumed command of the air battle, and turned from daylight to night attack and from the fighter fields of Kent and Sussex to the vast built-up areas of London. Minor raids by daylight were frequent, indeed constant, and one great daylight attack was still to come; but in the main the whole character of the German offensive was altered. For fifty-seven nights the bombing of London was unceasing. This constituted an ordeal for the world's largest city, the results of which no one could measure beforehand. Never before was so wide an expanse of homes subjected to such bombardment or so many families required to face its problems and its terrors.

The sporadic raiding of London towards the end of August was promptly answered by us in a retaliatory attack on Berlin. Because of the distance we had to travel, this could only be on a very small scale compared with attacks on London from nearby French and Belgian airfields. The War Cabinet were much in the mood to hit back, to raise the stakes, and to defy the enemy. I was sure they

were right, and believed that nothing impressed or disturbed Hitler so much as his realisation of British wrath and will-power. In his heart he was one of our admirers. He took of course full advantage of our reprisal on Berlin, and publicly announced the previously-settled German policy of reducing London and other British cities to chaos and ruin. "If they attack our cities," he declared on September 4th, "we will simply erase theirs." He tried his best.

The first German aim had been the destruction of our air-power; the second was to break the spirit of the Londoner, or at least render uninhabitable the world's largest city. In these new purposes the enemy did not succeed. The victory of the Royal Air Force had been gained by the skill and daring of our pilots, by the excellence of our machines, and by their wonderful organisation. Other virtues not less splendid, not less indispensable to the life of Britain, were now to be displayed by millions of ordinary humble people, who proved to the world the strength of a community nursed in freedom.

From September 7th to November 3rd an average of two hundred German bombers attacked London every night. The various preliminary raids which had been made upon our provincial cities in the previous three weeks had led to a considerable dispersion of our anti-aircraft artillery, and when London first became the main target there were but ninety-two guns in position. It was thought better to leave the air free for our night-fighters, working under No. 11 Group. Of these there were six squadrons of Blenheims and Defiants. Night-fighting was in its infancy, and very few casualties were inflicted on the enemy. Our batteries therefore remained silent for three nights in succession. Their own technique was at this time woefully imperfect. Nevertheless, in view of the weakness of our night-fighters and of their unsolved problems it was decided that the anti-aircraft gunners should be given a free hand to fire at unseen targets, using any methods of control they liked. In forty-eight hours General Pile, commanding the Air Defence Artillery, had more than doubled the number of guns in the capital by withdrawals from the provincial cities. Our own aircraft were kept out of the way, and the batteries were given their chance.

For three nights Londoners had sat in their houses or inadequate shelters enduring what seemed to be an utterly unresisted attack. Suddenly, on September 10th, the whole barrage opened, accompanied by a blaze of searchlights. This roaring cannonade did not do much harm to the enemy, but gave enormous satisfaction to the population. Everyone was cheered by the feeling that we were hitting back. From that time onwards the batteries fired regularly,

and of course practice, ingenuity, and grinding need steadily improved the shooting. A slowly increasing toll was taken of the German raiders. Upon occasions the batteries were silent and the night-fighters, whose methods were also progressing, came on the scene. The night raids were accompanied by more or less continuous daylight attacks by small groups or even single enemy planes, and the sirens often sounded at brief intervals throughout the whole twenty-four hours. To this curious existence the seven million inhabitants of London accustomed themselves.

In the hope that it may lighten the hard course of this narrative I record a few personal notes about the "Blitz," well knowing how many thousands have far more exciting tales to tell.

When the bombardment first began the idea was to treat it with disdain. In the West End everybody went about their business and pleasure and dined and slept as they usually did. The theatres were full, and the darkened streets were crowded with casual traffic. All this was perhaps a healthy reaction from the frightful squawk which the defeatist elements in Paris had put up on the occasion when they were first seriously raided in May. I remember dining in a small company when very lively and continuous raids were going on. The large windows of Stornoway House opened upon the Green Park, which flickered with the flashes of the guns and was occasionally lit by the glare of an exploding bomb. I felt that we were taking unnecessary risks. After dinner we went to the Imperial Chemicals building overlooking the Embankment. From these high stone balconies there was a splendid view of the river. At least a dozen fires were burning on the south side, and while we were there several heavy bombs fell, one near enough for my friends to pull me back behind a substantial stone pillar. This certainly confirmed my opinion that we should have to accept many restrictions upon the ordinary amenities of life.

The group of Government buildings around Whitehall were repeatedly hit. Downing Street consists of houses two hundred and fifty years old, shaky and lightly built by the profiteering contractor whose name they bear. At the time of the Munich alarm shelters had been constructed for the occupants of No. 10 and No. 11, and the rooms on the garden level had had their ceilings propped up with a wooden under-ceiling and strong timbers. It was believed that this would support the ruins if the building was blown or shaken down; but of course neither these rooms nor the shelters were effective against a direct hit. During the last fortnight of September preparations were made to transfer my Ministerial headquarters to the more modern and solid Government offices looking

over St. James's Park by Storey's Gate. These quarters we called "the Annexe." Below them were the War Room and a certain amount of bomb-proof sleeping accommodation. The bombs at this time were of course smaller than those of the later phases. Still, in the interval before the new apartments were ready, life at Downing Street was exciting. One might as well have been at a battalion headquarters in the line.

In these months we held our evening Cabinets in the War Room in the Annexe basement. To get there from Downing Street it was necessary to walk through the Foreign Office quadrangle and then clamber through the working parties who were pouring in the concrete to make the War Room and basement offices safer. I did not realise what a trial this was to Mr. Chamberlain, with all the consequences of his major operation upon him. Nothing deterred him, and he was never more spick and span or cool and determined than at the last Cabinet which he attended.

One evening in late September 1940, I looked out of the Downing Street front door and saw workmen piling sandbags in front of the low basement windows of the Foreign Office opposite. I asked what they were doing. I was told that after his operation Mr. Neville Chamberlain had to have special periodical treatment, and that it was embarrassing to carry this out in the shelter of No. 11, where at least twenty people were gathered during the constant raids, so a small private place was being prepared over there for him. Every day he kept all his appointments, reserved, efficient, faultlessly attired. But here was the background. It was too much. I used my authority. I walked through the passage between No. 10 and No. 11 and found Mrs. Chamberlain. I said: "He ought not to be here in this condition. You must take him away till he is well again. I will send all the telegrams to him each day." She went off to see her husband. In an hour she sent me word. "He will do what you wish. We are leaving tonight." I never saw him again. In less than two months he was no more. I am sure he wanted to die in harness. This was not to be.

Another evening (October 14th) stands out in my mind. We were dining in the garden-room of No. 10 when the usual night raid began. My companions were Archie Sinclair, Oliver Lyttelton, and Moore-Brabazon. The steel shutters had been closed. Several loud explosions occurred around us at no great distance, and presently a bomb fell, perhaps a hundred yards away, on the Horse Guards Parade, making a great deal of noise. Suddenly I had a providential impulse. The kitchen at No. 10 Downing Street is

lofty and spacious, and looks out through a large plate-glass window about twenty-five feet high. The butler and parlourmaid continued to serve the dinner with complete detachment, but I became acutely aware of this big window, behind which Mrs. Landemare, the cook, and the kitchenmaid, never, turning a hair, were at work. I got up abruptly, went into the kitchen, told the butler to put the dinner on the hot plate in the dining-room, and ordered the cook and the other servants into the shelter, such as it was. I had been seated again at table only about three minutes when a really very loud crash, close at hand, and a violent shock showed that the house had been struck. My detective came into the room and said much damage had been done. The kitchen, the pantry, and the offices on the Treasury side were shattered.

We went into the kitchen to view the scene. The devastation was complete. The bomb had fallen fifty yards away on the Treasury, and the blast had snitten the large, tidy kitchen, with all its bright saucepans and crockery, into a heap of black dust and rubble. The big plate-glass window had been hurled in fragments and splinters across the room, and would of course have cut its occupants, if there had been any, to pieces. But my fortunate inspiration, which I might so easily have neglected, had come in the nick of time. The underground Treasury shelter across the court had been blown to pieces by a direct hit, and the three civil servants who were doing Home Guard night-duty there were killed. All however were buried under tons of brick rubble, and we did not know who was missing.

As the raid continued and seemed to grow in intensity we put on our tin hats and went out to view the scene from the top of the Annexe buildings. Before doing so, however, I could not resist taking Mrs. Landemare and the others from the shelter to see their kitchen. They were upset at the sight of the wreck, but principally on account of the general untidiness!

Archie and I went up to the cupola of the Annexe building. The night was clear and there was a wide view of London. It seemed that the greater part of Pall Mall was in flames. At least five fierce fires were burning there, and others in St. James's Street and Piccadilly. Farther back over the river in the opposite direction there were many conflagrations. But Pall Mall was the vivid flame-picture. Gradually the attack died down, and presently the "All Clear" sounded, leaving only the blazing fires. We went downstairs to my new apartments on the first floor of the Annexe, and there found Captain David Margeson, the Chief Whip, who was accustomed to live at the Carlton Club. He told us the club had been blown to bits, and indeed we had thought, by the situation of the

fires, that it must have been hit. He was in the club with about two hundred and fifty members and staff. It had been struck by a heavy bomb. The whole of the façade and the massive coping on the Pall Mall side had fallen into the street, obliterating his motor-car, which was parked near the front door. The smoking-room had been full of members, and the whole ceiling had come down upon them. When I looked at the ruins next day it seemed incredible that most of them should not have been killed. However, by what seemed a miracle, they had all crawled out of the dust, smoke, and rubble, and though many were injured not a single life was lost. When in due course these facts came to the notice of the Cabinet our Labour colleagues facetiously remarked: "The devil looks after his own." Mr. Quintin Hogg had carried his father, a former Lord Chancellor, on his shoulders from the wreck, as Æneas had borne Pater Anchises from the ruins of Troy. Margesson had nowhere to sleep, and we found him blankets and a bed in the basement of the Annexe. Altogether it was a lurid evening, and considering the damage to buildings it was remarkable that there were not more than five hundred people killed and about a couple of thousand injured.

One day after luncheon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, Kingsley Wood, came to see me on business at No. 10, and we heard a very heavy explosion take place across the river in South London. I took him to see what had happened. The bomb had fallen in Peckham. It was a very big one—probably a land-mine. It had completely destroyed or gutted twenty or thirty small three-storey houses and cleared a considerable open space in this very poor district. Already little pathetic Union Jacks had been stuck up amid the ruins. When my car was recognised the people came running from all quarters, and a crowd of more than a thousand was soon gathered. All these folk were in a high state of enthusiasm. They crowded round us, cheering and manifesting every sign of lively affection, wanting to touch and stroke my clothes. One would have thought I had brought them some fine substantial benefit which would improve their lot in life. I was completely undermined, and wept. Ismay, who was with me, records that he heard an old woman say: "You see, he really cares. He's crying." They were tears not of sorrow but of wonder and admiration. "But see, look here," they said, and drew me to the centre of the ruins. There was an enormous crater, perhaps forty yards across and twenty feet deep. Cocked up at an angle on the very edge was an Anderson shelter, and we were greeted at its twisted doorway by a youngish man, his wife, and three children, quite unharmed but obviously

shell-jarred. They had been there at the moment of the explosion. They could give no account of their experiences. But there they were, and proud of it. Their neighbours regarded them as enviable curiosities. When we got back into the car a harsher mood swept over this haggard crowd, "Give it 'em back," they cried, and "Let *them* have it too." I undertook forthwith to see that their wishes were carried out; and this promise was certainly kept. The debt was repaid tenfold, twentyfold, in the frightful routine bombardment of German cities, which grew in intensity as our air-power developed, as the bombs became far heavier and the explosives more powerful. Certainly the enemy got it all back in good measure, pressed down and running over. Alas for poor humanity!

6. Treachery

THE BETRAYAL AND EXECUTION OF THE INCA OF PERU, 1532-33

BY

WILLIAM H. PRESCOTT

THE clouds of the evening had passed away, and the sun rose bright on the following morning, the most memorable epoch in the annals of Peru. It was Saturday, the 16th of November, 1532. The loud cry of the trumpet called the Spaniards to arms with the first streak of dawn; and Pizarro, briefly acquainting them with the plan of the assault, made the necessary dispositions.

The *plaza* was defended on its three sides by low ranges of buildings, consisting of spacious halls with wide doors or vomitories opening into the square. In these halls he stationed his cavalry in two divisions, one under his brother Hernando, the other under De Soto. The infantry he placed in another of the buildings, reserving twenty chosen men to act with himself as occasion might require. Pedro de Candia, with a few soldiers and the artillery, comprehending under this imposing name two small pieces of ordnance, called falconets,—he established in the fortress. All received orders to wait at their posts till the arrival of the Inca. After his entrance into the great square, they were still to remain under cover, withdrawn from observation, till the signal was given by the discharge of a gun, when they were to cry their war-cries, to rush out in a body from their covert, and putting the Peruvians to the sword, bear off the person of the Inca. The arrangement of the immense halls, opening on a level with the *plaza*, seemed to be contrived on purpose for a *coup de théâtre*. Pizarro particularly inculcated order and implicit obedience, that in the hurry of the moment there should be no confusion. Everything depended on their acting with concert, coolness, and celerity.

The chief next saw that their arms were in good order; and that the breastplates of their horses were garnished with bells, to add by their noise to the consternation of the Indians. Refreshments were also liberally provided, that the troops should be in condition for the conflict. These arrangements being completed, mass was performed with great solemnity by the ecclesiastics who attended the expedition: the God of battles was invoked to spread his shield

over the soldiers who were fighting to extend the empire of the Cross; and all joined with enthusiasm in the chant, "*Exsurge Domine*," ("Rise, O Lord! and judge Thine own cause"). One might have supposed them a company of martyrs, about to lay down their lives in defence of their faith, instead of a licentious band of adventurers, meditating one of the most atrocious acts of perfidy on the record of history! Yet, whatever were the vices of the Castilian cavalier, hypocrisy was not among the number. He felt that he was battling for the Cross, and under this conviction, exalted as it was at such a moment as this into predominant impulse, he was blind to the baser motives which mingled with the enterprise. With feelings thus kindled to a flame of religious ardour, the soldiers of Pizarro looked forward with renovated spirits to the coming conflict; and the chieftain saw with satisfaction, that in the hour of trial his men would be true to their leader and themselves.

It was late in the day before any movement was visible in the Peruvian camp, where much preparation was making to approach the Christian quarters with due state and ceremony. A message was received from Atahualpa, informing the Spanish commander that he should come with his warriors fully armed, in the same manner as the Spaniards had come to his quarters the night preceding. This was not an agreeable intimation to Pizarro, though he had no reason, probably, to expect the contrary. But to object might imply distrust, or, perhaps, disclose, in some measure, his own designs. He expressed his satisfaction, therefore, at the intelligence, assuring the Inca, that, come as he would, he would be received by him as a friend and brother.

It was noon before the Indian procession was on its march, when it was seen occupying the great causeway for a long extent. In front came a large body of attendants, whose office seemed to be to sweep away very particle of rubbish from the road. High above the crowd appeared the Inca, borne on the shoulders of his principal nobles, while others of the same rank marched by the sides of his litter, displaying such a dazzling show of ornaments on their persons, that, in the language of one of the Conquerors, "they blazed like the sun." But the greater part of the Inca's forces mustered along the fields that lined the road, and were spread over the broad meadows, as far as the eye could reach.

When the royal procession had arrived within half a mile of the city, it came to a halt; and Pizarro saw, with surprise, that Atahualpa was preparing to pitch his tents, as if to encamp there. A messenger soon after arrived, informing the Spaniards that the Inca would occupy his present station the ensuing night, and enter the city on the following morning.

This intelligence greatly disturbed Pizarro, who had shared in the general impatience of his men at the tardy movements of the Peruvians. The troops had been under arms since daylight, the cavalry mounted, and the infantry at their post, waiting in silence the coming of the Inca. A profound stillness reigned throughout the town, broken only at intervals by the cry of the sentinel from the summit of the fortress, as he proclaimed the movements of the Indian army. Nothing, Pizarro well knew, was so trying to the soldier as prolonged suspense, in a critical situation like the present; and he feared lest his ardour might evaporate, and be succeeded by that nervous feeling natural to the bravest soul at such a crisis, and which, if not fear, is near akin to it. He returned an answer, therefore, to Atahualpa, deprecating his change of purpose; and adding, that he had provided everything for his entertainment, and expected him that night to sup with him.

This message turned the Inca from his purpose; and, striking his tents again, he resumed his march, first advising the general that he should leave the greater part of his warriors behind, and enter the place with only a few of them, and without arms, as he preferred to pass the night at Caxamalca. At the same time he ordered accommodations to be provided for himself and his retinue in one of the large stone buildings, called, from a serpent sculptured on the walls, "the House of the Serpent."—No tidings could have been more grateful to the Spaniards. It seemed as if the Indian monarch was eager to rush into the snare that had been spread for him! The fanatical cavalier could not fail to discern in it the immediate finger of Providence.

It is difficult to account for this wavering conduct of Atahualpa, so different from the bold and decided character which history ascribes to him. There is no doubt that he made his visit to the white men in perfect good faith; though Pizarro was probably right in conjecturing that this amiable disposition stood on a very precarious footing. There is as little reason to suppose that he distrusted the sincerity of the strangers; or he would not thus unnecessarily have proposed to visit them unarmed. His original purpose of coming with all his force was doubtless to display his royal state, and perhaps, also, to show greater respect for the Spaniards; but when he consented to accept their hospitality, and pass the night in their quarters, he was willing to dispense with a great part of his armed soldiery, and visit them in a manner that implied entire confidence in their good faith. He was too absolute in his own empire easily to suspect; and he probably could not comprehend the audacity with which a few men, like those now assembled in Caxamalca, meditated an assault on a powerful

monarch in the midst of his victorious army. He did not know the character of the Spaniard.

It was not long before sunset when the van of the royal procession entered the gates of the city. First came some hundreds of the menials, employed to clear the path from every obstacle, and singing songs of triumph as they came, "which, in our ears," says one of the Conquerors, "sounded like the songs of hell!" Then followed other bodies of different ranks, and dressed in different liveries. Some wore a showy stuff, checkered white and red, like the squares of a chess-board. Others were clad in pure white, bearing hammers or maces of silver or copper, and the guards, together with those in immediate attendance on the prince, were distinguished by a rich azure livery, and a profusion of gay ornaments, while the large pendants attached to the ears indicated the Peruvian noble.

Elevated high above his vassals came the Inca Atahualpa, borne on a sedan or open litter, on which was a sort of throne made of massive gold of inestimable value. The palanquin was lined with the richly-coloured plumes of tropical birds, and studded with shining plates of gold and silver. The monarch's attire was much richer than on the preceding evening. Round his neck was suspended a collar of emeralds, of uncommon size and brilliancy. His short hair was decorated with golden ornaments, and the imperial *borla* encircled his temples. The bearing of the Inca was sedate and dignified; and from his lofty station he looked down on the multitudes below with an air of composure, like one accustomed to command.

As the leading files of the procession entered the great square, larger, says an old chronicler, than any square in Spain, they opened to the right and left for the royal retinue to pass. Everything was conducted with admirable order. The monarch was permitted to traverse the *plaza* in silence, and not a Spaniard was to be seen. When some five or six thousand of his people had entered the place, Atahualpa halted, and, turning round with an inquiring look, demanded, "Where are the strangers?"

At this moment Fray Vicente de Valverde, a Dominican friar, Pizarro's chaplain, and afterwards Bishop of Cuzco, came forward with his breviary, or as other accounts say, a Bible, in one hand, and a crucifix in the other, and, approaching the Inca, told him that he came, by order of his commander to expound to him the doctrines of the true faith, for which purpose the Spaniards had come from a great distance to his country. The friar then explained, as clearly as he could, the mysterious doctrine of the Trinity, and, ascending high in his account, began with the creation of man, thence passed to his fall, to his subsequent redemption by Jesus

Christ, to the crucifixion, and the ascension, when the Saviour left the Apostle Peter as his Vicegerent upon earth. This power had been transmitted to the successors of the Apostle, good and wise men, who, under the title of Popes, held authority over all powers and potentates on earth. One of the last of these Popes had commissioned the Spanish emperor, the most mighty monarch in the world, to conquer and convert the natives in this western hemisphere; and his general, Francisco Pizarro, had now come to execute this important mission. The friar concluded with beseeching the Peruvian monarch to receive him kindly; to abjure the errors of his own faith, and embrace that of the Christians now proffered to him, the only one by which he could hope for salvation; and, furthermore, to acknowledge himself a tributary of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, who, in that event, would aid and protect him as his loyal vassal.

Whether Atahualpa possessed himself of every link in the curious chain of argument by which the monk connected Pizarro with St. Peter, may be doubted. It is certain, however, that he must have had very incorrect notions of the Trinity, if, as Garcilasso states, the interpreter Felipillo explained it by saying, that "the Christians believed in three Gods and one God, and that made four." But there is no doubt he perfectly comprehended that the drift of the discourse was to persuade him to resign his sceptre and acknowledge the supremacy of another.

The eyes of the Indian monarch flashed fire, and his dark brow grew darker as he replied, "I will be no man's tributary! I am greater than any prince upon earth. Your emperor may be a great prince; I do not doubt it, when I see that he has sent his subjects so far across the waters; and I am willing to hold him as a brother. As for the Pope of whom you speak, he must be crazy to talk of giving away countries which do not belong to him. For my faith," he continued, "I will not change it. Your own God, as you say, was put to death by the very men whom he created. But mine," he concluded, pointing to his deity,—then alas! sinking in glory behind the mountains,—“my God still lives in the heavens, and looks down on his children.”

He then demanded of Valverde by what authority he had said these things. The friar pointed to the book which he held, as his authority. Atahualpa, taking it, turned over the pages a moment, then, as the insult he had received probably flashed across his mind, he threw it down with vehemence, and exclaimed, "Tell your comrades that they shall give me an account of their doings in my land. I will not go from here till they have made me full satisfaction for all the wrongs they have committed."

The friar, greatly scandalised by the indignity offered to the sacred volume, staid only to pick it up, and, hastening to Pizarro, informed him of what had been done, exclaiming at the same time, "Do you not see, that, while we stand here wasting our breath in talking with this dog, full of pride as he is, the fields are filling with Indians! Set on at once! I absolve you." Pizarro saw that the hour had come. He waved a white scarf in the air, the appointed signal. The fatal gun was fired from the fortress. Then springing into the square, the Spanish captain and his followers shouted the old war-cry of "St. Jago and at them!" It was answered by the battle-cry of every Spaniard in the city, as, rushing from the avenues of the great halls in which they were concealed, they poured into the *plaza*, horse and foot, each in his own dark column, and threw themselves into the midst of the Indian crowd. The latter, taken by surprise, stunned by the report of artillery and muskets, the echoes of which reverberated like thunder from the surrounding buildings, and blinded by the smoke which rolled in sulphurous volumes along the square, were seized with a panic. They knew not whither to fly for refuge from the coming ruin. Nobles and commoners—all were trampled down under the fierce charge of the cavalry, who dealt their blows right and left, without sparing; while their swords, flashing through the thick gloom, carried dismay into the hearts of the wretched natives, who now, for the first time, saw the horse and his rider in all their terrors. They made no resistance,—as, indeed, they had no weapons with which to make it. Every avenue to escape was closed, for the entrance to the square was choked up with the dead bodies of men who had perished in vain efforts to fly; and such was the agony of the survivors under the terrible pressure of their assailants, that a large body of Indians, by their convulsive struggles, burst through the wall of stone and dried clay which formed part of the boundary of the *plaza*! It fell, leaving an opening of more than a hundred paces, through which multitudes now found their way into the country, still hotly pursued by the cavalry, who, leaping the fallen rubbish, hung on the rear of the fugitives, striking them down in all directions.

Meanwhile the fight, or rather massacre, continued hot around the Inca, whose person was the great object of the assault. His faithful nobles, rallying about him, threw themselves in the way of the assailants, and strove, by tearing them from their saddles, or, at least, by offering their own bosoms as a mark for their vengeance, to shield their beloved master. It is said by some authorities, that they carried weapons concealed under their clothes. If so, it availed them little, as it is not pretended that they used them. But the most

timid animal will defend itself when at bay. That they did not so in the present instance is proof that they had no weapons to use.¹ Yet they still continued to force back the cavaliers, clinging to their horses with dying grasp, and, as one was cut down, another taking the place of his fallen comrade with a loyalty truly affecting.

The Indian monarch, stunned and bewildered, saw his faithful subjects falling round him without fully comprehending his situation. The litter on which he rode heaved to and fro, as the mighty press swayed backwards and forwards; and he gazed on the overwhelming ruin, like some forlorn mariner, who, tossed about in his bark by the furious elements, sees the lightning's flash and hears the thunder bursting around him, with the consciousness that he can do nothing to avert his fate. At length, weary with the work of destruction, the Spaniards, as the shades of evening grew deeper, felt afraid that the royal prize might, after all elude them; and some of the cavaliers made a desperate attempt to end the affray at once by taking Atahualpa's life. But Pizarro, who was nearest his person, called out with stentorian voice, "Let no one, who values his life, strike at the Inca:" and, stretching out his arm to shield him, received a wound on the hand from one of his own men,—the only wound received by a Spaniard in the action.

The struggle now became fiercer than ever round the royal litter. It reeled more and more, and at length several of the nobles who supported it having been slain, it was overturned, and the Indian prince would have come with violence to the ground, had not his fall been broken by the efforts of Pizarro and some other of the cavaliers, who caught him in their arms. The imperial *borla* was instantly snatched from his temples by a soldier named Estete, and the unhappy monarch, strongly secured, was removed to a neighbouring building, where he was carefully guarded.

All attempt at resistance now ceased. The fate of the Inca soon spread over town and country. The charm which might have held the Peruvians together was dissolved. Every man thought only of his own safety. Even the soldiery encamped on the adjacent fields took the alarm, and, learning the fatal tidings, were seen flying

¹ The author of the *Relacion del Primer Descubrimiento* speaks of a few as having bows and arrows, and of others as armed with silver and copper mallets or maces, which may, however, have been more for ornament than for service in fight.—Pedro Pizarro and some later writers say that the Indians brought thongs with them to bind the captive white men. Both Hernando Pizarro and the secretary Xerez agree that their only arms were secreted under their clothes; but as they do not pretend that these were used, and as it was announced by the Inca that he came without arms, the assertion may well be doubted,—or rather discredited. All authorities, without exception, agree that no attempt was made at resistance.

in every direction before their pursuers, who in the heat of triumph showed no touch of mercy. At length night, more pitiful than man, threw her friendly mantle over the fugitives, and the scattered troops of Pizarro rallied once more at the sound of the trumpet in the bloody square of Caxamalca.

The number of slain is reported, as usual, with great discrepancy. Pizarro's secretary says two thousand natives fell. A descendant of the Incas, a safer authority than Garcilasso—swells the number to ten thousand. Truth is generally found somewhere between the extremes. The slaughter was incessant, for there was nothing to check it. That there should have been no resistance will not appear strange, when we consider the fact that the wretched victims were without arms, and that their senses must have been completely overwhelmed by the strange and appalling spectacle which burst on them so unexpectedly. "What wonder was it," said an ancient Inca to a Spaniard, who repeats it, "what wonder that our countrymen lost their wits, seeing blood run like water, and the Inca, whose person we all of us adore, seized and carried off by a handful of men?" Yet though the massacre was incessant, it was short in duration. The whole time consumed by it, the brief twilight of the tropics, did not exceed half an hour; a short period indeed,—yet long enough to decide the fate of Peru, and to subvert the dynasty of the Incas.

That night Pizarro kept his engagement with the Inca, since he had Atahualpa to sup with him. The banquet was served in one of the halls facing the great square, which a few hours before had been the scene of slaughter, and the pavement of which was still encumbered with the dead bodies of the Inca's subjects. The captive monarch was placed next his conqueror. He seemed like one who did not yet fully comprehend the extent of his calamity. If he did, he showed an amazing fortitude. "It is the fortune of war," he said; and, if we may credit the Spaniards, he expressed his admiration of the adroitness with which they had contrived to entrap him in the midst of his own troops. He added, that he had been made acquainted with the progress of the white men from the hour of their landing; but that he had been led to undervalue their strength from the insignificance of their numbers. He had no doubt he should be easily able to overpower them on their arrival at Caxamalca, by his superior strength; and, as he wished to see for himself what manner of men they were, he had suffered them to cross the mountains, meaning to select such as he chose for his own service, and getting possession of their wonderful arms and horses, put the rest to death.

That such may have been Atahualpa's purpose is not improbable.

It explains his conduct in not occupying the mountain passes, which afforded such strong points of defence against invasion. But that a prince so astute, as by the general testimony of the Conquerors he is represented to have been, should have made so impolitic a disclosure of his hidden motives, is not so probable. The intercourse with the Inca was carried on chiefly by means of the interpreter Felipillo, or *little Philip*, as he was called from his assumed Christian name,—a malicious youth, as it appears, who bore no good will to Atahualpa, and whose interpretations were readily admitted by the Conquerors, eager to find some pretext for their bloody reprisals.

Atahualpa, as elsewhere noticed, was, at this time, about thirty years of age. He was well made, and more robust than usual with his countrymen. His head was large, and his countenance might have been called handsome, but that his eyes which were bloodshot, gave a fierce expression to his features. He was deliberate in speech, grave in manner, and towards his own people stern even to severity though with the Spaniards he showed himself affable, sometimes even indulging in sallies of mirth.

Pizarro paid every attention to his royal captive, and endeavoured to lighten, if he could not dispel the gloom which, in spite of his assumed equanimity, hung over the monarch's brow. He besought him not to be cast down by his reverses, for his lot had only been that of every prince who had resisted the white men. They had come into the country to proclaim the Gospel, the religion of Jesus Christ, and it was no wonder they had prevailed, when his shield was over them. Heaven had permitted that Atahualpa's pride should be humbled, because of his hostile intentions towards the Spaniards, and the insults he had offered to the sacred volume. But he bade the Inca take courage and confide in him, for the Spaniards were a generous race, warring only against those who made war on them, and showing grace to all who submitted!—Atahualpa may have thought the massacre of that day an indifferent commentary on this vaunted lenity.

Before retiring for the night, Pizarro briefly addressed his troops on their present situation. When he had ascertained that not a man was wounded, he bade them offer up thanksgivings to Providence for so great a miracle; without its care they could never have prevailed so easily over the host of their enemies; and he trusted their lives had been reserved for still greater things. But if they would succeed, they had much to do for themselves. They were in the heart of a powerful kingdom, encompassed by foes deeply attached to their own sovereign. They must be ever on their guard, therefore, and be prepared at any hour to be roused from their

slumbers by the call of the trumpet. Having then posted his sentinels, placed a strong guard over the apartment of Atahuallpa, and taken all the precautions of a careful commander, Pizarro withdrew to repose; and, if he could really feel, that, in the bloody scenes of the past day, he had been fighting only the good fight of the Cross, he doubtless slept sounder than on the night preceding the seizure of the Inca.

On the following morning the first commands of the Spanish chief were to have the city cleansed of its impurities: and the prisoners, of whom there were many in the camp, were employed to remove the dead, and give them decent burial. His next care was to despatch a body of about thirty horse to the quarters lately occupied by Atahuallpa at the baths, to take possession of the spoil, and disperse the remnant of the Peruvian forces which still hung about the place.

Before noon, the party which he had detached on this service returned with a large troop of Indians, men and women, among the latter of whom were many of the wives and attendants of the Inca. The Spaniards had met with no resistance, since the Peruvian warriors, though so superior in number, excellent in appointments, and consisting mostly of able-bodied young men,—for the greater part of the veteran forces were with the Inca's generals at the south,—lost all heart from the moment of their sovereign's captivity. There was no leader to take his place; for they recognised no authority but that of the Child of the Sun, and they seemed to be held by a sort of invisible charm near the place of his confinement, while they gazed with superstitious awe on the white men, who could achieve so audacious an enterprise.

The number of Indian prisoners was so great, that some of the Conquerors were for putting them all to death, or at least, cutting off their hands, to disable them from acts of violence, and to strike terror into their countrymen. The proposition, doubtless, came from the lowest and most ferocious of the soldiery. But that it should have been made at all, shows what materials entered into the composition of Pizarro's company. The chief rejected it at once, as no less impolitic than inhuman, and dismissed the Indians to their several homes, with the assurance that none should be harmed who did not offer resistance to the white men. A sufficient number, however, was retained to wait on the Conquerors who were so well provided, in this respect, that the most common soldier was attended by a retinue of menials that would have better suited the establishment of a noble.

The Spaniards had found immense droves of llamas under the care of their shepherds in the neighbourhood of the baths, destined

for the consumption of the Court. Many of them were now suffered to roam abroad among their native mountains; though Pizarro caused a considerable number to be reserved for the use of the Army. And this was no small quantity, if, as one of the Conquerors says, a hundred and fifty of the Peruvian sheep were frequently slaughtered in a day. Indeed, the Spaniards were so improvident in their destruction of these animals, that, in a few years, the superb flocks, nurtured with so much care by the Peruvian government, had almost disappeared from the land.

The party sent to pillage the Inca's pleasure-house brought back a rich booty in gold and silver, consisting chiefly of plate for the royal table, which greatly astonished the Spaniards by its size and weight. These, as well as some large emeralds obtained there, together with the precious spoils found on the bodies of the Indian nobles who had perished in the massacre, were placed in safe custody, to be hereafter divided. In the city of Caxamalca, the troops also found magazines stored with goods, both cotton and woollen, far superior to any they had seen for fineness of texture, and the skill with which the various colours were blended. They were piled from the floors to the very roofs of the buildings, and in such quantity, that after every soldier had provided himself with what he desired, it made no sensible diminution of the whole amount.

Pizarro would now gladly have directed his march on the Peruvian capital. But the distance was great, and his force was small. This must have been still further crippled by the guard required for the Inca, and the chief feared to involve himself deeper in a hostile empire so populous and powerful, with a prize so precious in his keeping. With much anxiety, therefore, he looked for reinforcements from the colonies; and he despatched a courier to San Miguel, to inform the Spaniards there of his recent successes, and to ascertain if there had been any arrival from Panamá. Meanwhile he employed his men in making Caxamalca a more suitable residence for a Christian host, by erecting a church, or, perhaps, appropriating some Indian edifice to this use, in which mass was regularly performed by the Dominican fathers, with great solemnity. The dilapidated walls of the city were also restored in a more substantial manner than before, and every vestige was soon effaced of the hurricane that had so recently swept over it.

It was not long before Atahualpa discovered, amidst all the show of religious zeal in his conquerors, a lurking appetite more potent in most of their bosoms than either religion or ambition. This was the love of gold. He determined to avail himself of it to procure his own freedom. The critical posture of his affairs made it important that this should not be long delayed. His brother

Huascar, ever since his¹ defeat, had 'been detained as a prisoner, subject to the victor's orders. He was now at Andamarca, at no great distance from Caxamalca, and Atahualpa feared, with good reason, that, when his own imprisonment was known, Huascar would find it easy to corrupt his guards, make his escape, and put himself at the head of the contested empire, without a rival to dispute it.

In the hope, therefore, to effect his purpose by appealing to the avarice of his keepers, he one day told Pizarro, that, if he would set him free, he would engage to cover the floor of the apartment on which they stood with gold. Those present listened with an incredulous smile; and, as the Inca received no answer, he said, with some emphasis, that "he would not merely cover the floor, but would fill the room with gold as high as he could reach;" and, standing on tiptoe, he stretched out his hand against the wall. All stared with amazement; while they regarded it as the insane boast of a man too eager to procure his liberty to weigh the meaning of his words. Yet Pizarro was sorely perplexed. As he had advanced into the country, much that he had seen, and all that he had heard, had confirmed the dazzling reports first received of the riches of Peru. Atahualpa himself had given him the most glowing picture of the wealth of the capital, where the roofs of the temples were plated with gold, while the walls were hung with tapestry, and the floors inlaid with tiles of the same precious metal. There must be some foundation for all this. At all events, it was safe to accede to the Inca's proposition; since, by so doing, he could collect, at once, all the gold at his disposal, and thus prevent its being purloined or secreted by the natives. He therefore acquiesced in Atahualpa's offer, and, drawing a red line along the wall at the height which the Inca had indicated, he caused the terms of the proposal to be duly recorded by the notary. The apartment was about seventeen feet broad, by twenty-two feet long, and the line round the walls was nine feet from the floor. This space was to be filled with gold; but it was understood that the gold was not to be melted down into ingots, but to retain the original form of the articles into which it was manufactured, that the Inca might have the benefit of the space which they occupied. He further agreed to fill an adjoining room of small dimensions twice full with silver, in like manner; and he demanded two months to accomplish all this.

No sooner was this arrangement made, than the Inca despatched couriers to Cuzo and the other principal places in the kingdom, with orders that the gold ornaments and utensils should be removed from the royal palaces, and from the temples and other public

buildings, and transported without loss of time to Caxamalca. Meanwhile he continued to live in the Spanish quarters treated with the respect due to his rank, and enjoying all the freedom that was compatible with the security of his person. Though not permitted to go abroad, his limbs were unshackled, and he had the range of his own apartments under the jealous *surveillance* of a guard, who knew too well the value of the royal captive to be remiss. He was allowed the society of his favourite wives, and Pizarro took care that his domestic privacy should not be violated. His subjects had free access to their sovereign, and every day he received visits from the Indian nobles, who came to bring presents, and offer condolence to their unfortunate master. On such occasions, the most potent of these great vassals never ventured into his presence, without first stripping off their sandals, and bearing a load on their backs in token of reverence. The Spaniards gazed with curious eyes on these acts of homage, or rather of slavish submission, on the one side, and on the air of perfect indifference with which they were received, as a matter of course, on the other; and they conceived high ideas of the character of a prince who, even in his present helpless condition, could inspire such feelings of awe in his subjects. The royal levee was so well attended, and such devotion was shown by his vassals to the captive monarch, as did not fail, in the end, to excite some feelings of distrust in his keepers.

Pizarro did not neglect the opportunity afforded him of communicating the truths of revelation to his prisoner, and both he and his chaplain, Father Valverde, laboured in the same good work. Atahualpa listened with composure and apparent attention. But nothing seemed to move him so much as the argument with which the military polemic closed his discourse,—that it could not be the true God whom Atahualpa worshipped, since he had suffered him to fall into the hands of his enemies. The unhappy monarch assented to the force of this, acknowledging that his Deity had indeed deserted him in his utmost need.

Yet his conduct towards his brother Huascar, at this time, too clearly proves that, whatever respect he may have shown for the teachers, the doctrines of Christianity had made little impression on his heart. No sooner had Huascar been informed of the capture of his rival, and of the large ransom he had offered for his deliverance, than, as the latter had foreseen, he made every effort to regain his liberty, and sent or attempted to send, a message to the Spanish commander, that he would pay a much larger ransom than that promised by Atahualpa, who, never having dwelt in Cuzco, was ignorant of the quantity of treasure there, and where it was deposited.

Intelligence of all this was secretly communicated to Atahualpa by the persons who had his brother in charge; and his jealousy thus roused, was further heightened by Pizarro's declaration, that he intended to have Huascar brought to Caxamalca, where he would himself examine into the controversy, and determine which of the two had best title to the sceptre of the Incas. Pizarro perceived from the first the advantages of a competition which would enable him, by throwing his sword into the scale he preferred, to give it a preponderance. The party who held the sceptre by his nomination would henceforth be a tool in his hands, with which to work his pleasure more effectually than he could well do in his own name. It was the game, as every reader knows, played by Edward I in the affairs of Scotland, and by many a monarch both before and since,—and though their examples may not have been familiar to the unlettered soldier, Pizarro was too quick in his perceptions to require, in this matter at least, the teachings of history.

Atahualpa was much alarmed by the Spanish commander's determination to have the suit between the rival candidates brought before him; for he feared that, independently of the merits of the case, the decision would be likely to go in favour of Huascar, whose mild and ductile temper would make him a convenient instrument in the hands of his conquerors. Without further hesitation he determined to remove this cause of jealousy for ever, by the death of his brother.

His orders were immediately executed, and the unhappy prince was drowned, as was commonly reported, in the river of Andamarca, declaring with his dying breath that the white men would avenge his murder, and that his rival would not long survive him.—Thus perished the unfortunate Huascar, the legitimate heir of the throne of the Incas, in the very morning of life, and the commencement of his reign; a reign, however, which had been long enough to call forth the display of many excellent and amiable qualities, though his nature was too gentle to cope with the bold and fiercer temper of his brother. Such is the portrait we have of him from the Indian and Castilian chroniclers, though the former, it should be added, were the kinsmen of Huascar, and the latter certainly bore no good-will to Atahualpa.

The prince received the tidings of Huascar's death with every mark of surprise and indignation. He immediately sent for Pizarro, and communicated the event to him with expressions of the deepest sorrow. The Spanish commander refused, at first, to credit the unwelcome news, and bluntly told the Inca that his brother could not be dead, and that he should be answerable for his life. To this Atahualpa replied by renewed assurances of the fact, adding that

the deed had been perpetrated, without his privity, by Huascar's keepers, fearful that he might take advantage of the troubles of the country to make his escape. Pizarro, on making further inquiries, found that the report of his death was but too true. That it should have been brought about by Atahualpa's officers, without his express command, would only show that, by so doing, they had probably anticipated their master's wishes. The crime, which assumes in our eyes a deeper dye from the relation of the parties, had not the same estimation among the Incas, in whose multitudinous families the bonds of brotherhood must have sat loosely,—much too loosely to restrain the arm of the despot from sweeping away any obstacle that lay in his path.

Several weeks had now passed since Atahualpa's emissaries had been despatched for the gold and silver that were to furnish his ransom to the Spaniards. But the distances were great, and the returns came in slowly: they consisted for the most part of massive pieces of plate, some of which weighed two or three *arobas*,—a Spanish weight of twenty-five pounds. On some days articles of the value of thirty or forty thousand *pesos de oro* were brought in, and occasionally of the value of fifty or even sixty thousand *pesos*. The greedy eyes of the Conquerors gloated on the shining heaps of treasure, which were transported on the shoulders of the Indian porters; and, after being carefully registered, were placed in a safe deposit under a strong guard. They now began to believe that the magnificent promises of the Inca would be fulfilled; but as their avarice was sharpened by the ravishing display of wealth, such as they had hardly dared to imagine, they became more craving and impatient. They made no allowance for the distance and the difficulties of the way, and loudly inveighed against the tardiness with which the royal commands were executed. They even suspected Atahualpa of devising this scheme only to gain a pretext for communicating with his subjects in distant places, and of proceeding as dilatorily as possible in order to secure time for the execution of his plans. Rumours of a rising among the Peruvians were circulated, and the Spaniards were in apprehension of some general and sudden assault on their quarters. Their new acquisitions gave them additional cause for solicitude: like a miser, they trembled in the midst of their treasures.

Pizarro reported to his captive the rumours that were in circulation among the soldiers, naming as one of the places pointed out for the rendezvous of the Indians the neighbouring city of Guama-chucho. Atahualpa listened with undisguised astonishment, and indignantly repelled the charge as false from beginning to end. "No

one of my subjects," said he, "would dare to appear in arms, or to raise his finger, without my orders. You have me," he continued, "in your power. Is not my life at your disposal? and what better security can you have for my fidelity?" He then represented to the Spanish commander that the distances of many of the places were very great; that to Cuzco, the capital, although a message might be sent by post through a succession of couriers in five days from Caxamalca, it would require weeks for a porter to travel over the same ground with a heavy load on his back. "But, that you may be satisfied I am proceeding in good faith," he added, "I desire you will send some of your own people to Cuzco. I will give them a safe-conduct; and, when there, they can superintend the execution of the commission, and see with their own eyes that no hostile movements are intended." It was a fair offer; and Pizarro, anxious to get more precise and authentic information of the state of the country, gladly availed himself of it.

Before the departure of these emissaries, the general had despatched his brother Hernando, with about twenty horse and a small body of infantry, to the neighbouring town of Guamachucho, in order to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain if there was any truth in the report of an armed force having assembled there. Hernando found everything quiet, and met with a kind reception from the natives; but before leaving the place, he received further orders from his brother to continue his march to Pachacamac, a town situated on the coast, at least a hundred leagues distant from Caxamalca. It was consecrated as the seat of the great temple of the deity of that name, whom the Peruvians worshipped as the Creator of the world. It is said that they found there altars raised to this god, on their first occupation of the country; and, such was the veneration in which he was held by the natives, that the Incas, instead of attempting to abolish his worship, deemed it more prudent to sanction it conjointly with that of their own deity, the Sun. Side by side the two temples rose on the heights that overlooked the city of Pachacamac, and prospered in the offerings of their respective votaries. "It was a cunning arrangement," says an ancient writer, "by which the great enemy of man secured to himself a double harvest of souls."

But the temple of Pachacamac continued to maintain its ascendancy; and the oracles, delivered from its dark and mysterious shrine, were held in no less repute among the natives of *Tavantinsuyu*, (or "the four quarters of the world," as Peru under the Incas was called,) than the oracles of Delphi obtained among the Greeks. Pilgrimages were made to the hallowed spot from the most distant regions, and the city of Pachacamac became among

the Peruvians what Mecca was among the Mahometans, or Cholula with the people of Anahuac. The shrine of the deity, enriched by the tributes of the pilgrims, gradually became one of the most opulent in the land: and Atahaulpa, anxious to collect his ransom as speedily as possible, urged Pizarro to send a detachment in that direction, to secure the treasures before they could be secreted by the priests of the temple.

It was a journey of considerable difficulty. Two-thirds of the route lay along the table-land of the Cordilleras, intersected occasionally by crests of the mountain range, that imposed no slight impediment to their progress. Fortunately, much of the way they had the benefit of the great road to Cuzco, and "nothing in Christendom," exclaims Hernando Pizarro, "equals the magnificence of this road across the sierra." In some places, the rocky ridges were so precipitous, that steps were cut in them for the travellers; and though the sides were protected by heavy stone balustrades or parapets, it was with the greatest difficulty that the horses were enabled to scale them. The road was frequently crossed by streams, over which bridges of wood and sometimes of stone were thrown; though occasionally, along the declivities of the mountains, the waters swept down in such furious torrents, that the only method of passing them was by the swinging bridges of osier, of which, till now, the Spaniards had had little experience. They were secured on either bank to heavy buttresses of stone. But, as they were originally designed for nothing heavier than the foot-passenger and the llama, and as they had something exceedingly fragile in their appearance, the Spaniards hesitated to venture on them with their horses. Experience, however, soon showed they were capable of bearing a much greater weight; and though the traveller, made giddy by the vibration of the long avenue, looked with a reeling brain into the torrent that was tumbling at the depth of a hundred feet or more below him, the whole of the cavalry effected their passage without an accident. At these bridges, it may be remarked, they found persons stationed, whose business it was to collect toll for the government from all travellers.

The Spaniards were amazed by the number as well as magnitude of the flocks of llamas which they saw browsing on the stunted herbage that grows in the elevated regions of the Andes. Sometimes they were gathered in enclosures, but more usually were roaming at large under the conduct of their Indian shepherds; and the Conquerors now learned for the first time that these animals were tended with as much care, and their migrations as nicely regulated, as those of the vast flocks of merinos in their own country.

The table-land and its declivities were thickly sprinkled with

hamlets and towns, some of them of considerable size; and the country in every direction bore the marks of a thrifty husbandry. Fields of Indian corn were to be seen in all its different stages, from the green and tender ear to the yellow ripeness of harvest time. As they descended into the valleys and deep ravines that divided the crests of the Cordilleras, they were surrounded by the vegetation of a warmer climate, which delighted the eye with the gay livery of a thousand bright colours, and intoxicated the senses with its perfumes. Everywhere the natural capacities of the soil were stimulated by a minute system of irrigation, which drew the fertilising moisture from every stream and rivulet that rolled down the declivities of the Andes; while the terraced sides of the mountains were clothed with gardens and orchards that teemed with fruits of various latitudes. The Spaniards could not sufficiently admire the industry with which the natives had availed themselves of the bounty of Nature, or had supplied the deficiency where she had dealt with a more parsimonious hand.

Whether from the commands of the Inca, or from the awe which their achievements had spread throughout the land, the Conquerors were received in every place through which they passed with hospitable kindness. Lodgings were provided for them, with ample refreshments from the well-stored magazines, distributed at intervals along the route. In many of the towns the inhabitants came out to welcome them with singing and dancing; and when they resumed their march, a number of able-bodied porters were furnished to carry forward their baggage.

At length, after some weeks of travel, severe even with all these appliances, Hernando Pizarro arrived before the city of Pachacamac. It was a place of considerable population, and the edifices were, many of them, substantially built. The temple of the tutelar deity consisted of a vast stone building, or rather pile of buildings, which, clustering around a conical hill, had the air of a fortress rather than a religious establishment. But though the walls were of stone, the roof was composed of a light thatch, as usual in countries where rain seldom or never falls, and where defence consequently is wanted chiefly against the rays of the sun.

Presenting himself at the lower entrance of the temple, Hernando Pizarro was refused admittance by the guardians of the portal; but, exclaiming that "he had come too far to be stayed by the arm of an Indian priest," he forced his way into the passage, and, followed by his men, wound up the gallery which led to an area on the summit of the mount, at one end of which stood a sort of chapel. This was the sanctuary of the dread deity. The door, was garnished with ornaments of crystal, and with turquoises and bits of coral.

Here again the Indians would have dissuaded Pizarro from violating the consecrated precincts; when at that moment the shock of an earthquake, that made the ancient walls tremble to their foundations, so alarmed the natives, both those of Pizarro's own company and the people of the place, that they fled in dismay, nothing doubting that their incensed deity would bury the invaders under the ruins, or consume them with his lightnings. But no such terror found its way into the breasts of the Conquerors, who felt that here at least they were fighting the good fight of the Faith.

Tearing open the door, Pizarro and his party entered; but, instead of a hall blazing as they had fondly imagined with gold and precious stones, offerings of the worshippers of Pachacamac, they found themselves in a small and obscure apartment, or rather den, from the floor sides of which steamed up the most offensive odours, like those of a slaughter-house. It was the place of sacrifice. A few pieces of gold and some emeralds were discovered on the ground; and, as their eyes became accommodated to the darkness, they discerned in the most retired corner of the room the figure of the deity. It was an uncouth monster, made of wood, with the head resembling that of a man. This was the god, through whose lips Satan had breathed forth the far-famed oracles which had deluded his Indian votaries!

Tearing the idol from its recess, the indignant Spaniards dragged it into the open air, and there broke it into a hundred fragments. The place was then purified, and a large cross, made of stone and plaster, was erected on the spot. In a few years the walls of the temple were pulled down by the Spanish settlers, who found there a convenient quarry for their own edifices. But the cross still remained, spreading its broad arms over the ruins. It stood where it was planted, in the very heart of the stronghold of Heathendom; and, while all was in ruins around it, it proclaimed the permanent triumphs of the Faith.

The simple natives, finding that Heaven had no bolts in store for the Conquerors, and that their god had no power to prevent the profanation of his shrine, came in gradually and tendered their homage to the strangers, whom they now regarded with feelings of superstitious awe. Pizarro profited by this temper to wean them, if possible, from their idolatry; and though no preacher himself, as he tells us, he delivered a discourse, as edifying doubtless as could be expected from the mouth of a soldier; and, in conclusion, he taught them the sign of the cross, as an inestimable talisman to secure them against the future machinations of the devil.

But the Spanish commander was not so absorbed in his spiritual labours as not to have an eye to those temporal concerns for which

he came into this quarter. He now found to his chagrin that he had come somewhat too late, and that the priests of Pachacamac, being advised of his mission, had secured much the greater part of the gold, and decamped with it before his arrival. A quantity was afterwards discovered buried in the grounds adjoining. Still the amount obtained was considerable, falling little short of eighty thousand castellanos, a sum which once would have been deemed a compensation for greater fatigues than they had encountered. But the Spaniards had become familiar with gold; and their imaginations, kindled by the romantic adventures in which they had of late been engaged, indulged in visions which all the gold of Peru would scarcely have realised.

One prize, however, Hernando obtained by his expedition, which went far to console him for the loss of his treasure. While at Pachacamac, he learned that the Indian commander Chalcuchima lay with a large force in the neighbourhood of Xauxa, a town of some strength, at a considerable distance among the mountains. This man who was nearly related to Atahualpa, was his most experienced general, and, together with Quizquiz, now at Cuzco, had achieved those victories at the south which placed the Inca on the throne. From his birth, his talents and his large experience, he was accounted second to no subject in the kingdom. Pizarro was aware of the importance of securing his person. Finding that the Indian noble declined to meet him on his return, he determined to march at once on Xauxa and take the chief in his own quarters. Such a scheme, considering the enormous disparity of numbers, might seem desperate even for Spaniards; but success had given them such confidence that they hardly condescended to calculate chances.

The road across the mountains presented greater difficulties than those on the former march. To add to the troubles of the cavalry, the shoes of their horses were worn out, and their hoofs suffered severely on the rough and stony ground. There was no iron at hand, nothing but gold and silver. In the present emergency they turned even these to account; and Pizarro caused the horses of the whole troop to be shod with silver. The work was done by the Indian smiths, and it answered so well, that in this precious material they found a substitute for iron during the remainder of the march.

Xauxa was a large and populous place; though we shall hardly credit the assertion of the Conquerors, that a hundred thousand persons assembled habitually in the great square of the city. The Peruvian commander was encamped, it was said, with an army of five-and-thirty thousand men, at only a few miles' distance from the town. With some difficulty he was persuaded to an interview with Pizarro: the latter addressed him courteously, and urged his

return with him to the Castilian quarters in Caxamalca, representing it as the command of the Inca. Ever since the capture of his master, Challcuchima had remained uncertain what course to take. The capture of the Inca in this sudden and mysterious manner, by a race of beings who seemed to have dropped from the clouds, and that too in the very hour of his triumph, had entirely bewildered the Peruvian chief. He had concerted no plan for the rescue of Atahualpa, nor indeed did he know whether any such movement would be acceptable to him. He now acquiesced in his commands, and was willing at all events to have a personal interview with his sovereign. Pizarro gained his end without being obliged to strike a single blow to effect it. The barbarian, when brought into contact with the white man, would seem to have been rebuked by his superior genius, in the same manner as the wild animal of the forest is said to quail before the steady glance of the hunter.

Challcuchima came attended by a numerous retinue. He was borne in his sedan on the shoulders of his vassals; and, as he accompanied the Spaniards on their return through the country, received everywhere from the inhabitants the homage paid only to the favourite of a monarch. Yet all this pomp vanished on his entering the presence of the Inca, whom he approached with his feet bare; while a light burden, which he had taken from one of the attendants, was laid on his back. As he drew near, the old warrior, raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed, "Would that I had been here! this would not then have happened;" then kneeling down he kissed the hands and feet of his royal master, and bathed them with his tears. Atahualpa, on his part, betrayed not the least emotion, and showed no other sign of satisfaction at the presence of his favourite counsellor, than by simply bidding him welcome. The cold demeanour of the monarch contrasted strangely with the loyal sensibility of the subject.

The rank of the Inca placed him at an immeasurable distance above the proudest of his vassals; and the Spaniards had repeated occasion to admire the ascendancy which, even in his present fallen fortunes, he maintained over his people, and the awe with which they approached him. Pedro Pizarro records an interview, at which he was present, between Atahualpa and one of his great nobles, who had obtained leave to visit some remote part of the country on condition of returning by a certain day. He was detained somewhat beyond the appointed time; and, on entering the presence with a small propitiatory gift for his sovereign, his knees shook so violently, that it seemed, says the chronicler, as if he would have fallen to the ground. His master, however, received him kindly, and dismissed him without a word of rebuke.

Atahualpa in his confinement continued to receive the same respectful treatment from the Spaniards as hitherto. They taught him to play with dice, and the more intricate game of chess, in which the royal captive became expert, and loved to beguile with it the tedious hours of his imprisonment. Towards his own people he maintained as far as possible his wonted state and ceremonial. He was attended by his wives and the girls of his harem, who, as was customary, waited on him at table, and discharged the other menial offices about his person. A body of Indian nobles was stationed in the ante-chamber, but never entered the presence unbidden; and, when they did enter it, they submitted to the same humiliating ceremonies imposed on the greatest of his subjects. The service of his table was gold and silver plate. His dress, which he often changed, was composed of the wool of the vicuña wrought into mantles, so fine that it had the appearance of silk. He sometimes exchanged these for a robe made of the skins of bats, as soft and sleek as velvet. Round his head he wore the *llautu*, a woollen turban or shawl of the most delicate texture, wreathed in folds of various bright colours; and he still continued to encircle his temples with the *borla*, the crimson threads of which, mingled with gold, descended so as partly to conceal his eyes. The image of royalty had charms for him when its substance had departed. No garment or utensil that had once belonged to the Peruvian sovereign could ever be used by another. When he laid it aside it was carefully deposited in a chest kept for the purpose, and afterwards burned. It would have been sacrilege to apply to vulgar uses that which had been consecrated by the touch of the Inca.

Not long after the arrival of the party from Pachacamac in the latter part of May, the three emissaries returned from Cuzco. They had been very successful in their mission. Owing to the Inca's order, and the awe which the white men now inspired throughout the country, the Spaniards had everywhere met with a kind reception. They had been carried on the shoulders of the natives in the *hamacas*, or sedans, of the country; and, as they had travelled all the way to the capital on the great imperial road, along which relays of Indian carriers were established at stated intervals, they performed this journey, of more than six hundred miles, not only without inconvenience, but with the most luxurious ease. They passed through many populous towns, and always found the simple natives disposed to venerate them as beings of a superior nature. In Cuzco they were received with public festivities, were sumptuously lodged, and had every want anticipated by the obsequious devotion of the inhabitants.

Their accounts of the capital confirmed all that Pizarro had before

heard of the wealth and population of the city. Though they had remained more than a week in this place, the emissaries had not seen the whole of it. The great temple of the Sun they found literally covered with plates of gold. They had entered the interior and beheld the royal mummies, seated each in his gold-embossed chair, and in robes profusely covered with ornaments. The Spaniards had the grace to respect these, as they had been previously enjoined by the Inca; but they required that the plates which garnished the walls should be all removed. The Peruvians most reluctantly acquiesced in the commands of their sovereign to desecrate the national temple, which every inhabitant of the city regarded with peculiar pride and veneration. With less reluctance they assisted the Conquerors in stripping the ornaments from some of the other edifices, where the gold, however, being mixed with a large proportion of alloy, was of much less value.

The number of plates they tore from the temple of the Sun was seven hundred; and, though of no great thickness probably, they are compared in size to the lid of a chest, ten or twelve inches wide. A cornice of pure gold encircled the edifice, but so strongly set in the stone that it fortunately defied the efforts of the spoilers. The Spaniards complained of the want of alacrity shown by the Indians in the work of destruction, and said that there were other parts of the city containing buildings rich in gold and silver which they had not been allowed to see. In truth their mission, which at best was a most ungrateful one, had been rendered doubly annoying by the manner in which they had executed it. The emissaries were men of a very low stamp; and, puffed up by the honours conceded to them by the natives, they looked on themselves as entitled to these and condemned the poor Indians as a race immeasurably beneath the European. They not only showed the most disgusting rapacity, but treated the highest nobles with wanton insolence. They even went so far, it is said, as to violate the privacy of the convents, and to outrage the religious sentiments of the Peruvians by their scandalous amours with the Virgins of the Sun. The people of Cuzco were so exasperated that they would have laid violent hands on them, but for their habitual reverence for the Inca, in whose name the Spaniards had come there. As it was, the Indians collected as much gold as was necessary to satisfy their unworthy visitors, and got rid of them as speedily as possible. It was a great mistake in Pizarro to send such men; there were persons, even in his company, who on other occasions showed, had some sense of self-respect, if not respect for the natives.

The messengers brought with them, besides silver, full two hundred *cargas*, or loads of gold. This was an important accession

to the contributions of Atahualpa; and, although the treasure was still considerably below the mark prescribed, the monarch saw with satisfaction the time drawing nearer for the completion of his ransom.

Not long before this, an event had occurred which changed the condition of the Spaniards, and had an unfavourable influence on the fortunes of the Inca. This was the arrival of Almagro at Caxamalca with a strong reinforcement. That chief had succeeded, after great efforts, in equipping three vessels, and assembling a body of one hundred and fifty men, with which he sailed for Panamá the latter part of the preceding year. On his voyage he was joined by a small additional force from Nicaragua, so that his whole strength amounted to one hundred and fifty foot, and fifty horse, well provided with the munitions of war. His vessels were steered by the old pilot Ruiz; but, after making the bay of St. Matthew, he crept slowly along the coast, baffled as usual by winds and currents, and experiencing all the hardships incident to that protracted navigation. From some cause or other he was not so fortunate as to obtain tidings of Pizarro; and so disheartened were his followers, most of whom were raw adventurers, that, when arrived at Puerto Viejo, they proposed to abandon the expedition and return at once to Panamá. Fortunately one of the little squadron which Almagro had sent forward to Tumbez, brought intelligence of Pizarro, and of the colony he had planted at San Miguel. Chefred by the tidings, the cavalier resumed his voyage, and succeeded at length, towards the close of December 1532, in bringing his whole party safe to the Spanish settlement.

He there received the account of Pizarro's march across the mountains, his seizure of the Inca, and, soon afterwards, of the enormous ransom offered for his liberation. Almagro and his companions listened with undisguised amazement to this account of his associate, and of a change in his fortunes so rapid and wonderful that it seemed little less than magic. At the same time he received a caution from some of the colonists not to trust himself in the power of Pizarro, who was known to bear him no good will.

Not long after Almagro's arrival at San Miguel, advices were sent of it to Caxamalca, and a private note from his secretary, Pertz, informed Pizarro that his associate had come with no purpose of co-operating with him, but with the intention to establish an independent government. Both of the Spanish captains seem to have been surrounded by mean and turbulent spirits who sought to embroil them with each other, trusting, doubtless, to find their own account in the rupture. For once, however, their malicious machinations failed.

Pizarro was overjoyed at the arrival of so considerable a reinforcement, which would enable him to push his fortunes as he had desired, and go forward with the conquest of the country. He laid little stress on the secretary's communication; since, whatever might have been Almagro's original purpose, Pizarro knew that the richness of the vein he had now opened in the land would be certain to secure his co-operation in working it. He had the magnanimity, therefore,—for there is something magnanimous in being able to stifle the suggestions of a petty rivalry in obedience to sound policy,—to send at once to his ancient comrade, and invite him, with many assurances of friendship, to Caxamalca. Almagro, who was of a frank and careless nature, received the communication in the spirit in which it was made; and, after some necessary delay, directed his march into the interior. But before leaving San Miguel, having become acquainted with the treacherous conduct of his secretary, he recompensed his treason by hanging him on the spot.

Almagro reached Caxamalca about the middle of February 1533. The soldiers of Pizarro came out to welcome their countrymen, and the two captains embraced each other with every mark of cordial satisfaction. All past differences were buried in oblivion, and they seemed only prepared to aid one another in following up the brilliant career now opened to them in the conquest of an empire.

There was one person in Caxamalca on whom this arrival of the Spaniards produced a very different impression from that made on their own countrymen. This was the Inca Atahualpa. He saw in the newcomers only a new swarm of locusts to devour his unhappy country; and he felt that, with his enemies thus multiplying around him, the chances were diminished of recovering his freedom, or of maintaining it if recovered. A little circumstance, insignificant in itself, but magnified by superstition into something formidable, occurred at this time to cast an additional gloom over his situation.

A remarkable appearance, somewhat of the nature of a meteor, or it may have been a comet, was seen in the heavens by some soldiers, and pointed out to Atahualpa. He gazed on it with fixed attention for some minutes, and then exclaimed, with a dejected air, that "a similar sign had been seen in the skies a short time before the death of his father Huayna Capac." From this day a sadness seemed to take possession of him, as he looked with doubt and undefined dread to the future. Thus it is that in seasons of danger the mind, like the senses, becomes morbidly acute in its perceptions; and the least departure from the regular course of nature, that would have passed unheeded in ordinary times, to the superstitious eye seems pregnant with meaning, as in some way or other connected with the destiny of the individual.

The arrival of Almagro produced a considerable change in Pizarro's prospects, since it enabled him to resume active operations, and push forward his conquests in the interior. The only obstacle in his way was the Inca's ransom, and the Spaniards had patiently waited, till the return of the emissaries from Cuzco swelled the treasure to a large amount, though still below the stipulated limit. But now their avarice got the better of their forbearance, and they called loudly for the immediate division of the gold. To wait longer would only be to invite the assault of their enemies, allured by a bait so attractive. While the treasure remained uncoun-^{ted}, no man knew its value, nor what was to be his own portion. It was better to distribute it at once, and let every one possess and defend his own. Several, moreover, were now disposed to return home, and take their share of the gold with them, where they could place it in safety. But these were few, while much the larger part were only anxious to leave their present quarters, and march at once to Cuzco. More gold, they thought, awaited them in that capital, than they could get here by prolonging their stay; while every hour was precious, to prevent the inhabitants from secreting their treasures, of which design they had already given indication.

Pizarro was especially moved by the last consideration; and he felt that, without the capital, he could not hope to become master of the empire. Without further delay, the division of the treasure was agreed upon.

Yet, before making this, it was necessary to reduce the whole to ingots of a uniform standard, for the spoil was composed of an infinite variety of articles, in which the gold was of very different degrees of purity. These articles consisted of goblets, ewers, salvers, vases of every shape and size, ornaments and utensils for the temples and the royal palaces, tiles and plates for the decoration of the public edifices, curious imitations of different plants and animals. Among the plants, the most beautiful was the Indian corn, in which the golden ear was sheathed in its broad leaves of silver, from which hung a rich tassel of threads of the same precious metal. A fountain was also much admired, which sent up a sparkling jet of gold, while birds and animals of the same material played in the waters at its base. The delicacy of the workmanship of some of these, and the beauty and ingenuity of the design, attracted the admiration of better judges than the rude conquerors of Peru.

Before breaking up these specimens of Indian art, it was determined to send a quantity, which should be deducted from the royal fifth, to the emperor. It would serve as a sample of the ingenuity of the natives, and would show him the value of his conquests. A number of the most beautiful articles was selected, to the

amount of a hundred thousand 'ducats, and Hernando Pizarro was appointed to be the bearer of them to Spain. He was to obtain an audience of Charles, and, at the same time that he laid the treasures before him, he was to give an account of the proceedings of the Conquerors, and to seek a further augmentation of their powers and dignities.

No man in the army was better qualified for this mission, by his address and knowledge of affairs, than Hernando Pizarro; no one would be so likely to urge his suit with effect at the haughty Castilian court. But other reasons influenced the selection of him at the present juncture.

His former jealousy of Almagro still rankled in his bosom, and he had beheld that chief's arrival at the camp with feelings of disgust, which he did not care to conceal. He looked on him as coming to share the spoils of victory, and defraud his brother of his legitimate honours. Instead of exchanging the cordial greeting proffered by Almagro at their first interview, the arrogant cavalier held back in sullen silence. His brother Francis was greatly displeased at a conduct which threatened to renew their ancient feud, and he induced Hernando to accompany him to Almagro's quarters, and make some acknowledgment for his uncourteous behaviour. But, notwithstanding his show of reconciliation, the general thought the present a favourable opportunity to remove his brother from the scene of operations, where his factious spirit more than counterbalanced his eminent services.

The business of melting down the plate was intrusted to the Indian goldsmiths, who were thus required to undo the work of their own hands. They toiled day and night, but such was the quantity to be recast, that it consumed a full month. When the whole was reduced to bars of a uniform standard, they were nicely weighed, under the superintendence of the royal inspectors. The total amount of the gold was found to be one million three hundred and twenty-six thousand five hundred and thirty-nine *pesos de oro*, which, allowing for the greater value of money in the sixteenth century, would be equivalent probably, ... the present time, to near *three millions and a half of pounds sterling*, or somewhat less than *fifteen millions and a half of dollars*. The quantity of silver was estimated at fifty-one thousand six hundred and ten marks. History affords no parallel of such a booty—and that, too, in the most convertible form, in ready money, as it were—having fallen to the lot of a little band of military adventurers, like the Conquerors of Peru. The great object of the Spanish expeditions in the New World was gold. It is remarkable that their success should have been so complete. Had they taken the track of the English, the

French, or the Dutch, on the shores of the northern continent, how different would have been the result! It is equally worthy of remark, that the wealth thus suddenly acquired, by diverting them from the slow but surer and more permanent sources of national prosperity, has in the end glided from their grasp, and left them among the poorest of the nations of Christendom.

A new difficulty now arose in respect to the division of the treasure. Almagro's followers claimed to be admitted to a share of it, which, as they equalled, and, indeed, somewhat exceeded in number Pizarro's company, would reduce the gains of these last very materially. "We were not here, it is true," said Almagro's soldiers to their comrades, "at the seizure of the Inca, but we have taken our turn in mounting guard over him since his capture, have helped you to defend your treasures, and now give you the means of going forward and securing your conquests. It is a common cause," they urged, "in which all are equally embarked, and the gains should be shared equally between us."

But this way of viewing the matter was not at all palatable to Pizarro's company, who alleged that Atahualpa's contract had been made exclusively with them; that they had seized the Inca, had secured the ransom, had incurred, in short, all the risk of the enterprise, and were not now disposed to share the fruits of it with every one who came after them. There was much force, it could not be denied, in this reasoning, and it was finally settled between the leaders that Almagro's followers should resign their pretensions for a stipulated sum of no great amount, and look to the career now opened to them for carving out their fortunes for themselves.

This delicate affair being thus harmoniously adjusted, Pizarro prepared, with all solemnity, for a division of the imperial spoil. The troops were called together in the great square, and the Spanish commander, "with the fear of God before his eyes," says the record, "invoked the assistance of Heaven to do the work before him conscientiously and justly." The appeal may seem somewhat out of place at the distribution of spoil so unrighteously acquired; yet, in truth, considering the magnitude of the treasure, and the power assumed by Pizarro to distribute it according to the respective deserts of the individuals, there were few acts of his life involving a heavier responsibility. On his present decision might be said to hang the future fortunes of each one of his followers,—poverty or independence during the remainder of his days.

The royal fifth was first deducted, including the remittance already sent to Spain. The share appropriated by Pizarro amounted to fifty-seven thousand two hundred and twenty-two *pesos* of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. He had

besides this the great chair or throne of the Inca, of solid gold, and valued at twenty-five thousand *pesos de oro*. To his brother Hernando were paid thirty-one thousand and eighty *pesos* of gold, and two thousand three hundred and fifty marks of silver. De Soto received seventeen thousand seven hundred and forty *pesos* of gold, and seven hundred and twenty-four marks of silver. Most of the remaining cavalry, sixty in number, received each eight thousand eight hundred and eighty *pesos* of gold, and three hundred and sixty-two marks of silver, though some had more, and a few considerably less. The infantry mustered in all one hundred and five men. Almost one fifth of them were allowed, each, four thousand four hundred and forty *pesos* of gold, and one hundred and eighty marks of silver, half of the compensation of the troopers. The remainder received one fourth part less, though here again there were exceptions, and some were obliged to content themselves with a much smaller share of the spoil.

The new church of San Francisco, the first Christian temple in Perú, was endowed with two thousand two hundred and twenty *pesos* of gold. The amount assigned to Almagro's company was not excessive, if it was not more than twenty thousand *pesos*, and that reserved for the colonists of San Miguel, which amounted only to fifteen thousand *pesos*, was unaccountably small. There were among them certain soldiers, who, at an early period of the expedition, as the reader may remember, abandoned the march, and returned to San Miguel. These, certainly, had little claim to be remembered in the division of booty. But the greater part of the colony consisted of invalids, men whose health had been broken by their previous hardships, but who still, with a stout and willing heart, did good service in their military post on the sea-coast. On what grounds they had forfeited their claims to a more ample remuneration, it is not easy to explain.

Nothing is said, in the partition, of Almagro himself, who, by the terms of the original contract, might claim an equal share of the spoil with his associate. As little notice is taken of Luque, the remaining partner. Luque himself was, indeed, no longer to be benefited by worldly treasure. He had died a short time before Almagro's departure from Panamá; too soon to learn the full success of the enterprise, which, but for his exertions, must have failed; too soon to become acquainted with the achievements and the crimes of Pizarro. But the Licentiate Espinosa, whom he represented, and who, it appears, had advanced the funds for the expedition, was still living at St. Domingo, and Luque's pretensions were explicitly transferred to him. Yet it is unsafe to pronounce, at this distance of time, on the authority of mere negative testimony; and it must

be admitted to form a strong presumption in favour of Pizarro's general equity in the distribution, that no complaint of it has reached us from any of the parties present, nor from contemporary chroniclers.

The division of the ransom being completed by the Spaniards, there seemed to be no further obstacle to their resuming active operations, and commencing the march to Cuzco. But what was to be done with Atahualpa? In the determination of this question, whatever was expedient was just. To liberate him would be to set at large the very man who might prove their most dangerous enemy; one whose birth and royal station would rally round him the whole nation, place all the machinery of government at his control, and all its resources,—one, in short, whose bare word might concentrate all the energies of his people against the Spaniards, and thus delay for a long period, if not wholly defeat, the conquest of the country. Yet to hold him in captivity was attended with scarcely less difficulty; since to guard so important a prize would require such a division of their force as must greatly cripple its strength, and how could they expect by any vigilance, to secure their prisoner against rescue in the perilous passes of the mountains?

The Inca himself now loudly demanded his freedom. The proposed amount of the ransom had, indeed, not been fully paid. It may be doubted whether it ever would have been considering the embarrassments thrown in the way by the guardians of the temples, who seemed disposed to secrete the treasures, rather than despoil these sacred depositories to satisfy the cupidity of the strangers. It was unlucky, too, for the Indian monarch, that much of the gold, and that of the best quality, consisted of flat plates or tiles, which however valuable, lay in a compact form that did little towards swelling the heap. But an immense amount had been already realised, and it would have been a still greater one, the Inca might allege, but for the impatience of the Spaniards. At all events, it was a magnificent ransom, such as was never paid by prince or potentate before.

These considerations Atahualpa urged on several of the cavaliers, and especially on Hernando de Soto, who was on terms of more familiarity with him than Pizarro. De Soto reported Atahualpa's demands to his leader; but the latter evaded a direct reply. He did not disclose the dark purposes over which his mind was brooding. Not long afterward he caused the notary to prepare an instrument, in which he fully acquitted the Inca of further obligation in respect to the ransom. This he commanded to be publicly proclaimed in the camp, while at the same time he openly declared that the safety

of the Spaniards required that the Inca should be detained in confinement until they were strengthened by additional reinforcements.

Meanwhile the old rumours of a meditated attack by the natives began to be current among the soldiers. They were repeated from one to another, gaining something by every repetition. An immense army, it was reported was mustering at Quito, the land of Atahualpa's birth, and thirty thousand Caribs were on their way to support it. The Caribs were distributed by the early Spaniards rather indiscriminately over the different parts of America, being invested with peculiar horrors as a race of cannibals.

It was not easy to trace the origin of these rumours. There was in the camp a considerable number of Indians, who belonged to the party of Huascar, and who were, of course, hostile to Atahualpa. But his worst enemy was Felipillo, the interpreter from Tumbez, already mentioned in these pages. This youth had conceived a passion for, or, as some say, had been detected in an intrigue with, one of the royal concubines. The circumstance had reached the ears of Atahualpa, who felt himself deeply outraged by it. "That such an insult should have been offered by so base a person was an indignity," he said, "more difficult to bear than his imprisonment;" and he told Pizarro, "that, by the Peruvian law, it could be expiated, not by the criminal's own death alone, but by that of his whole family and kindred." But Felipillo was too important to the Spaniards to be dealt with so summarily; nor did they probably attach such consequence to an offence which, if report be true, they had countenanced by their own example. Felipillo, however, soon learned the state of the Inca's feelings toward himself, and from that moment he regarded him with deadly hatred. Unfortunately, his malignant temper found ready means for its indulgence.

The rumours of a rising among the natives pointed to Atahualpa as the author of it. Challcuchima was examined on the subject, but avowed his entire ignorance of any such design, which he pronounced a malicious slander. Pizarro next laid the matter before the Inca himself, repeating to him the stories in circulation, with the air of one who believed them. "What treason is this," said the general, "that you have meditated against me,—me, who have ever treated you with honour, confiding in your words, as in those of a brother?" "You jest," replied the Inca, who, perhaps, did not feel the weight of this confidence; "you are always jesting with me. How could I or my people think of conspiring against men so valiant as the Spaniards? Do not jest with me thus, I beseech you." "This," continues Pizarro's secretary, "he said in the most composed and natural manner, smiling all the while to dissemble

his falsehood, so that we were all amazed to find such cunning in a barbarian."

But it was not with cunning, but with the consciousness of innocence, as the event afterwards proved, that Atahualpa thus spoke to Pizarro. He readily discerned, however, the causes, perhaps the consequences, of the accusation. He saw a dark gulf opening beneath his feet; and he was surrounded by strangers, on none of whom he could lean for counsel or protection. The life of the captive monarch is usually short; and Atahualpa might have learned the truth of this, when he thought of Huascar. Bitterly did he now lament the absence of Hernando Pizarro, for, strange as it may seem, the haughty spirit of this cavalier had been touched by the condition of the royal prisoner, and he had treated him with a deference which won for him the peculiar regard and confidence of of the Indian. Yet the latter lost no time in endeavouring to efface the general's suspicions, and to establish his own Innocence. "Am I not," said he to Pizarro, "a poor captive in your hands? How could I harbour the designs you impute to me, when I should be the first victim of the outbreak? And you little know my people, if you think that such a movement would be made without my orders; when the very birds in my dominions," said he, with somewhat of an hyperbole, "would scarcely venture to fly contrary to my will."

But these protestations of innocence had little effect on the troops, among whom the story of a general rising of the natives continued to gain credit every hour. A large force, it was said, was already gathered at Guamachucho, not a hundred miles from the camp, and their assault might be hourly expected. The treasure which the Spaniards had acquired afforded a tempting prize, and their own alarm was increased by the apprehension of losing it. The patrols were doubled. The horses were kept saddled and bridled. The soldiers slept on their arms; Pizarro went the rounds regularly to see that every sentinel was on his post. The little army, in short, was in a state of preparation for instant attack.

Men suffering from fear are not likely to be too scrupulous as to the means of removing the cause of it. Murmurs, mingled with gloomy menaces, were now heard against the Inca, the author of these machinations. Many began to demand his life as necessary to the safety of the army. Among these, the most vehement were Almagro and his followers. They had not witnessed the seizure of Atahualpa. They had no sympathy with him in his fallen state. They regarded him only as an incumbrance, and their desire now was to push their fortunes in the country, since they had got so little of the gold of Caxamalca. They were supported by Riquelme the treasurer, and by the rest of the royal officers. These men had

been left at San Miguel by Pizarro, who did not care to have such official spies on his movements. But they had come to the camp with Almagro, and they loudly demanded the Inca's death as indispensable to the tranquillity of the country, and the interests of the Crown.

To these dark suggestions Pizarro turned—or seemed to turn—an unwilling ear, showing visible reluctance to proceed to extreme measures with his prisoner. There were some few, and among others Hernando de Soto, who supported him in these views, and who regarded such measures as not at all justified by the evidence of Atahualpa's guilt. In this state of things the Spanish commander determined to send a small detachment to Guamachucho to reconnoitre the country, and ascertain what ground there was for the rumours of an insurrection. De Soto was placed at the head of the expedition, which, as the distance was not great, would occupy but a few days.

After the cavalier's departure, the agitation among the soldiers, instead of diminishing, increased to such a degree, that Pizarro, unable to resist their importunities, consented to bring Atahualpa to instant trial. It was but decent, and certainly safer, to have the forms of a trial. A court was organised, over which the two captains, Pizarro and Almagro, were to preside as judges. An attorney-general was named to prosecute for the Crown, and counsel was assigned to the prisoner.

The charges preferred against the Inca, drawn up in all the form of interrogatories, were twelve in number. The most important were that he had usurped the crown and assassinated his brother Huascar; that he had squandered the public revenues since the conquest of the country by the Spaniards, and lavished them on his kindred and his minions; that he was guilty of idolatry and of adulterous practices, indulging openly in a plurality of wives; finally, that he had attempted to incite an insurrection against the Spaniards.

These charges, most of which had reference to national usages, or to the personal relations of the Inca, over which the Spanish Conquerors had clearly no jurisdiction, and so absurd, that they might well provoke a smile, did they not excite a deeper feeling. The last of the charges was the only one of moment in such a trial; and the weakness of this may be inferred from the care taken to bolster it up with the others. The mere specification of the articles must have been sufficient to show that the doom of the Inca was already sealed.

A number of Indian witnesses were examined, and their testimony filtrated through the interpretation of Felipillo, received, it is said, when necessary, a very different colouring from that of the

original. The examination was soon ended, and "a warm discussion," as we are assured by one of Pizarro's own secretaries, "took place in respect to the probable good or evil that would result from the death of Atahualpa." It was a question of expediency. He was found guilty,—whether of all the crimes alleged we are not informed,—and he was sentenced to be burnt alive in the great square of Caxamalca. The sentence was to be carried into execution that very night. They were not even to wait for the return of De Soto, when the information he would bring would go far to establish the truth or the falsehood of the reports respecting the insurrection of the natives. It was desirable to obtain the countenance of Father Valverde to these proceedings, and a copy of the judgment was submitted to the friar for his signature, which he gave without hesitation, declaring that, "in his opinion, the Inca, at all events, deserved death."

Yet there were some few in that martial concave who resisted these high-handed measures. They considered them as a poor requital of all the favours bestowed on them by the Inca, who hitherto had received at their hands nothing but wrong. They objected to the evidence as wholly insufficient; and they denied the authority of such a tribunal to sit in judgment on a sovereign prince in the heart of his own dominions. If he were to be tried, he should be sent to Spain, and his cause brought before the Emperor, who alone had power to determine it.

But the great majority—and they were ten to one—overruled these objections, by declaring there was no doubt of Atahualpa's guilt, and they were willing to assume the responsibility of his punishment. A full account of the proceedings would be sent to Castile, and the Emperor should be informed who were the loyal servants of the Crown, and who were its enemies. The dispute ran so high, that for a time it menaced an open and violent rupture; till, at length, convinced that resistance was fruitless, the weaker party, silenced, but not satisfied, contented themselves with entering a written protest against these proceedings, which would leave an indelible stain on the names of all concerned in them.

When the sentence was communicated to the Inca, he was greatly overcome by it. He had, indeed, for some time looked to such an issue as probable, and had been heard to intimate as much to those about him. But the probability of such an event is very different from its certainty,—and that too, so sudden and speedy. For a moment the overwhelming conviction of it unmanned him, and he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes,—“What have I done, or my children, that I should meet such a fate? And from your hands, too,” said he addressing Pizarro; “you who have met with friendship

and kindness from my people, with whom I have shared my treasures, who have received nothing but benefits from my hands!" In the most piteous tones he then implored that his life might be spared, promising any guarantee that might be required for the safety of every Spaniard in the army,—promising double the ransom, he had already paid, if time were only given to him to obtain it.

An eye-witness assures us that Pizarro was visibly affected, as he turned away from the Inca, to whose appeal he had no power to listen in opposition to the voice of the army, and to his own sense of what was due to the security of the country. Atahualpa, finding he had no power to turn his conqueror from his purpose, recovered his habitual self-possession, and from that moment submitted himself to his fate with the courage of an Indian warrior.

The doom of the Inca was proclaimed by sound of trumpet in the great square of Caxamalca; and, two hours after sunset, the Spanish soldiery assembled by torch-light in the *plaza* to witness the execution of the sentence. It was on the 29th of August, 1533. Atahualpa was led out chained hand and foot,—for he had been kept in irons ever since the great excitement had prevailed in the army respecting an assault. Father Vicente de Valverde was at his side, striving to administer consolation, and, if possible, to persuade him at this last hour to abjure his superstition, and embrace the religion of his conquerors. He was willing to save the soul of his victim from the terrible expiation in the next world, to which he had so cheerfully consigned his mortal part in this.

During Atahualpa's confinement, the friar had repeatedly expounded to him the Christian doctrines, and the Indian monarch discovered much acuteness in apprehending the discourse of his teacher. But it had not carried conviction to his mind, and though he listened with patience, he had shown no disposition to renounce the faith of his fathers. The Dominican made a last appeal to him in this solemn hour; and, when Atahualpa was bound to the stake, with the faggots that were to kindle his funeral pile lying around him, Valverde, holding up the cross, sought him to embrace it, and be baptised, promising that, by so doing, the painful death to which he had been sentenced, should be commuted for the milder form of the *garrotte*,—a mode of punishment by strangulation, used for criminals in Spain.¹

¹ The *garrotte* is a mode of execution by means of a noose drawn round the criminal's neck, to the back part of which a stick is attached. By twisting this stick, the noose is tightened and suffocation is produced. This was the mode, probably, of Atahualpa's execution. In Spain, instead of the cord, an iron collar is substituted, which, by means of a screw, is compressed round the throat of the sufferer.

The unhappy monarch asked if this were really so, and, on its being confirmed by Pizarro, he consented to abjure his own religion, and receive baptism. The ceremony was performed by Father Valverde, and the new convert received the name of Juan de Atahuallpa, the name of Juan being conferred in honour of John the Baptist, on whose day the event took place.

Atahaulpa expressed a desire that his remains might be transported to Quito, the place of his birth, to be preserved with those of his maternal ancestors. Then turning to Pizarro, as a last request, he implored him to take compassion on his young children, and receive them under his protection. Was there no one in that dark company who stood grimly around him, to whom he could look for the protection of his offspring? Perhaps he thought there was no other, so competent to afford it, and that the wishes so solemnly expressed in that hour might meet with respect even from his conqueror. Then, recovering his stoical bearing, which for a moment had been shaken, he submitted himself calmly to his fate; while the Spaniards, gathering around, muttered their *credos* for the salvation of his soul! Thus, by the death of a vile malefactor perished the last of the Incas!

THE BOMBING OF PEARL HARBOUR

BY

JAMES JONES

MILT WARDEN did not really get up early the morning of the big day. He just had not been to bed.

He had gone around to the Blue Chancre, after Karen had gone home at nine thirty, on a vague hunch that Prewitt might be there. Karen had asked him about him again and they had discussed him a long time. Prewitt hadn't been there, but he ran into Old Pete and the Chief; Pete was helping the Chief to celebrate his last night in town before going back into his garrison headquarters at Choy's. They had already made their bomb run on the whore-houses and dropped their load on Mrs. Kipfer's New Congress. After Charlie Chan closed up the Blue Chancre, the four of them had sat out in the back room and played stud poker for a penny a chip while drinking Charlie's bar whisky.

It was always a dull game; Charlie could not play poker for peanuts; but he always let them have the whisky at regular wholesale prices and if they complained loud enough he would even go in on it and pay a full share, although he drank very little. So they were always willing to suffer his poker playing. They would always overplay a hand to him now and then to keep him from finding out how lousy he was.

When they had drunk as much as they could hold without passing out, it was so late the Schofield cabs had stopped running. They had hired a city cab to take them back because there was nowhere else to go at six thirty on Sunday morning.

Besides, Stark always had hotcakes-and-eggs and fresh milk on Sundays. There is nothing as good for a hangover as a big meal of hotcakes-and-eggs and fresh milk just before going to bed.

They were too late to eat early chow in the kitchen, and the chow line was already moving slowly past the two griddles. Happily drunkenly undismayed, the three of them bucked the line amid the ripple of curses from the privates, and carried their plates in to eat at the first-three-graders' table at the head of the room.

It was almost like a family party. All the platoon sergeants were there, and Stark was there in his sweated undershirt after getting

the cooks started, and Malleaux the supply sergeant. Even Baldy Dhom was there, having been run out by his wife for getting drunk last night at the N.C.O. Club. All of this in itself did not happen often, and today being Sunday, nobody was less than half tight and since there had been a big shindig dance at the Officers' Club last night none of the officers had shown up, so that they did not have to be polite.

The conversation was mostly about Mrs. Kipfer's. That was where Pete and the Chief had wound up last night, and most of the others had gone there. Mrs. Kipfer had just got in a shipment of four new beaves, to help take care of the influx of draftees that was raising company strengths all over Schofield. One was a shy dark-haired little thing who was apparently appearing professionally for the first time, and who showed promise of someday stepping into Lorene's shoes when Lorene went back home. Her name was Jeanette and she was variously recommended back and forth across the table.

At least one officer was always required to eat the men's food in the messhall, either Lieutenant Ross, or Chicken Culpepper, or else one of the three new R.O.T.C. boys the company had been issued during the last week; the five of them passed the detail around them; but whichever one got it, it was still always the same and put a damper over the noncoms' table. But today it was just like a big family party. Minus the mother-in-law.

Stark was the only one, outside of Warden and Baldy, who had not been around to Mrs. Kipfer's last night. But he was drunk, too. Stark had picked himself off a shackjob down at the Wailupe Naval Radio Station while they had had the C.P. out at Hanauma Bay. Some of them had seen her, and she was a hot-looking, wild, I'll-go-as-far-as-you-will wahine, but Stark would not talk about her. So he did not enter the conversation much at the table; but he listened. He had not spoken to Warden since the night at Hickam Field except in the line of duty, and at the table he ignored Warden and Warden ignored him.

It was a typical Sunday morning breakfast for the first week-end after payday. At least a third of the company was not home. Another third was still in bed asleep. But the last third more than made up for the absences in the loudness of their drunken laughter and horseplay and the clashing of cutlery and half pint milk bottles.

Warden was just going back for seconds on both hotcakes and eggs, with that voracious appetite he always had when he was drunk, when this blast shuddered by under the floor and rattled the cups on the tables and then rolled on off across the quad like a high wave at sea in a storm.

He stopped in the doorway of the K.P. room and looked back at the messhall. He remembered the picture the rest of his life. It had become very quiet and everybody had stopped eating and looked up at each other.

"Must be doin' some dynamitin' down to Wheeler Field," somebody said tentatively.

"I heard they was clearin' some ground for a new fighter strip," somebody else agreed.

That seemed to satisfy everybody. They went back to their eating. Warden heard a laugh ring out above the hungry gnashings of cutlery on china, as he turned back into the K.P. room. The tail of the chow line was still moving past the two griddles, and he made a mental note to go behind the cooks' serving table when he bucked the line this time, and as not to make it so obvious.

That was when the second blast came. He could hear it a long way off coming toward 500 under the ground; then it was there before he could move, rattled the cups and plates in the K.P. sinks and the rinsing racks; then it was gone and he could hear it going away north-east toward the 21st Infantry's football field. Both the K.P.s were looking at him.

He reached out to put his plate on the nearest flat surface, holding it carefully in both hands so it would not get broken while he congratulated himself on his presence of mind, and then turned back to the messhall, the K.P.s still watching him.

As there was nothing under the plate, it fell on the floor and crashed in the silence, but nobody heard it because the third groundswell of blast had already reached the P.X. and was just about to them. It passed under rattling everything, just as he got back to the N.C.O.s' table.

"This is it," somebody said quite simply.

Warden found that his eyes and Stark's eyes were looking into each other. There was nothing on Stark's face, except the slack relaxed peaceful look of drunkenness, and Warden felt there must not be anything on his either. He pulled his mouth up and showed his teeth in a grin, and Stark's face pulled up his mouth in an identical grin. Their eyes were still looking into each other.

Warden grabbed his coffee cup in one hand and his half pint of milk in the other and ran out through the messhall screen-door onto the porch. The far door, into the dayroom, was already so crowded he could not have pushed through. He ran down the porch and turned into the corridor that ran through to the street and beat them all outside but for one or two. When he stopped and looked back he saw Pete Karelsen and Chief Choate and Stark were all right behind him. Chief Choate had his plate of hotcakes-and-eggs

in his left hand and his fork in the other. He took a 'big bite.' Warden turned back and swallowed some coffee.

Down the street over the trees a big column of black smoke was mushrooming up into the sky. The men behind were crowding out the door and pushing those in front out into the street. Almost everybody had brought his bottle of milk to keep from getting it stolen, and a few had brought their coffee too. From the middle of the street Warden could not see any more than he had seen from the edge, just the same big column of black smoke mushrooming up into the sky from down around Wheeler Field. He took a drink of his coffee and pulled the cap off his milk bottle.

"Gimme some of that coffee," Stark said in a dead voice behind him, and held up his own cup. "Mine was empty." Warden

He turned around to hand him the cup and wof some turned back a big tall thin red-headed boy who had been there before was running down the street toward Warden his red hair flapping in his self-induced breeze, and his nose coming up to his chin with every step. He looked like he was about to fall over backwards.

"What's up, Red?" Warden hollered at him. "What's happening? Wait a minute! What's going on?"

The red-headed boy went on running down the street concentratedly, his eyes glaring whitely wildly at them.

"The Japs is bombing Wheeler Field!" he hollered over his shoulder. "The Japs is bombing Wheeler Field! I seen the red circles on the wings!"

He went on running down the middle of the street, and quite suddenly right behind him came a big roaring, getting bigger and bigger; behind the roaring came an airplane, leaping out suddenly over the trees.

Warden, along with the rest of them, watched it coming with his milk bottle still at his lips and the twin red flashes winking out from the nose. It came over and down and up and away and was gone, and the stones in the asphalt pavement at his feet popped up in a long curving line that led up the curb and puffs of dust came up from the grass and a line of cement popped out of the wall to the roof, then back down the wall to the grass and off out across the street again in a big S-shaped curve.

With a belated reflex, the crowd of men swept back in a wave toward the floor, after the plane was already gone, and then swept right back out again pushing the ones in front into the street again.

Above the street between the trees Warden could see other planes down near the smoke column. They flashed silver like mirrors. Some

of them began suddenly to grow larger. His shin hurt from where a stone out of the pavement had popped him.

"All right, you stupid f——!" he bellowed. "Get back inside! You want to get your ass shot off?"

Down the street the red-haired boy lay sprawled out floppy-haired, wild-eyed, and silent, in the middle of the pavement. The etched line on the asphalt ran up to him and continued on on the other side of him and then stopped.

"See that?" Warden bawled. "This ain't jawbone, this is for record. Them's real bullets that guy was usin'."

The crowd moved reluctantly back toward the dayroom door. But one man ran to the wall and started probing with his pocket-knife in one of the holes and came out with a bullet. It was a .50 calibre. Then another man ran out in the street and picked up something which turned out to be three open-end metal links. The middle one still had a .50 calibre casing in it. The general movement toward the dayroom stopped.

"Say! That's pretty clever," somebody said. "Our planes is still usin' web machine-gun belts that they got to carry back home!" The two men started showing their finds to the men around them. A couple of other men ran out into the street hurriedly.

"This'll make me a good souvenir," the man with the bullet said contentedly. "A bullet from a Jap plane on the day the war started."

"Give me back my goddamn coffee!" Warden hollered at Stark. "And help me shoo these c. mb bastards back inside!"

"What you want me to do?" Chief Choate asked. He was still holding his plate and fork and chewing excitedly on a big bite.

"Help me get 'em inside," Warden hollered.

Another plane, on which they could clearly see the red discs, came skidding over the trees firing and saved him the trouble. The two men hunting for metal links in the street sprinted breathlessly. The crowd moved back in a wave to the door, and stayed there. The plane flashed past, the helmeted head with the square goggles over the slant eyes and the long sash rippling out behind it and the grin on the face as he waved, all clearly visible for the space of a wink, like a travel-talk slide flashed on and then off of a screen.

Warden, Stark, Pete and the Chief descended on them as the crowd started to wave outward again, blocking them off and forcing the whole bunch back inside the dayroom.

The crowd milled indignantly in the small dayroom, everybody talking excitedly. Stark posted himself huskily in the doorway with Pete and the Chief flanking him. Warden gulped off the rest of his coffee and set the cup on the magazine rack and pushed his

way down to the other end and climbed up on the pingpong table.

"All right, all right, you men. Quiet down. Quiet down. It's only a war. Ain't you ever been in a war before?"

The word war had the proper effect. They began to yell at each other to shut up and listen.

"I want every man to go upstairs to his bunk and stay there," Warden said. "Each man report to his squad leader. Squad leaders keep your men together 'at their bunks until you get orders what to do."

The earth shudders rolling up from Wheeler Field were already a commonplace now. Above it, they heard another plane go roaring, machine-guns rattling over.

"The C.Q. will unlock the rifle racks and every man get his rifle and hang onto it. *But stay inside at your bunks.* This ain't no manœuvres. You go runnin' around outside you'll get your ass shot off. And you can't do no good anyway. You want to be heroes, you'll get plenty chances later; from now on. You'll prob'ly have Jap's right in your laps, by time we get down to beach positions.

"Stay off the porches. Stay *inside*. I'm making each squad leader responsible to keep his men *inside*. If you have to use a rifle butt to do it, that's okay too."

There was a mutter of indignant protest.

"You heard me!" Warden hollered. "You men want souvenirs, buy them off the widows of the men who went out after them. If I catch anybody runnin' around outside, I'll personally beat his head in, and then see he gets a goddam general court martial."

There was another indignant mutter of protest.

"What if the f—— bomb us?" somebody hollered.

"If you hear a bomb coming, you're free to take off for the brush," Warden said. "But not unless you do. I don't think they will. If they was going to bomb us, they would of started with it already. They prob'ly concentratin' all their bombs on the Air Corps and Pearl Harbour."

There was another indignant chorus.

"Yeah," somebody hollered, "but what if they ain't?"

"Then you're shit out of luck," Warden said. "If they *do* start to bomb, get everybody outside—on the side *away* from the quad—not *into* the quad—and disperse; *away* from the big buildings."

"That won't do us no good if they've already laid one on the roof," somebody yelled.

"All right," Warden hollered, "can the chatter. Let's move. We're wasting time. Squad leaders get these men upstairs. B.A.R. men, platoon leaders and first-three-graders report to me here."

With the corporals and buck sergeants haranguing them, the troops gradually began to sift out through the corridor to the porch stairs. Outside another plane went over. Then another, and another. They what sounded like three planes together. The platoon leaders and guides and B.A.R. men pushed their way down to the ping-pong table that Warden jumped down off of.

"What you want me to do, First?" Stark said; his face still had the same expression of blank, flat refusal—like a stomach flatly refusing food—that he had had in the messhall; "what about the kitchen force? I'm pretty drunk, but I can still shoot a B.A.R."

"I want you to get your ass in the kitchen with every man you got and start packing up," Warden said, looking at him. He rubbed his hand hard over his own face. "We'll be movin' out for the beach as soon as this tapers off a little, and I want that kitchen all packed and ready to roll. Full field, Stoves and all. While you're doin' that, make a big pot of coffee on the big stove. Use the biggest No. 18 pot you got."

"Right," Stark said, and took off for the door into the messhall.

"Wait!" Warden hollered. "On second thought, make two pots. The two biggest you got. We're going to need it."

"Right," Stark said, and went on. His voice was not blank, his voice was crisp. It was just his face, that was blank.

"The rest of you guys," Warden said.

Seeing their faces, he broke off and rubbed his own face again. It didn't do any good. As soon as he stopped rubbing it settled right back into it, like a campaign hat that had been blocked a certain way.

"I want the B.A.R. men to report to the supply room right now and get their weapons and all the loaded clips they can find and go up on the roof. When you see a Jap plane shoot at it. Don't worry about wasting ammo. Remember to take a big lead. That's all. Get moving."

"The rest of you guys," Warden said as the B.A.R. men moved away at a run. "The rest of you guys. The first thing. The main thing. Every platoon leader is responsible to me personally to see that all of his men stay inside, except the B.A.R. men up on the roof. A rifleman's about as much good against a low flying pursuit ship as a boy scout with a sling-shot. And we're going to need every man we can muster when we get down to beach positions. I don't want none of them wasted here, by runnin' outside to shoot rifles at airplanes. Or by goin' souvenir huntin'. The men stay inside. Got it?"

There was a chorus of hurried vacant nods. Most of the heads

were on one side, listening to the planes going over and over in ones, twos and threes.

It looked peculiar to see them all nodding on one side like that. Warden found himself wanting to laugh excitedly.

"The B.A.R.s will be up on the roof," he said. "They can do all the shooting that we can supply ammo for. Anybody else will just be getting in the way."

"What about my machine-guns, Milt?" Pete Kaelsen asked him.

The easy coolness in old Pete's voice shocked Warden to a full stop. Drunk or not, Pete seemed to be the only one who sounded relaxed, and Warden remembered his two years in France. "

"Whatever you think, Pete," he said.

"I'll take one. They couldn't load belts fast enough to handle more than one. I'll take Mikeovitch and Grenelli up with me to handle it." "

"Can you get the muzzle up high enough on those ground tripods?"

"We'll put the tripod over a chimney," Pete said. "And then hold her down by the legs."

"Whatever you think, Pete," Warden said, thinking momentarily how wonderful it was to be able to say that.

"Come on, you two," Pete said, almost boredly, to his two section leaders. "We'll take Grenelli's because we worked on it last."

"Remember," Warden said to the rest of them as Pete left with his two machine-gunners. "The men stay inside. I don't care how you handle it. That's up to you. I'm going to be up on the roof with a B.A.R. If you want to get in on the fun, go yourself. That's where I'm going to be. But make damn sure your men are going to stay *inside*, off the porches, before you go up."

"Like hell!" Liddell Henderson said. "You ain't goin' to catch this Texan up on the roof. Ah'll stay down with ma men."

"Okay," Warden said, jabbing a finger at him. "Then you are hereby placed in charge of the loading detail. Get ten or twelve men, as many as you can get in the supply room, and put them to loading B.A.R. clips and machine-gun belts. We're going to need all the ammo we can get. Anybody else don't want to go up?" "

"I'll stay down with Liddell," Champ Wilson said.

"Then you're second-in-command of the loading detail," Warden said. "All right, let's go. If anybody's got a bottle laying around, bring it up with you. I'm bringing mine."

When they got out to the porch, they found a knot of men arguing violently with S/Sgt. Malleaux in front of the supply room.

"I don't give a damn," Malleaux said. "That's my orders. I can't issue any live ammo without a signed order from an officer."

"But there ain't no goddamned officers, you jerk!" somebody protested angrily.

"Then there ain't no live ammo," Malleaux said.

"The officers may not get here till noon!"

"I'm sorry, fellows," Malleaux said. "That's my orders. Lieutenant Ross give them to me himself. No signed order, no ammo."

"What the f—— hell is all this?" Warden said.

"He won't let us have any ammo, Top," a man said.

"He's got it locked up and the keys in his pocket," another one said.

"Gimme them keys," Warden said.

"That's my orders, Sergeant," Malleaux said, shaking his head.

"I got to have a signed order from an officer before I can issue any live ammo to an enlisted man."

Pete Karelsen came out of the kitchen and across the porch wiping his mouth off with the back of his hand. From the screen-door Stark disappeared inside putting a pint bottle back into his hip pocket under his apron.

"What the hell's the matter?" Pete asked his two machine-gunners happily.

"He won't give us no ammo, Pete," Grenelli said indignantly.

"Well for—Jesus Christ!" Pete said disgustedly.

"That's my orders, Sergeant," Malleaux said irrefragably.

From the south-east corner of the quad a plane came over firing, the tracers leading irrevocably in under the porch and up the wall as he flashed over, and the knot of men dived for the stairway.

"F—— your orders!" Warden bawled. "Gimme them goddam keys!"

Malleaux put his hand in his pocket protectively. "I can't do that, sergeant. I got my orders, from Lieutenant Ross himself."

"Okay," Warden said happily, "Chief, bust the door down." To Malleaux he said, "Get the hell out of the way."

Choate, and Mikeovitch and Grenelli the two machine-gunners, got back for a run at the door, the Chief's big bulk towering over the two lightly built machine-gunners.

Malleaux stepped in front of the door. "You can't get by with this, Sergeant," he told Warden.

"Go ahead," Warden grinned happily at the Chief. "Bust it down. He'll get out of the way." Across the quad, there were already two men up on top of the headquarters building.

Chief Choate and the two machine-gunners launched themselves

at the supply room door like three blocking backs bearing down on an end. Malleaux stepped out of the way. The door rattled ponderously.

"This is your responsibility, Sergeant," Malleaux said to Warden. "I did my best."

"Okay," Warden said. "I'll see you get a medal."

"Remember I warned you, Sergeant," Malleaux said.

"Get the f—— out of my way," Warden said.

It took three tries to break the wood screws loose enough to let the Yale night lock come open. Warden was the first one in. The two machine-gunners were right behind him, Mikcovitch burrowing into a stack of empty belt boxes looking for full ones while Grenelli got his gun lovingly out of the machine-gun rack. There were men up on both the 3rd and 1st Battalion roofs by now, to meet the planes as they came winging back, on first one then the other of the cross legs of their long figure eight.

Warden grabbed a B.A.R. from the rack and passed it out with a full bag of clips. Somebody grabbed it and took off for the roof, and somebody else stepped up to receive one. Warden passed out three of them from the rack, each with a full bag of clips, before he realised what he was doing.

"To hell with this noise," he said to Grenelli who was unstrapping his tripod on his way out the door. "I could stand here and hand these out all day and never get up on the roof."

He grabbed a B.A.R. and clip bag for himself and pushed out the door, making a mental note to eat Malleaux's ass out. There were a dozen bags of full clips in there, left over from the B.A.R. practice firing in August. They should have been unloaded and greased months ago.

Outside, he stopped beside Henderson. Pete, Grenelli and Mikeovitch were already rounding the stair landing out of sight with the machine-gun and eight belt boxes.

"Get your ass in there and start passing them out," Warden told Henderson, "and start loading clips. And belts. Have Wilson go up and get a detail of men. Soon's you get a batch loaded send a couple men up with them. Put three men on belts, the rest on B.A.R. clips."

"Yes sir," Henderson said nervously.

Warden took off for the stairs. On the way up he stopped off at his room to get the full bottle that he kept in his foot-locker for emergencies.

In the squad room men were sitting on their bunks with their helmets on holding their empty rifles in black despair. They looked up hopefully and called to him as he passed.

"What gives, Sarge?" "What's the deal, First?" "Are we going up on the roofs now?" "Where the hell's the ammunition, Top?"

"These guns ain't worth nothing without ammunition." "Hell of a note to sit on your bunk with an empty rifle and no ammunition while they blow your guts out." "Are we soljers? or boy-scouts?"

Other men, the ones who had slept through breakfast and were now getting up tousle-headed and wide-eyed, stopped dressing and looked up hopefully to see what he'd say.

"Get into field uniforms," Warden said, realising he had to say something. "Start rolling full field packs," he told them ruthlessly in an iron voice. "We're moving out in fifteen minutes. Full field equipment."

Several men threw their rifles on their beds disgustedly.

"Then what the hell're you doin' with a B.A.R.?" somebody hollered.

"Field uniforms," Warden said pitilessly, and went on across the squad room. "Full field equipment. Squad leaders, get them moving."

Disgustedly, the squad leaders began to harangue them to work.

In the far doorway onto the outside porch Warden stopped. In the corner under an empty bunk that had three extra mattresses piled on it, S/Sgt. Turp Thornhill from Mississippi lay on the cement floor in his underwear with his helmet on hugging his empty rifle.

"You'll catch a cold, Turp," Warden said.

"Don't go out there, First Sergeant!" Turp pleaded. "You'll be killed! They shootin' it up! You'll be dead! You'll not be alive any more! Don't go out there!"

"You better put your pants on," Warden said.

In his room on the porch splinters of broken glass lay all over Warden's floor, and a line of bullet holes was stitched across the top of his foot-locker and up the side of Pete's locker and across its top. Under Pete's locker was a puddle and the smell of whisky fumes was strong in the air. Cursing savagely, Warden unlocked his foot-locker and flung back the lid. A book in the tray had a slanting hole drilled right through its centre. His plastic razor box was smashed and the steel safety razor bent almost double. Savagely he jerked the tray out and threw it on the floor. In the bottom of the locker two .30 calibre bullets were nestled in the padding of rolled socks and stacked underwear, one on either side of the brown quart bottle.

The bottle was safe.

Warden dropped the two bullets into his pocket and got the

unbroken bottle out tenderly and looked in his wall locker to make sure his record-player and records were safe. Then he hit the floor in the broken glass, holding the bottle carefully and under him, as another plane went over going east over the quad.

As he beat it back out through the squad room the men were beginning bitterly to roll full field packs. All, except Turp Thornhill, who was still under the bunk and four mattresses in his helmet and underwear; and Private Ike Galovitch, who was lying on top his bunk with his rifle along his side and his head under his pillow.

On the empty second floor, from which men were hurriedly carrying their full field equipment downstairs to roll into packs, at the south end of the porch by the latrine Readall Treadwell was going up the ladder in the latrine-supplies closet to the roof hatch carrying a B.A.R. and grinning from ear to ear.

"First time in my goddam life," he yelled down; "I'm really goin' to git to shoot a B.A.R. by god. I woun't never of believe it."

He disappeared through the hatch and Warden followed him on up, and out into the open. Across G Company's section of roof most of G Company's first-three-graders were waiting to meet the enemy from behind one of the four chimneys, or else down on their knees in one of the corners, the B.A.R. forearms propped on the crotch-high wall, or a chimney top, their muzzles looking eagerly into the sky, and their bottles of whisky sitting beside them close up against the wall. Reedy Treadwell, who did not have a bottle, was just dropping down happily beside Chief Choate, who did. Two of the first-three-graders had hopped across the wall onto F Company's roof and were standing behind two of their chimneys. A knot of first-three-graders from F Company were just coming up through their own hatch. They crossed the roof and began to argue violently with the two first-three-graders from G Company, demanding their chimneys. All down the 2nd Battalion roof, and on the 1st and 3rd Battalion roofs, first-three-graders were coming up through the hatches eagerly with B.A.R.s, rifles, pistols, and here and there a single machine-gun. There were a few buck sergeants visible among them, but the only privates visible anywhere were Readall Treadwell and the two other B.A.R. men from G Company.

"Throw your empty clips down into the Comp'ny yard," Warden hollered as he moved down the roof. "Pass it along. Throw your empty clips down in the Comp'ny yard. The loading detail will pick 'em up. Throw your empty——"

A V of three planes came winging over from the south-east firing full blast, and the waiting shooters cheered happily like a mob of hobos about to sit down to their first big meal in years. All the

artillery on all the roofs cut loose in a deafening roar and the earth stopped. The argument on F Company's roof also stopped, while both sides all dived behind the same chimney. Warden turned without thinking, standing in his tracks, and fired from the shoulder without a rest, the bottle clutched tightly between his knees.

The big B.A.R. punched his shoulder in a series of lightning left jabs.

On his right Pete Karelsen was happily firing the little air-cooled .30 calibre from behind the chimney while Mikeovitch and Grenelli hung grimly onto the bucking legs of the tripod laid over the chimney, bouncing like two balls on two strings.

The planes sliced on over, unscathed, winging on down to come back up the other leg of the big figure eight. Everybody cheered again anyway, as the firing stopped.

"Holymarymotherofgod," Chief Choate boomed in his star basso that always took the break-line of the Regimental song uncontested. "I ain't had so much fun since granmaw got her tit caught in the wringer."

"Shit!" old Pete said disgustedly in a low voice behind Warden. "He was on too much of an angle. Led him too far."

Warden lowered his B.A.R., his belly and throat tightening with a desire to let loose a high hoarse senseless yell of pure glee. This is my outfit. These are my boys. He got his bottle from between his knees and took a drink that was not a drink but an expression of feeling. The whisky burned his throat savagely joyously.

"Hey, Milt!" Pete called him. "You can come over here with us if you want. We got enough room for you and the bottle."

"Be right with you!" Warden roared. Gradually his ears had become aware of a bugle blowing somewhere insistently, the same call over and over. He stepped to the inside edge of the roof and looked down over the wall.

In the corner of the quad at the megaphone, among all the men running back and forth, the guard bugler was blowing The Charge.

"What the f—— are you doing?" Warden bellowed.

The bugler stopped and looked up and shrugged sheepishly. "You got me," he yelled back. "Colonel's orders." He went on blowing.

"Here they come, Pete!" Grenelli hollered. "Here comes one!" His voice went off up into falsetto excitedly.

It was a single, coming in from the north-east on the down leg of the eight. The voice of every gun on the roofs rose to challenge his passage, blending together in one deafening roar like the call of a lynch mob. Down below, the running men melted away and the bugler stopped blowing and ran back under the E Company porch.

Warden screwed the cap back on his bottle and ran crouching over to Pete's chimney and swung around to fire, again with no rest. His burst curved off in tracer smoke lines well behind the swift sliding ship that was up, over, and then gone. Got to take more lead.

"Wouldn't you know it?" Pete said tragically. "Shot clear behind that one."

"Here, Mike," he said. "Move back a little and make room for the 1st/Sgt. so he can fire off the corner for a rest. You can set the bottle down right here, Milt. Here," he said, "I'll take it for you."

"Have a drink first," Warden said happily.

"Okay." Pete wiped his soot-rimmed mouth with the back of his sleeve. There were soot flecks on his teeth when he grinned. "Did you see what they done to our room?"

"I seen what they done to your locker," Warden said.

From down below came the voice of the bugle blowing The Charge again.

"Listen to that stupid bastard," Warden said. "Colonel Delbert's orders."

"I dint think the Colonel's be up this early," Pete said.

"Old Jake must of served his first hitch in the Cavalry," Warden said.

"Say, listen," Grenelli said, "listen, Pete. When you going to let me take it a while?"

"Pretty soon," Pete said, "pretty soon."

"Throw your empty clips down in the Comp'ny Yard, you guys!" Warden yelled around the roof. "Throw your empty clips down in the Comp'ny Yard. Pass it along, you guys."

Down along the roof men yelled at each other to throw the empties down into the yard and went right on piling them up beside them.

"God damn it!" Warden roared, and moved out from behind the chimney. He walked down along behind them like a quarterback bolstering up his linemen. "Throw them clips down, goddam you Frank. Throw your clips down, Teddy."

"Come on, Pete," Grenelli said behind him. "Let me take it a while now, will you?"

"I got firsts on it," Mikeovitch said.

"Like hell!" Grenelli said. "It's my gun, ain't it?"

"Shut up," Pete said. "Both of you. You'll both get your chance. Pretty soon."

Warden was behind the Chief and Reedy Treadwell on the inside edge when the next ones came in, a double flying in in echelon

from the north-east like the single, and he dropped down beside them. Down below the bugler stopped blowing and ran back in under the E Company porch again.

Straight across from Warden on the roof of the Headquarters Building there were only two men up. One of them he recognised as M/Sgt. Big John Deterling, the enlisted football coach. Big John had a .30 calibre water-cooled with no tripod, holding it cradled in his left arm and firing it with his right. When he fired a burst, the recoil staggered him all over the roof.

The winking noseguns of the incoming planes cut two foot-wide swathes raising dust across the quad and up the wall and over the D Company roof like a wagon road through a pasture. Warden couldn't fire at them from laughing at Big John Deterling on the Headquarters roof. This time Big John came very near to falling down and spraying the roof. The other man up over there had wisely put the chimney between him and Big John, instead of between him and the planes.

"Look at that son of a bitch," Warden said, when he could stop laughing.

Down below the loading detail dived out to pick up the clips in the lull, and the bugler ran back to the megaphone.

"I been watching him," Chief grinned. "The son of a bitch is drunk as a coot. He was down to Mrs. Kipfer's last night when me and Pete was there."

"I hope his wife don't find out," Warden said.

"He ought to have a medal," Chief said still laughing.

"He prob'ly will," Warden grinned.

As it turned out, later, he did. M/Sgt John L. Deterling; the Silver Star; for unexampled heroism in action.

Another V of three flashed sliding in from the south-east and Warden turned and ran back to Pete's chimney as everybody opened up with a joyous roar. Firing with the B.A.R. forearm resting on his hand on the chimney corner, he watched his tracers get lost in the cloud of tracers around the lead plane spraying the nose, spraying the cockpit, and on back into the tail assembly. The plane shivered like a man trying to get out from under a cold shower and the pilot jumped in his seat twice like a man tied to a hot stove. They saw him throw up his arms helplessly in a useless try to ward it off, to stop it pouring in on him. There was a prolonged cheer. A hundred yards beyond the quad, with all of them watching it now in anticipatory silence, the little Zero began to fall off, on one wing and slid down a long hill of air onto one of the goal-posts of the 19th Infantry football field. It crashed into flames. A vast happy college-yell cheer went up from the quad and helmets

were thrown into the air and backs were slapped as if our side had just made a touchdown against Notre Dame.

Then, as another V of three came in from the north-east, there was a wild scramble for helmets.

"You got him, Pete!" Grenelli yelled, bobbing around on the bucking tripod leg, "you got him!"

"Got him hell," Pete said without stopping firing. "Nobody'll ever know who got that guy."

"Hey, Milt!"

In the lull, Chief Choate was yelling at him from the roof edge.

"Hey, Milt! Somebody's yellin for you down below."

"Comin' up!" Warden bawled. Behind him as he ran, Grenelli was pleading:

"Come on, Pete. Let me take it for a while now. You got one already."

"In a minute," Pete said. "In a minute. I just want to try one more."

Looking down over the wall, Warden saw Lieutenant Ross standing in the yard looking up angrily, large bags under his eyes, a field cap on his uncombed head, his pants still unbuttoned, and his shoes untied and his belt unbuckled. He started buttoning his pants without looking down.

"What the hell are you doing up there, Sergeant?" he yelled. "Why aren't you down here taking care of the company? We're going to move out for the beach in less than an hour. It's probably alive with Japs already."

"It's all taken care of," Warden yelled down. "The men are rolling full field packs right now in the squad room."

"But we've got to get the kitchen and supply ready to move, too, goddam it," Lieutenant Ross yelled up.

"The kitchen is bein' pack," Warden yelled down. "I gave Stark the orders and he's doing it now. Should be all ready in fifteen minutes."

"But the supply——" Lieutenant Ross started to yell up.

"They're loading clips and belts for us," Warden yelled down. "All they got to do is carry the water-cooled machine-guns for the beach out to the trucks and throw in Leva's old field repair kit and they ready to go."

"And," he yelled, "they makin' coffee and sandwiches in the kitchen. Everything's all taken care of. Whyn't you get a B.A.R. and come on up?"

"There aren't any left," Lieutenant Ross yelled up angrily.

"Then get the hell under cover," Warden yelled down as he looked up. "Here they come."

Lieutenant Ross dived under the porch for the supply room as another single came blasting in from the south-east and the roaring umbrella of fire rose from the roofs to engulf it. It seemed impossible that he could fly right through it and come out untouched. But he did.

Right behind him, but flying due north along Waianae Avenue and the Headquarters Building, came another plane; and the umbrella swung that way without even letting go of its triggers.

The plane's gas tank exploded immediately into flames that engulfed the whole cockpit and the plane veered off down on the right wing, still going at top speed. As the belly and left under-wing came up into view, the blue circle with the white star in it showed plainly in the bright sunlight. Then it was gone, off down through some trees that sheered off the wings, and the fuselage, still going at top speed, exploded into some unlucky married officer's house quarters with everyone watching it.

"That was one of ours!" Reedy Treadwell said in a small still voice. "That was an American plane!"

"Tough," Warden said, without stopping firing at the new double coming in from the north-east. "The son of a bitch dint have no business there."

After the Jap double had flashed past, unscathed, Warden turned back and made another cir. it up and down the roof, his eyes screwed up into that strained look of having been slapped in the face that he sometimes got, and that made a man not want to look at him.

"Be careful, you guys," he said. Up the roof. Down the roof. "That last one was one of ours. Try and be careful. Try and get a look at them before you shoot. Them stupid bastards from Wheeler liable to fly right over here. So try and be careful after this." Up the roof. Down the roof. The same strained squint was in his voice as was in his eyes.

"Sergeant Warden!" Lieutenant Ross roared up from down below. "God damn it! Sergeant Warden!"

He ran back to the roof edge. "What now?"

"I want you down here, god damn it!" Lieutenant Ross yelled up. He had his belt buckled and his shoes tied now and was smoothing back his hair with his fingers under his cap. "I want you to help me get this orderly room ready to move out! You have no business up there! Come down!"

"Goddam it, I'm busy!" Warden yelled. "Get Rosenberry. There's a goddam war on, Lieutenant."

"I've just come from Colonel Delbert," Lieutenant Ross yelled

up. "And he has given orders we're to move out as soon as this aerial attack is over."

"G Comp'ny's ready to move now," Warden yelled down. "And I'm busy. Tell that goddam Henderson to send up some clips and belts."

Lieutenant Ross ran back under the porch and then ran back out again. This time he had a helmet on.

"I told him," he yelled up.

"And tell Stark to send us up some coffee."

"*God damn it!*" Lieutenant Ross raged up at him. "What is this? a company picnic? Come down here, Sergeant! I want you! That's an order! Come down here immediately! You hear me? that's an order! All company commanders have orders from Colonel Delbert personally to get ready to move out within the hour!"

"What's that?" Warden yelled. "I can't hear you."

"I said, we're moving out within the hour."

"What?" Warden yelled. "What? Look out," he yelled; "here they come again!"

Lieutenant Ross dove for the supply room and the two ammo carriers ducked their heads back down through the hatch.

Warden ran crouching back to Pete's chimney and rested his B.A.R. on the corner and fired a burst at the V of three that flashed past.

"Get that goddam ammo up here!" he roared at them in the hatchway.

"Milt!" Chief Choate yelled. "Milt Warden! They want you downstairs."

"You can't find me," Warden yelled. "I've gone someplace else."

Chief nodded and relayed it down over the edge. "I can't find him, Lootenant. He's gone off someplace else." He listened dutifully down over the edge and then turned back to Warden. "Lieutenant Ross says tell you we're moving out within the hour," he yelled.

"You can't find me," Warden yelled.

"Here they come!" Grenelli yelled from the tripod.

They did not move out within the hour. It was almost another hour before the attack was all over. And they did not move out until early afternoon three and a half hours after the attack was over. G Company was ready, but it was the only company in the regiment that was.

Warden stayed up on the roof, by one subterfuge or another, until the attack was over. Lieutenant Ross, it turned out, stayed down in the supply room and helped load ammunition. The regimental fire umbrella claimed one more positive, and two possibles that might have been hit by the 27th and already going down when they passed over the quad. Stark himself, personally, with two of the

K.P.s, brought them up coffee once, and then still later brought up coffee and sandwiches. In gratitude for which, Pete Karelsen let him take the machine-gun for a while.

After it was all over, and the dead silence which no sound seemed able to penetrate reigned, they all smoked a last cigarette up on the roof and then, dirty-faced, red-eyed, tired happy and let-down, they trooped down reluctantly into the new pandemonium that was just beginning below and went to roll their full field packs. Nobody had even been scratched. But they could not seem to get outside of the ear-ringing dead silence. Even the pandemonium of moving out could not penetrate it.

Warden, instead of rolling his pack, went straight to the orderly room. In the three and a half hours before they finally left he was in the orderly room all the time, getting it packed up. Lieutenant Ross, whose company was the only one that was ready ahead of time, had already forgotten to be angry and came in and helped him. So did Rosenberg. Warden had plenty of time and to spare, to pack the orderly room. But he did not have any time left to roll his full field pack or change into a field uniform. Or, if he did, he forgot it.

The result of this was that he had to sleep in the popcorn vendor's wagon at Hanauna Bay without blankets for five days before he could get back up to Schofield to get his stuff, and he would have welcomed even a woollen O.D. field-uniform shirt. He did not see how the hell he could have possibly have forgotten that.

One by one, each company's consignment of trucks lined up before its barracks in a double file and settled down to wait. One by one, the platoons of troops filed out into their company yards and sat down on their packs holding their rifles and looked at the waiting trucks. The regiment moved as a unit.

No two companies were going to the same place. And when they got there each company would be a separate unit on its own. But one company, that was ready, did not leave out by itself for its beach positions ahead of the other companies, that were not ready. The regiment moved as a unit.

Everywhere trucks. Everywhere troops sitting on their packs. The quad filled up with trucks until even the colonel's jeep could not worm through between them. The yards filled up with troops until even the colonel's adjutants and messengers could not work through them. There was much swearing and sweaty disgust. The Regiment moved as a unit.

And in the G Company orderly room, Warden chortled to himself sinfully, as he worked.

Once, when Lieutenant Ross had gone to the supply room,

Maylon Stark stuck his head in at the door. "The kitchen truck's loaded and ready to roll."

"Right," Warden said, without looking up.

"I want you to know I think you done a hell of a swell job," Stark said reluctantly strangely. "It'll be two hours, anyway, before any other kitchen in this outfit is ready; and some of them prob'ly have to stay behind to get loaded and come down later."

"You done a good job yourself," Warden said, still not looking up.

"It wasn't me," Stark said. "It was you. And I just want you to know I think you done a hell of a job."

"Okay," Warden said, "thanks," and went on working without looking up.

He rode down in the jeep at the head of the company's convoy with Lieutenant Ross, Weary Russell driving. There was terrific traffic. The roads were alive with trucks and taxis as far as the eye could see, bumper to bumper. The trucks were taking them down, to beach positions; the taxis were taking them up, to Schofield, where their outfits would already be gone. Recons and jeeps slithered in and out among the long lines of trucks, but the big two-and-a-halves could only lumber on, a few feet at a time, stopping when the truck in front of them stopped in back of the truck in front of him, waiting to move on until the truck in front of them moved on a little in back of the truck in front of him.

The trucks had been stripped of their tarps and one man with his B.A.R. or machine-gun mounted over the cab rode standing on the truckbed wall. Helmeted heads were poked above the naked ribs watching the sky like visitors inspecting the dinosaur's skeleton in the Smithsonian Institute.

In the jeep, riding up and down haranguing on the road shoulder alongside the company's column, Warden saw them all, a lot of times. Their faces were changed and they did not look the same any more. It was somewhat the same look as Stark had had in the messhall, only the drunkenness was evaporating out of it leaving only the hard set of the dry plaster. Out here on the highway, lost among hundreds of other outfits, the idea was not only clearer but bigger, much bigger, than back at your home barracks in your own squad. Chief Choate, riding with a B.A.R. up, looked down at him from above his truck cab and Warden looked back.

They had all left everything behind, civilian clothes, garrison shoes and uniforms, campaign hat collections, insignia collections, photograph albums, private papers. 'To hell with all that. This was war. We won't need that. They brought nothing but the skeletal field living equipment, and the only man who packed in anything

comfortable to bring with him was Pete Karelsen. Pete had been in France.

Gradually, foot by foot, the trucks moved on down toward Honolulu and whatever waited on the beaches. Up till now it had been a day off, it had been fun.

Pearl Harbour, when they passed it, was a shambles. Wheeler Field had been bad, but Pearl Harbour numbed the brain. Pearl Harbour made a queasiness in the testicles. Wheeler Field was set back quite a ways from the road, but parts of Pearl Harbour were right on the highway. Up till then it had been a big lark, a picnic; they had fired from the roofs and been fired at from the planes and the cooks had served them coffee and sandwiches and the supply detail had brought them up ammo, and they had got two or three planes and only one man in the whole regiment had been hit (with a .50 calibre in the fleshy part of his calf, didn't even hit a bone, he walked up to the dispensary by himself), and he was getting himself a big Purple Heart. Almost everybody had had a bottle and they all had been half-drunk anyway when it started and it had all been a sort of super-range-season with live targets to shoot at. The most exciting kind: Men. But now the bottles were fast wearing off and there was no immediate prospect of getting any more and there were no live targets to shoot at. Now they were thinking. Why, it might be months—even years—before they could get hold of a bottle again! This was a big war.

As the trucks passed through the new married N.C.O. quarters that had been added onto Pearl Harbour recently, women and children and an occasional old man standing in the yards cheered them. The troops rode on through in silence, staring at them dully.

Going through the back streets of town, all along the route, men, women and children stood on porches fences car tops and roofs and cheered them roundly. They waved Winnie Churchill's V-for-Victory sign at them, and held their thumbs up in the air. Young girls threw them kisses. Mothers of young girls, with tears in their eyes, urged their daughters to throw them more kisses.

The troops, looking wistfully at all this young stuff running around loose that they could not get into, and remembering the old days when civilian girls were not allowed—and did not desire—to speak to soldiers on the street in broad daylight let alone at night in a bar, gave them back the old one-finger salute of the clenched fist jabbing the stiff middle finger into the air. They returned Winnie Churchill's V-for-Victory sign with an even older one of their own, in which the fist is clenched and the middle finger and thumb are extended and pinched repeatedly together.

The ecstatic civilians, who did not know that this last was the

old Army sign for the female, or that the first meant "F—— you!" cheered them even more roundly and the troops, for the first time since they'd left Schofield, grinned a little bit at each other, slyly, and redoubled with their saluting.

From Waikiki on east, the trucks in the company's convoy began to peel off to deliver the various three- and four-man details each with its noncom to their various positions. By the time they reached the rise up over the Kioko Head saddle where the road turned off down to the C.P. at Hanauma Bay, there were only four trucks left. The two for Position 28 at Makapuu Head, one for the C.P. personnel and Position 27, and the kitchen truck. The first two, the C.P. truck and the kitchen truck, pulled off onto the side road and stopped and the last two bound for Makapuu went on, then, past them. They had all had their big day with the civilians, which most of them had waited from two to five years for, and now they were preparing to pay for it.

Among the troops in the trucks there was a certain high fervour of defence and patriotism that exploded into a weak feeble cheer in the heavy perpetual wind, as they passed Lieutenant Ross and The Warden who had climbed out of the jeep on the road-shoulder to watch them go past. A few fists were shaken in the air up between the bare truck ribs and Friday Clark, current-rifleman and ex-apprentice-company-bugler, shook a wildly promising two-finger V-for-Victory sign at Lieutenant Ross from over the tailgate of the last truck as they pulled on away. "

This general patriotic enthusiasm lasted about three days.

Lieutenant Ross, standing beside his jeep to watch his men go off to possible maiming and death, certainly off to a war that would last a long time, looked at Friday sadly and without acknowledgment from across a great gulf of years pity and superior knowledge, his eyes set in a powerful emotion, a look of great age and fearful responsibility on his face.

1st/Sgt. Warden, standing beside his company commander and watching his face, wanted to boot his company commander hard in the ass.

It was perhaps the stringing of the barbed wire, more than anything else, that ate into the patriotism of the troops in the next few days. The men who had acquired the new unknown disease of aching veins in their arm joints from the building of these positions now found it coming back on them doubly powerfully from putting up barbed wire to protect these positions. So that even when they were not pulling guard at night, they couldn't sleep anyway. The stringing of the barbed wire, after the first day, was an even more powerful astringent to the patriotism than their

getting crummy with no prospect of a shower, or their getting itchy with beard and no prospect of a shave, of their having to sleep on the rocks with nothing but a single shelter-half and two blankets over them when it rained.

Actually, this war that had started out so well Sunday morning and given them such high hopes of the future, was turning out to be nothing more than an extended manœuvres. With the single difference that this showed no prospects of ending.

It was five days before things were organised enough to allow the sending of a detail back to Schofield for the rest of their stuff, that they had not thought they'd need, and the company's quota of pyramidal tents. But even these didn't do the men at Makapuu any good since out there there weren't any trees to set them up under.

Warden, armed with the request list of each man which altogether covered an entire pad of legal-size scratch paper, led the detail of three trucks. Pete Karelsen, who was the only man in the company who had been anywhere near comfortable in the five days, was his second-in-command. They pulled into the quad with their three trucks to find another outfit already moved into the barracks and the foot-lockers and wall lockers of G Company thoroughly rifled. Their lists were useless. Pete Karelsen, again, had been practically the only man in the company who had bothered to lock either his foot-locker or wall locker that Sunday morning. But even Pete's extra set of false teeth, which had been out on the table were gone.

And, of course, none of the new tenants they talked to knew a damn thing about it.

Warden's records and player were gone, also his \$120 Brooks Bros. suit, saddle-stitched Forstmann jacket, and the white dinner jacket and tux pants he had bought but never worn yet, together with all of his uniforms. Also, the brand new \$260 electric guitar, still less than half paid for, that Andy and Friday had bought while Prew was in the stockade, was gone too, speaker jackplug and all.

If it had not been for 1st/Sgt. Dedrick of A Company, who was about his size and had remembered to lock his wall locker, he would not have even been able to scare up two whole field uniforms. Just about the only thing that had been left untouched were the folded pyramidal tents in the supply room.

By the end of the seventh day, when they had got the tents back downtown and distributed out to the positions and set up ready to occupy, every man on the company roster—including the two men serving time in the stockade who had been released with the rest of the prisoners—had shown up and reported for duty. With the single exception of Prewitt.

7. • *Diversissement*

THE START OF AN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT

BY

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL MAHMOOD KHAN
DURRANI, G.C.

SOON after the surrender of the British in Singapore, a high Japanese military officer declared before a gathering of about seventy-five thousand Indian soldiers, who had surrendered, that Captain Mohan Singh would organise an Indian National Army to liberate India from her slavery. And when Captain Mohan Singh appeared on the platform and asked if they were ready to volunteer for that sacred cause, all the P.O.W.s roared with one voice that they were willing to do so. This gave the Japanese authorities and Mohan Singh the misunderstanding that the entire Indian Army, without exception, was bursting with a desire to serve Japanese Imperialism.

It was admitted, however, by many who had joined the movement that they had done so because they preferred to live a little longer rather than be put to the sword or be starved to death by the Japanese. They all knew that many prisoners, both British and Indian, who fell into Japanese hands after giving them hell by bayonet fighting, were tied to trees and killed by having bayonets thrust into their eyes by the Japs. Havildar Ali Akbar of the 40th Pathan Regiment, told me that he saw his whole detachment of twenty-five men being finished off in this fashion. He also saw two British officers being tied to trees and bayoneted in the eyes and mouth. It was because of this experience of Japanese barbarity that even some well-meaning Muslims, anxious to preserve their lives, pretended to agree to serve the Japs for India's independence.

Most of these kept up this pretence for a short time only, and soon fell back into the ranks of ordinary P.O.W.s. But Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani chose to stick to the movement and, since he was the senior officer and was also very zealous, he was chosen by Mohan Singh as his second-in-command. This meant great distinction in the eyes of the Japanese and supporters of the movement. It also meant great privileges incidental to that position. And now

he was living in style in a well-furnished bungalow and had a large car at his disposal.

What I was interested in was his close association with Captain Mohan Singh. Therefore, I approached him, counting on my old associations with him both as a friend and as a subordinate in the unit of which he had been second-in-command. During our talk, I found that he was pursuing power-politics and that those who were jealous of his privileged position were trying to overthrow him by both fair means and foul. Realising his poor ability as a military officer and his personal shortcomings, he found himself in a tight corner, and it struck me that he was anxious to have reliable and capable supporters to help him maintain his position.

The chief rival for his position was Major M. Z. Kiani of the 1/14th Punjab Regiment. Kiani had a good many supporters among Indian Army officers, and he was proving a formidable, though subtle, challenger to Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani. This tug of war was the outcome of the conviction held by most of these Indian Army officers that after the conquest of India by the Japanese, in alliance with the I.N.A., they would rule the whole of India and come to hold, in due course, ministerial jobs, and very high ranks in Indian embassies abroad. Therefore, they competed with each other in trying to gain the highest positions possible in the I.N.A.

While I was talking with the Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani, his old friend, Captain S. A. Malik of the same unit, dropped in and, finding Gilani nervous about his position, he humoured him by suggesting that the time was not far distant when he would hold a high rank in the future Government of a free India, provided he stuck sincerely to the movement, unmindful of all opposition.

Realising Gilani's state of mind under such encouragement, I took the opportunity, as soon as Captain Malik had left, to suggest that I was ready to give him all the help he might need in solving difficulties created by his rivals. I said it was necessary that I should have some means of access to all the P.O.W. camps, where I would work to make him popular among all ranks. The best way to do this, I told him, was for him to propose my name to Captain Mohan Singh as a welfare officer for all the prisoners of war. If this were done it would prove that I.N.A. officers were really well-wishers of Indian soldiers and were trying their utmost to improve their lot, and perhaps it would help the ordinary Indian soldier to make up his mind to volunteer for the movement. I concluded by re-affirming that once I was appointed, I would do everything in my power to create a solid backing for him.

At this Gilani's face brightened, and he undertook to get me appointed as welfare officer somehow or other.

At this time the impending conference of the leaders of the Indian people in East Asia was the talk of the day. It had given great hopes to ambitious officers of the I.N.A., and everyone, including Mohan Singh and Gilani, was busy preparing a powerful speech for the occasion. Mohan Singh was due to fly to Bangkok for the conference next day. I felt it was opportune, therefore, to have my proposal put to him on the eve of his departure. For, I felt, he would be so intoxicated with dreams of winning new laurels by his oratory that he would not trouble about my past actions. I thought he would realise at once that I would prove to be an asset to the I.N.A. movement in due course and that, therefore, he would jump at the chance of entrusting me with the job.

Luckily, all these speculations turned out to be true. Gilani talked to Mohan Singh, who was living in the next bungalow, and as a result Mohan Singh gave me an interview. He was quite friendly, and when I pointed out the dreadful state of prisoners of war throughout Malaya, he tried to clear his position with excuses. I told him my personal experiences of P.O.W. camps at Sungai Patani and Singapore, and mentioned the fanaticism and viciousness of the so-called Brigadier Unkar Singh. Mohan Singh admitted that Unkar Singh was a beast who was drunk most of the time, and he promised to look into the matter. He never did, however, and Unkar Singh remained in power for a long time.

Mohan Singh said that he was attracted by my proposed welfare activities, which I hinted would eventually make all grouching P.O.W.s friendly towards him so that they would volunteer to swell the ranks of the huge army of which he would be supreme commander. And being in a hurry, he wrote a chit to Major M. Z. Kiani to make arrangements for transport to carry me daily to all the P.O.W. camps, and told me to make any welfare suggestions to Kiani, who would be in command at Mount Pleasant in the absence of himself and Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani.

Major Kiani, however, for reasons of his own, which probably sprang from fears that I was making a move to become popular and ascend the I.N.A. ladder of power and prestige, reduced my trips to P.O.W. camps to twice a week, and he wrote a chit to Major Aziz Ahmad, the commander of the Bidadari camp, to make the arrangements for a conveyance for me to this effect. For his part Mohan Singh avoided providing transport for another two

It also ¹ time, I continued to slip out of the Saleter Camp and go to ² al, where I discussed measures of relief for the sick with

From:

Colonel Malhotra. We decided that we should try to raise funds from prisoners of war in order to buy milk for the patients, also that we should approach Colonel Alagappan and Lieutenant-Colonel Chatterji, two senior doctors of the ex-Indian Army, who were at Mount Pleasant. Colonel Malhotra was a non-volunteer and, therefore, a man of no consequence in the eyes of I.N.A. officers, but I felt that Alagappan and Chatterji might look kindly upon him as a humanitarian. There are no limitations to one's personal efforts to do social service, and Malhotra and I collected enough funds to buy a small quantity of milk for the patients each day. I also collected two gramophones and some records for their entertainment.

I found another way of ameliorating the lot of the sick, which cost nothing. This was to visit each sick man frequently and spend a few minutes in friendly talk to console him and cheer him up. During these two weeks I also made several visits to Mount Pleasant, where I had friendly discussions with Colonel Alagappan and Lieutenant-Colonel Chatterji on the question of India's independence and the missions for which 'Gandhi Ji had worked so nobly for many years'.

Both these officers talked on other subjects as well, and our main trend of thought was directed towards the higher sphere of ethics. When I felt that we were at one in our thoughts and they had begun to appreciate my views, I touched on the subject of disease, starvation and misery in the P.O.W. camps. While they showed sympathy towards the miserable lot of the prisoners, at the same time they expressed their helplessness in the matter. But I was satisfied that by bringing it to their notice and moving their hearts, I had definitely achieved something for the cause. And within a short period, under the moral pressure exerted by these high-ranking officers of the I.N.A., arrangements were made to supply a quantity of milk to all P.O.W. hospitals, although this was insufficient and had to be distributed judiciously by the doctors.

I was troubled by a decayed wisdom tooth, which gave me constant pain. So far I had not been able to attend to its treatment because my welfare activities kept me on my toes all the time, making me almost unconscious of the pain and my physical exhaustion, which under any other circumstances would have proved intolerable. Having met with initial success in my humanitarian activities, however, my mind was somewhat relieved and I thought of having my tooth treated. This was not possible unless I could go to a good dentist's in Singapore city for about ten days on end,

and it involved the danger of being arrested by Japanese military police, for, being a P.O.W., I could not move outside the jurisdiction of the P.O.W. camps. Even if I managed to get a Japanese permit allowing me to go out, I could not afford to be absent for ten consecutive days from my self-imposed task of looking after the sick and wounded, and there was also the question of transport, which had not been made available yet. However, the pain was so bad that I decided to contact a dentist first, somehow, and make future arrangements for treatment. I managed, therefore, to get one of the very few Japanese permits placed at the disposal of I.N.A. Headquarters, permits for the use only of high I.N.A. officers or personnel close to Mohan Singh.

Armed with this permit, I set out to cover a distance of five miles and see a dentist, who was a rarity these days. Even with a Japanese permit it was not a simple affair to pass through a network of Japanese guards, who ordered every passer-by to halt, make a low bow, and proceed only if permitted. Very often a person who had a permit would be hauled up, searched and kicked if he failed to pay homage in the humblest way. This bullying and humiliation of the populace of all the conquered regions was a well-thought-out policy of the Japanese war lords, who aimed to bring about a complete subjugation of the people. Full of hatred for the Japanese barbarians, and having a deep sense of self-respect, it was most painful for me to bow before the Japanese soldiers. I felt sure that I would be either indifferent or not deferential enough in bowing to them. Consequently, I decided to go across country to the city, walking through fields and up and down small hills between clusters of bungalows, most of which were inhabited by Japanese officers. This was risky, for it made my movements suspicious. But I preferred it, and happily enough I reached the city without incident.

I found a good dentist and underwent preliminary treatment. And I made him agree, although with some difficulty, that he would complete the treatment in four or five sittings, at the most, arranging to return at irregular intervals. The permit was returned to its original owner, and the second time I risked the trip to the city on foot without a permit. The third trip was made in a station wagon from I.N.A. Headquarters. Though this obviated the necessity of a permit, I found myself in sore straits, for a few Japanese came into the dentist's and waited angrily for the end of my sitting. I knew that the Japs' impatience always turned into violence, so I requested the dentist to finish with me quickly under the pretext that I was in a hurry. The last two visits to the dentist were made in a station wagon, which by that time was made available to me

twice a week by Major Aziz Ahmad under the original instructions of Major M. Z. Kiani.

Now that I had the opportunity of visiting the various camps twice a week, I was successful in forming a small organisation of Muslim collaborators in the Saleter camp, and later in all other P.O.W. camps, to launch an underground movement to resist the nefarious Indian Independence Movement, of which the I.N.A. was a manifestation. And I would like to mention here the names of the gentlemen to whom I owe my gratitude for never betraying the confidence I placed in them and for doing their bit for our common Muslim cause. They were:

- (1) Lieutenant Qazi Shafi Ullah of the 4/9th Jat Regiment, living in the Neeson P.O.W. camp. (2) Subedar Major (Hon. Capt.) Imam Dim of the 4/9th Jat Regiment, living in the Neeson P.O.W. camp. (3) Subedar Ali Haider of the 1st B.W.P. Infantry (Saleter). (4) Maulvi Mehboob Rabani, Head Clerk, No. 10 I.A.O.C. workshop (Saleter). (5) Maulvi Abdul Aziz, upper division clerk, No. 46 I.A.O.C. (Saleter). (6) Jem. Muhammad Aslam, I.M.A., Sec. R.I.A.S.C. (Saleter). (7) Subedar G. M. Sial of the 1st Bahawalpur Infantry (Saleter). (8) Mr. G. N. Qazi, upper division clerk, M.E.S. Hqrs., 3rd Indian Corps (Bidadari). (9) Subedar Major Ali Mardan Khan of the 5/14th Punjab Regiment (Neesoon). (10) Sheikh Muhammad Sardar, storeman No. 10 I.A.O.C. (Saleter). (11) Jemadar Muhammad Ibrahim, I.M.B. (Saleter), and (12) Subedar Muhammad Sadiq of the 1/14th Punjab Regiment (Civil Aerodrome camp). All these gentlemen were in full accord with my views and willingly carried my message to every sensible Muslim soldier. They told Muslim P.O.W.s that if they accepted the leadership of the Hindus and Sikhs against Muslim traditions in spite of knowing how narrow-minded they were, and of knowing how they had tried to shake the Muslims from all responsible positions in the Army, humiliating them by hook or by crook, they would be betraying their own cause and would ultimately be punished.

My visits to the various camps meant a whole day's work that was beyond the limit of my energy, for not even a minute was spent when I was not physically or mentally active. I tried to contact as many key-men as possible. Some of them were playing great roles in the I.N.A. movement but, relying on their tender cords as Muslims, I tried to mould their conduct in favour of the Muslim cause even though they served my purpose only temporarily. Here I must mention Subedar Major Akbar Baber and Subedar Mir Reham Khan, with whom I cultivated friendship and who helped me to carry out my mission, although they did

not know it and although we were poles apart as far as our political creeds were concerned.

These two officers served Mohan Singh keenly and advised him on all knotty problems concerning the rank and file who were inclined to be violent in their resistance against any coercion to convert them into I.N.A. volunteers. Subedar Major Akbar Baber was notorious for tying those P.O.W.s who openly denounced the I.N.A., to trees and giving them a good hiding. He was particularly active among the Pathans who had been his subordinates and under his influence for a long time. Consequently he was able to make many a good Muslim surrender to his oppression and join the nationalist movement against his will. He was also notorious for having addressed the following speech to Mohan Singh at a dinner given in his honour: "We should all thank God that He has made you lord and uncrowned king of us Indians. We are sure, as we are sure about God's existence, that you are also 'going to be our crowned king soon. And I remind this audience and every Indian in the Far East that the sooner he realises this blunt fact, the better it will be for his own life."

Mohan Singh relied on Akbar Baber for his sincere allegiance and for his long experience as a V.O.C., having wide connections with other V.C.O.s in the Indian Army. My opinion of this man was that he was intrinsically a time-server. Subedar Mir Rehman Khan, on the other hand, was rather a simpleton, who had been an easy prey to I.N.A. propaganda and who sincerely believed in the greatness of the movement and its ultimate gains. I offered lifts to these two officers in the station wagon, which had been put at my disposal, so that they might visit their various friends in many camps, and they introduced me, incidentally, to these friends as a good and pious Muslim. Thus they unwittingly served my purpose.

Safe in the company of these valued I.N.A. zealots, I was able to avoid the suspicion of Hindu and Sikh I.N.A. volunteers. To start with, this arrangement worked well, and I managed to enlighten the minds of many Muslims, who were sitting on the fence to jump into the I.N.A. trap. And as a result of my frequent visits to these camps, the way was paved for a strong front.

In a short time the usual methods of I.N.A. workers to gain volunteers began to prove ineffective. The secret agents, appointed by I.N.A. Headquarters to report on all matters of importance, were naturally asked to find the cause of the slow progress of the movement. Attaching no importance to my welfare work in the camps, they began to suspect my frequent visits and connect them with the retardation of their movement. I saw that many Hindu

and Sikh volunteers, who were probably aware of the ambitions and designs of their leaders against Muslims, were also beginning to suspect me. They kept an eagle eye on all my movements and whispered to each other about me when they thought I wasn't looking.

I decided to be cautious, therefore, and to avoid contacting Muslim officers for the next few visits. To dispel doubts from the minds of all non-Muslim soldiers, I moved among them from barracks to barracks, chatting and cracking jokes as if I were one of them, and listening to all their grievances and difficulties, making detailed notes. The Sikh and Jat soldier is very susceptible to flattery. A little praise for their patience, good soldierly bearing and conduct made them friendly towards me. They came out with many grievances, all of which I promised to put before I.N.A. Headquarters. The Sikhs complained mostly about the absence of soap and oil, which caused them severe itching due to the growth of lice in their hair and dirt on their bodies. I mentioned this in my reports, also mentioning the non-supply of common salt, *Ghee* and vegetables, and the insufficiency of the rice ration. But it was destined that the miserable lot of the P.O.W.s should continue, for the I.N.A. officers remained too busy with power politics and the pursuit of their own pleasure to pay any heed to these matters however vital they were for the progress of their movement and their own prestige.

Despite my genuine efforts to better the lot of P.O.W.s of whatever caste or creed, the more clever among the non-Muslims did not give up their suspicions of me, as was betrayed by their doubtful looks and whispers. I decided, therefore, to put a brake to their mounting communal feelings against me by disappearing from the scene for a few days and giving all my attention to the sick and wounded in the various hospitals. I started with the one at Neesoon and it took me three full days from early morning till evening, going from bed to bed, spending so much time talking with each patient to make him feel pleased and satisfied. I also made appeals for monetary help. Some of the patients had money, but many were penniless, and their survival depended upon good food, milk, vegetables and fruit, which could be got only for cash.

I was satisfied to achieve some results in this connection. I also borrowed money for myself, a few chips from each of my friends. They were glad to do this in view of my poverty, since I had come among them straight from the jungle with nothing but a khaki shirt, a pair of trousers, and a pair of second-hand shoes purchased for me by Lieutenant Amin Shah for \$2 from a fellow P.O.W. in Saleter. I converted this borrowed money into small change and

distributed it among all the penniless patients according to their needs.

• After a break of a few days I resumed my activities of organising a Muslim boycott of the I.N.A. movement, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the Muslims come into their own again. Those that were torn asunder by despair, jealousy and selfishness, began to show confidence in themselves and in their future and a sense of Muslim fraternity and a spirit of sacrifice dawned on them. Soon they began to mix with each other, discussing the future and laughing and joking when in a lighter mood. They began to move about in groups with confidence, fearing nobody but God. Most of them started to attend daily congregational prayers and made a routine of learning the Holy Book. This was a direct challenge to the perverted ambitions of the non-Muslim fanatics who wished to take advantage of Japanese sympathies and crush the Moslem spirit.

This new spirit of solidarity led, however, to increased activity of I.N.A. agents, who began to show more vigour and violence in their utterances. They abused the traitors—meaning the Muslims—and threatened to annihilate them. Fresh methods of coercion including starvation and the sending of men to concentration camps on fabricated charges, were started. But, generally speaking, almost all the Muslims, who were in the majority in the best units of the Indian Army, stood against this repression and coercion like rocks. What to start with was an underground Muslim front now became an open one. Most of the soldiers and V.C.O.s of the Punjab regiments and of the Hong Kong Singapore Royal Artillery Regiment, who were first rate soldiers, stood on their rights as prisoners of war and defied all challenges and punishments.

At the end of July, 1942, as I was walking from Saleter to Bidadari camp, I suddenly became a victim of dysentery. Luckily for me, Warrant Officer Asal Nur Khan of No. 8 Workshop Company, offered me a vacant space in his bunk until I recovered enough strength to go back to Saleter. I came to know this officer and a number of other Pathans, including C. H. Mir Mast, L/NK Gahzi Khan and L/NK Habib Khan, who were his associates, on that occasion. No medicine was available, and my condition became critical. I could think of nothing but cure through starvation, so I stuck to this with perseverance. Later, I also tried a wild herb that was used by numerous dysentery patients, and the combined effect of this treatment was that I got relieved of the acute condition after I had lain half-dead for fifteen days.

I returned to Saleter and resumed my activities, though I had not completely recovered from the ailment. It was an almost physical impossibility to do anything, but the inner urge for what

I considered a moral duty was so great that I could not wait indefinitely until my complete recovery.

Coercion and oppression by I.N.A. officers against the resisting and unwilling P.O.W.s now assumed an appalling magnitude. My unit personnel, about eight hundred and fifty of all ranks, composed of Jats, Sikhs, Punjabi Muslims and the State subjects, who had been worked up by me into not joining the I.N.A. in their own interests, were now subjected to intensive propaganda by the agents of Mohan Singh. These agents mixed with the ranks and some of them slept in their barracks, pretending to be guests of their friends. They whispered all kinds of hopes and fears, making requests and threats. Under the circumstances, I made fresh contacts with the V.C.O.s and some important N.C.O.s and again explained the dangerous implications of joining the movement, and I got their assurance that they would remain firm and also keep their men out of the movement.

When I.N.A. Headquarters got reports about the firm stand of this unit, it was decided that the Bahawalpur Infantry should be removed from Saleter, lest others be affected, and that they should be punished to cow their spirit. My unit was moved, therefore, under orders, bag and baggage (no transport whatsoever being given) in a heavy downpour from Saleter to Bidadari, where we were ordered to occupy the ruins of old barracks surrounded by stagnant water and mud. We were jeered at by I.N.A. officers and men and we remained in the open, exposed to torrential rain, for two days. After that, following demonstrations and protests by officers, we were allowed to occupy the barracks evacuated by the Jind Infantry, which was leaving for the mainland.

About the end of July, Major M. Z. Kiani, officiating for Mohan Singh, who was still at Bangkok, began to press that the Bahawalpur Infantry must decide about volunteering now or never. The demand was equivalent to a threat. Captain K. C. Bias, commanding the Sikh and Jat Company, prepared a list of the whole company and was going to submit all the names as volunteers, but I approached him and dissuaded him successfully from sending it. Major Aziz Ahmad, who was acting as Mohan Singh's chief of Gestapo, had already shown great jealousy of Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani, whom he regarded as his rival in the realm of the I.N.A.; therefore, he made the Bahawalpur Infantry the target of attacks. His agents, Jemadar Fateh Khan and Jemadar Muhammad Hayat, started inquiries about fabricated charges against some of the unit personnel, and a good many were rounded up and detained. And some of them were brutally beaten in order to impress the unit with the wide powers of the I.N.A.

Wishing to avert the catastrophe which seemed to be in store for the unit, I approached Major Kiani and explained that it was impossible for the unit to decide anything without Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani, who was still away. He agreed. As soon as Mohan Singh returned from Bangkok, however, Kiani reported about our dilly-dallying tactics. Mohan Singh became excited and sent orders that he must have the decision of the Bahawalpur Infantry by 6 p.m. that day and that he did not care about Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani, since all P.O.W.s were under his sole command.

Thereupon I drafted a letter and had it signed by Captain A.B. Mirza, now commanding the unit. In the letter it was argued that if it was desired to make us volunteers, no coercion or force should be used because of what the word volunteer implied. Besides it was pleaded that if we had to volunteer we should come forward under conviction and this must be preceded by deliberation and consultation with our senior officers, and as Lieutenant-Colonel Gilani was expected to arrive from Bangkok within a few days surely a man of Captain Mohan Singh's cool disposition could wait. This letter had the desired effect—Mohan Singh held his hand.

When Gilani arrived, he conferred secretly with all the officers and pleaded that they should sink their past differences, thus saving his honour and their own skins, otherwise Mohan Singh would resort to force. He promised that once he had reported verbally to Mohan Singh to his satisfaction that the unit had volunteered *en bloc*, he would try to make arrangements to have the unit sent up country, where, once placed under the Japs for fatigue duties, they would remain as P.O.W.s and no outsiders, including Mohan Singh, would dare to interfere. Everybody agreed to this temporary arrangement, and Gilani submitted his desired report to Mohan Singh, who, to the great astonishment of all, issued orders next evening that the unit had been detailed to do guards duties over the British P.O.W.s at Changi Camp.

British prisoners of war at that time dreaded and hated the sight of I.N.A. guards, for Lieutenant Dhillin of the 1/14th Punjab Regiment—a great confidant of Mohan Singh—was commandant of the camp and, both from vicious vanity and to flatter the Jap masters, he was perpetrating atrocities on the British. For this he was widely praised by I.N.A. volunteers. He boasted that he had arrested a number of British P.O.W. officers involved in cases of desertion from the camp and he had shot them dead himself. In this connection, Captain Jehangir of the 1st Bahawalpur Infantry, a zealous advocate of the Indian Congress creed and one of Mohan Singh's chief counsellors, boasted one day to me: "If I wish to avenge the harsh and humiliating treatment accorded to me by

our C.O., Lieutenant-Colonel Tyrrel, on the eve of the British surrender at Singapore, I can have him shot dead by Lieutenant Dhillin who has offered to do this for me more than once."

Captain Jehangir, like other Muslim officers of the I.N.A., served as a show boy, whose privileges and position attracted the rank and file of Muslim P.O.W.s to the I.N.A., and he left no stone unturned to advance its cause. He organised entertainments for I.N.A. volunteers, sang for them himself, and contacted and persuaded singers and speakers from among civilians and P.O.W.s to help the movement. Dramas were staged to entertain and entice P.O.W.s in all the camps, and these entertainments acquired great importance. Mohan Singh was invited to the most entertaining shows, and elaborate arrangements were always made to receive him and his horde of collaborators, welcoming them with shouts of "*zinda bad*", and exalting them in every possible way.

After hearing about this shooting of a few British officers in Changi Camp, there was a natural revulsion on the part of the Muslims, who did not like this brutality and did not think that such a mean advantage should be taken by the I.N.A. over the British. Moreover, most P.O.W.s believed in an ultimate British victory and dreaded the idea of imposing themselves as officers upon the British, who had been their officers only a few months ago, so that eventually they would be lined up among those who had perpetrated atrocities on them. Many P.O.W.s thought of the fate of their dependants drawing family allotments and having the protection of the British authorities in India. Prisoners of the V.C.O. class also thought about their eventual chances of promotion or receiving pensions which had been in sight before the surrender. But the I.N.A. officers were so blinded by their ambitions of self-aggrandisement that they could not see the justice of the P.O.W.s, unwillingness to volunteer on these grounds.

This order for my unit to do guards duties over the British meant both volunteership and vulnerability to harm. It was refused therefore, by the whole unit. Several V.C.O.s, Subedar Ghulam Muhammad, Subedar Safdar Ali Shan, Jemadar Ghulam Muhammad, Jemadar Khuda Bakhsh and others, who were very loud against it, were taken to concentration camps and beaten. Their arrest was met with resistance by other ranks, who collected their picks and shovels to use against the captors of their officers. However, the situation was averted temporarily by some Indian officers, including myself.

Next morning Mohan Singh issued orders that the Bahawalpur Infantry should march to the concentration camp at once. When there was violent resistance against these orders, he called upon

three officers of the unit to appear before him. Major M. S. Brar, Captain S. A. Malik and myself, therefore, went to see him. He told us in a dictatorial manner that our unit had for long stood in his way (i.e. not volunteered) and that it had dodged him all the time. They had refused to obey his orders about taking over the Changi guards duties, and the previous night they had assaulted some of his own officers when making an arrest. He added that some of them had sent threats by Jemadar Muhammad Hayat that Major Aziz Ahmad would pay for his terrorism by his life. (This latter charge was a mere fabrication on the part of Muhammad Hayat, who had accompanied Sadhu Singh and Singara Singh when they had arrested the officers.) Besides these charges, Mohan Singh alleged that the unit had tried to cause a communal riot by sacrificing a calf. This again was a lie fabricated by Major Aziz Ahmad, supported by Major Brar and Captain K. C. Bias.

Mohan Singh then ordered us to proceed to the concentration camp at once. And he threatened that we would pay with our lives if resistance was offered. I pleaded on behalf of the battalion, but in vain. However, he agreed finally to my demand, endorsed by the other two officers, that only those who were really at fault (alleged) would be interrogated and that the whole battalion should not be held in the concentration camp. But he persisted that we must all enter the concentration camp at once, after which he assured us the battalion would be released within twenty-four hours.

My fellow officers, although senior to me, did not like to face the battalion with this news. As far as Major Brar was concerned, I was sure it was on account of his intrigues in the matter and his guilty conscience that he asked me to convey Mohan Singh's orders and intentions to the others. I knew the battalion fully appreciated my *esprit de corps* and that they were aware of my unflinching efforts to champion their cause. I faced them, therefore, and told them all that Mohan Singh had said. And it was decided unanimously that the battalion would go to the concentration camp and offer only passive resistance as a measure of prudence and common welfare.

We were marched into the concentration camp on August 27th, 1919, and several Indian officers and other ranks suspected of being rebellious were insulted and beaten brutally. Senior officers were bullied and humiliated. Captain M. K. Malik, for instance, when he entered a latrine, was abused and forbidden to attend the call of nature. All ranks remained exposed to wind, rain and sun, and starved. Captain A. B. Mirza and one or two others were made exceptions and given tent accommodation and good food, the

reasons for this consideration being known only to the parties concerned. After more than twenty-four hours of the utmost privations the battalion was released, but a few officers and other ranks were detained in the concentration camp on the pretext of other bogus charges laid against them.

THE KILLING OF THE FASCISTS

BY

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

"LET us rest," Pilar said to Robert Jordan. "Sit down here, Maria, and let us rest."

"We should continue," Robert Jordan said. "Rest when we get there. I must see this man."

"You will see him," the woman told him. "There is no hurry. Sit down here, Maria."

"Come on," Robert Jordan said. "Rest at the top."

"I rest now," the woman said, and sat down by the stream. The girl sat by her in the heather, the sun shining on her hair. Only Robert Jordan stood looking across the high mountain meadow with the trout brook running through it. There was heather growing where he stood. There were grey boulders rising from the yellow bracken that replaced the heather in the lower part of the meadow and below was the dark line of the pines.

"How far is it to El Sordo's?" he asked.

"Not far," the woman said. "It is across this open country, down into the next valley and above the timber at the head of the stream. Sit thee down and forget thy seriousness."

"I want to see him and get it over with."

"I want to bathe my feet," the woman said, and, taking off her rope-soled shoes and pulling off a heavy wool stocking, she put her right foot into the stream. "My God, it's cold."

"We should have taken horses," Robert Jordan told her.

"This is good for me," the woman said. "This is what I have been missing. What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, except that I am in a hurry."

"Then calm yourself. There is much time. What a day it is and how I am contented not to be in pine trees. You cannot imagine how one can tire of pine trees. Aren't you tired of the pines, *guapa*?"

"I like them," the girl said.

"What can you like about them?"

"I like the odour and the feel of the needles under foot. I like the wind in the high trees and the creaking they make against each other."

"You like anything," Pilar said. "You are a gift to any man if you could cook a little better. But the pine tree makes a forest of boredom. Thou hadst never known a forest of beech, nor of oak, nor of chestnut. Those are forests. In such forests each tree differs and there is character and beauty. A forest of pine trees is boredom. What do you say, *Inglés*?"

"I like the pines, too."

"*Pero, venga*," Pilar said. "Two of you. So do I like the pines, but we have been too long in these pines. Also I am tired of the mountains. In mountains there are only two directions. Down and up and down leads only to the road and the towns of the Fascists."

"Do you ever go to Segovia?"

"*Qué va*. With this face? This is a face that is known. How would you like to be ugly, beautiful one?" she said to Maria.

"Thou art not ugly."

"*Vamos*, I'm not ugly. I was born ugly. All my life I have been ugly. You, *Inglés*, who know nothing about women. Do you know how an ugly woman feels? Do you know what it is to be ugly all your life and inside to feel that you are beautiful? It is very rare," she put the other foot in the stream, then removed it. "God, it's cold. Look at the water wagtail," she said and pointed to the grey ball of a bird that was bobbing up and down on a stone up the stream. "Those are no good for anything. Neither to sing nor to eat. Only to jerk their tails up and down. Give me a cigarette, *Inglés*," she said and taking it, lit it on a flint and steel lighter in the pocket of her shirt. She puffed on the cigarette and looked at Maria and Robert Jordan.

"Life is very curious," she said, and blew smoke from her nostrils. "I would have made a good man, but I am all woman and all ugly. Yet many men have loved me and I have loved many men. It is curious. Listen, *Inglés*, this is interesting. Look at me, as ugly as I am. Look closely, *Inglés*."

"Thou art not ugly."

"*Qué no*? Don't lie to me. Or," she laughed the deep laugh, "has it begun to work with thee? No. That is a joke. No. Look at the ugliness. Yet one has a feeling within one that blinds a man while he loves you. You, with that feeling, blind him, and blind yourself. Then one day, for no reason, he sees you ugly as you really are and he is not blind any more and then you see yourself as ugly as he sees you and you lose your man and your feeling. Do you understand, *guapa*?" She patted the girl on the shoulder.

"No," said Maria. "Because thou art not ugly."

"Try to use thy head and not thy heart, and listen," Pilar said.

"I am telling you things of much interest. Does it not interest you, *Inglés?*"

"Yes. But we should go."

"*Qué va*, go. I am very well here. Then," she went on, addressing herself to Robert Jordan now as though she were speaking to a classroom; almost as though she were lecturing. "After a while, when you are as ugly as I am, as ugly as women can be, then, as I say, after a while the feeling, the idiotic feeling that you are beautiful, grows slowly in one again. It grows like a cabbage. And then, when the feeling is grown, another man sees you and thinks you are beautiful and it is all to do over. Now I think I am past it but it still might come. You are lucky, *guapa*, that you are not ugly."

"But I am ugly," Maria insisted.

"Ask him," said Pilar. "And don't put thy feet in the stream because it will freeze them."

"If Roberto says we should go, I think we should go," Maria said.

"Listen to you," Pilar said. "I have as much at stake in this as thy Roberto and I say that we are well off resting here by the stream and that there is much time. Furthermore, I like to talk. It is the only civilised thing we have. How otherwise can we divert ourselves? Does what I say not hold interest for you, *Inglés?*"

"You speak very well. But there are other things that interest me more than talk of beauty or lack of beauty."

"Then let us talk of what interests thee."

"Where were you at the start of the movement?"

"In my town."

"Avila?"

"*Qué va*, Avila."

"Pablo said he was from Avila."

"He lies. He wanted to take a big city for his town. It was this town," and she named a town.

"And what happened?"

"Much," the woman said. "Much. And all of it ugly. Even that which was glorious."

"Tell me about it," Robert Jordan said.

"It is brutal," the woman said. "I do not like to tell it before the girl."

"Tell it," said Robert Jordan. "And if it is not for her, that she should not listen."

"I can hear it," Maria said. She put her hand on Robert Jordan's. "There is nothing that I cannot hear."

"It isn't whether you can hear it," Pilar said. "It is whether I should tell it to thee and make thee bad dreams."

"I will not get bad dreams from a story," Maria told her. "You think after all that has happened with us I should get bad dreams from a story?"

"Maybe it will give *the* *Inglés* bad dreams."

"Try it and see."

"No, *Inglés*, I am not joking. Didst thou see the start of the movement in any small town?"

"No," Robert Jordan said.

"Then thou hast seen nothing. Thou hast seen the ruin that now is Pablo, but you should have seen Pablo on that day."

"Tell it."

"Nay, I do not want to."

"Tell it."

"All right, then. I will tell it truly as it was. But thee, *guapa*, if it reaches a point that it molests thee, tell me."

"I will not listen to it if it molests me," Maria told her. "It cannot be worse than many things."

"I believe it can," the woman said. "Give me another cigarette, *Inglés*, and *vamonos*."

The girl leaned back against the heather on the bank of the stream and Robert Jordan stretched himself out, his shoulders against the ground and his head against a clump of the heather. He reached out and found Maria's hand and held it in his, rubbing their two hands against the heather until she opened her hand and laid it flat on top of his as they listened.

"It was early in the morning when the *civiles* surrendered at the barracks," Pilar began.

"You had assaulted the barracks?" Robert Jordan asked.

"Pablo had surrounded it in the dark, cut the telephone wires, placed dynamite under one wall and called on the *guardia civil* to surrender. They would not. And at daylight he blew the wall open. There was fighting. Two *civiles* were killed. Four were wounded and four surrendered.

"We all lay on roofs and on the ground and at the edge of walls and of buildings in the early morning light and the dust cloud of the explosion had not yet settled, for it rose high in the air and there was no wind to carry it, and all of us were firing into the broken side of the building, loading and firing into the smoke, and from within there was still the flashing of rifles and then there was a shout from in the smoke not to fire more, and out came the four *civiles* with their hands up. A big part of the roof had fallen in and the wall was gone and they came out to surrender.

"'Are there more inside?' Pablo shouted.

"'There are wounded,'

"'Guard these,' Pablo said to four who had come up from where we were firing. 'Stand there. Against the wall,' he told the *civiles*. The four *civiles* stood against the wall, dirty, dusty, smoke-grimed, with the four who were guarding them pointing 'their guns' at them and Pablo and the others went in to finish the wounded.

"After they had done this and there was no longer any noise of the wounded, neither groaning, nor crying out, nor the noise of shooting in the barracks, Pablo and the others came out and Pablo had his shotgun slung over his back and was carrying in his hand a Mauser pistol.

"'Look, Pilar,' he said. 'This was in the hand of the officer who killed himself. Never have I fired a pistol. You,' he said to one of the guards, 'show me how it works. No. Don't show me. Tell me.'

The four *civiles* had stood against the wall, sweating and saying nothing while the shooting had gone on inside the barracks. They were all tall men with the faces of *guardias civiles*, which is the same model of face as mine is. Except that their faces were covered with the small stubble of this their last morning of not yet being shaved and they stood there against the wall and said nothing.

"'You,' said Pablo to the one who stood nearest him. 'Tell me how it works.'

"'Pull the small lever down,' the man said in a very dry voice. 'Pull the receiver back and let it snap forward.'

"'What is the receiver?' asked Pablo, and he looked at the four *civiles*. 'What is the receiver?'

"'The block on top of the action.'

"Pablo pulled it back, but it stuck. 'What now?' he said. 'It is jammed. You have lied to me.'

"'Pull it farther back and let it snap lightly forward,' the *civil* said, and I have never heard such a tone of voice. It was greyer than a morning without sunrise.

"Pablo pulled and let go as the man had told him and the block snapped forward into place and the pistol was cocked with the hammer back. It is an ugly pistol, small in the round handle, large and flat in the barrel, and unwieldly. All this time the *civiles* had been watching him and they had said nothing.

"'What are you going to do with us?' one asked him

"'Shoot thee,' Pablo said.

"'When?' the man asked in the same grey voice.

"'Now,' said Pablo.

"'Where?' asked the man.

"'Here,' said Pablo. 'Here. Now. Here and now. Have you anything to say?'"

"'Nada,' said the *civil*. 'Nothing. But it is an ugly thing.'

"'And you are an ugly thing,' Pablo said. 'You murderer of peasants. You who would shoot your own mother.'

"'I have never killed anyone,' the *civil* said. 'And do not speak of my mother.'

"'Show us how to die. You, who have always done the killing.'

"'There is no necessity to insult us,' another *civil* said. 'And we know how to die.'

"'Kneel down against the wall with your head against the wall,' Pablo told them. The *civiles* looked at one another.

"'Kneel, I say,' Pablo said. 'Get down and kneel.'

"'How does it seem to you, Paco?' one *civil* said to the tallest, who had spoken with Pablo about the pistol. He wore a corporal's stripes on his sleeves and was sweating very much although the early morning was still cool.

"'It is as well to kneel,' he answered. 'It is of no importance.'

"'It is closer to the earth,' the first one who had spoken said, trying to make a joke, but they were all too grave for a joke and no one smiled.

"'Then let us kneel,' the first *civil* said, and the four knelt, looking very awkward with their heads against the wall and their hands by their sides, and Pablo passed behind them and shot each in turn in the back of the head with the pistol, going from one to another and putting the barrel of the pistol against the back of their heads, each man slipping down as he fired. I can hear the pistol still, sharp and yet muffled, and see the barrel jerk and the head of the man drop forward. One held his head still when the pistol touched it. One pushed his head forward and pressed his forehead against the stone. One shivered in his whole body and his head was shaking. Only one put his hands in front of his eyes, and he was the last one, and the four bodies were slumped against the wall when Pablo turned away from them and came toward us with the pistol still in his hand.

"'Hold this for me, Pilar,' he said. I do not know how to put down the hammer,' and he handed me the pistol and stood there looking at the four guards as they lay against the wall of the barracks. All those who were with us stood there too, looking at them, and no one said anything.

"We had won the town and it was still early in the morning and no one had eaten nor had any one drunk coffee and we looked at each other and we were all powdered with dust from the blowing up of the barracks, as powdered as men are at a threshing, and I

stood holding the pistol and it was heavy in my hand and I felt weak in the stomach when I looked at the guards dead there against the wall; they all as grey and as dusty as we were, but each one was now moistening with his blood the dry dirt by the wall where they lay. And as we stood there the sun rose over the far hills and shone now on the road where we stood and on the white wall of the barracks and the dust in the air was golden in that first sun and the peasant who was beside me looked at the wall of the barracks and what lay there and then looked at us and then at the sun and said, '*Vaya*, a day that commences.'

"'Now let us go and get coffee,' I said.

"'Good, Pilar, good,' he said. And we went up into the town to the plaza, and those were the last people who were shot in the village."

"What happened to the others?" Robert Jordan asked. "Were there no other fascists in the village?"

"*Qué va*, were there no other fascists? There were more than twenty. But none was shot."

"What was done?"

"Pablo had them beaten to death with flails and thrown from the top of the cliff unto the river."

"All twenty?"

"I will tell you. It is not so simple. And in my life never do I wish to see such a scene as the flailing to death in the plaza on the top of the cliff above the river."

"The town is built on the high bank above the river and there is a square there with a fountain and there are benches and there are big trees that give a shade for the benches. The balconies of the houses look out on the plaza. Six streets enter on the plaza and there is an arcade from the houses that goes around the plaza so that one can walk in the shade of the arcade when the sun is hot. On three sides of the plaza is the arcade and on the fourth side is the walk shaded by the trees beside the edge of the cliff with, far below, the river. It is three hundred feet down to the river."

"Pablo organised it all as he did the attack on the barracks. First he had the entrances to the streets blocked off with cars as though to organise the plaza for a *capea*. For an amateur bull fight. The fascists were all held in the *Ayuntamiento*, the city hall, which was the largest building on one side of the plaza. It was there the clock was set in the wall and it was in the buildings under the arcade that the club of the fascists was. And under the arcade on the sidewalks in front of their club was where they had their chairs and tables for their club. It was there, before the movement, that they were accustomed to take their *apéritifs*. The chairs and

the tables were of wicker. It looked like a café but was more elegant."

"But was there no fighting to take them?"

"Pablo had them seized in the night before he assaulted the barracks. But he had already surrounded the barracks. They were all seized in their homes, at the same hour the attack started. That was intelligent. Pablo is an organiser. Otherwise he would have had people attacking him at his flanks and at his rear while he was assaulting the barracks of the *guardia civil*."

"Pablo is very intelligent but very brutal. He has this of the village well planned and well ordered. Listen. After the assault was successful and the last four guards had surrendered, and he had shot them against the wall, and we had drunk coffee at the café that always opened earliest in the morning by the corner from which the early bus left, he proceeded to the organisation of the plaza. Carts were piled exactly as for a *capea* except that the side toward the river was not enclosed. That was left open. Then Pablo ordered the priest to confess the fascists and give them the necessary sacraments."

"Where was this done?"

"In the *Ayuntamiento*, as I said. There was a great crowd outside and while this was going on inside with the priest, there was some levity outside and shouting of obscenities, but most of the people were very serious and respectful. Those who made jokes were those who were already drunk from the celebration of the taking of the barracks and there were useless characters who would have been drunk at any time.

"While the priest was engaged in these duties, Pablo organised those in the plaza into two lines.

"He placed them in two lines as you would place men for a rope pulling contest, or as they stand in a city to watch the ending of a bicycle road race with just room for the cyclists to pass between, or as men stood to allow the passage of a holy image in a procession. Two metres was left between the lines and they extended from the door of the *Ayuntamiento* clear across the plaza to the edge of the cliff. So that, from the doorway of the *Ayuntamiento*, looking across the plaza, one coming out would see two solid lines of people waiting.

"They were armed with flails such as are used to beat out the grain and they were a good flail's length apart. All did not have flails, as enough flails could not be obtained. But most had flails obtained from the store of Don Guillermo Martin, who was a fascist and sold all sorts of agricultural implements. And those who did not have flails had heavy herdsman's clubs, or ox-goads,

and some had wooden pitchforks; those with wooden tines that are used to fork the chaff and straw into the air after the flailing. Some had sickles and reaping hooks but these Pablo placed at the far end where the lines reached the edge of the cliff.

"These lines were quiet and it was a clear day, as today is clear, and there were clouds high in the sky, as there are now, and the plaza was not yet dusty for there had been a heavy dew in the night, and the trees cast a shadow over the men in the lines and you could hear the water running from the brass pipe in the mouth of the lion and falling into the bowl of the fountain where the women bring the water jars to fill them.

"Only near the *Ayuntamiento*, where the priest was complying with his duties with the fascists, was there any ribaldry, and that came from those worthless ones who, as I said, were already drunk and were crowded around the windows shouting obscenities and jokes in bad taste in through the iron bars of the windows. Most of the men in the lines were waiting quietly and I heard one say to another, "Will there be women?"

"And another said, 'I hope to Christ, no.'

"Then one said, 'Here is the woman of Pablo. Listen, Pilar. Will there be women?'

"I looked at him and he was a peasant dressed in his Sunday jacket and sweating heavily and I said, 'No, Joaquín. There are no women. We are not killing the women. Why should we kill their women?'

"And he said, 'Thanks be to Christ, there are no women and when does it start?'

"And I said, 'As soon as the priest finishes.'

"And the priest?'

"I don't know,' I told him, and I saw his face working and the sweat coming down on his forehead. 'I have never killed a man,' he said.

"Then you will learn,' the peasant next to him said. 'But I do not think one blow with this will kill a man,' and he held his flail in both hands and looked at it with doubt.

"That is the beauty of it,' another peasant said. 'There must be many blows.'

"They have taken Valladolid. They have Avila,' someone said. 'I heard that before we came into town.'

"They will never take this town. This town is ours. We have struck ahead of them,' I said. 'Pablo is not one to wait for them to strike.'

"Pablo is able,' another said. 'But in this finishing off of the *civiles* he was egoistic. Don't you think so, Pilar?'

"'Yes,' I said. 'But now all are participating in this.'

"'Yes,' he said. 'It is well organised. But why do we not hear more news of the movement?'

"'Pablo cut the telephone wires before the assault on the barracks. They are not yet repaired.'

"'Ah,' he said. 'It is for this we hear nothing. I had my news from the roadmender's station early this morning.'

"'Why is this done thus, Pilar?' he said to me.

"'To save bullets,' I said. 'And that each man should have his share in the responsibility.'

"'That it should start then. That it should start.' And I looked at him and saw that he was crying.

"'Why are you crying, Joaquín?' I asked him. 'This is not to cry about.'

"'I cannot help it, Pilar,' he said. 'I have never killed any one.'

"If you have not seen the day of revolution in a small town where all know all in the town and always have known all, you have seen nothing. And on this day most of the men in the double line across the plaza wore the clothes in which they worked in the fields, having come into town hurriedly, but some, not knowing how one should dress for the first day of a movement, wore their clothes for Sundays or holidays, and these, seeing that the others, including those who had attacked the barracks, wore their oldest clothes, were ashamed of being wrongly dressed. But they did not like to take off their jackets for fear of losing them, or that they might be stolen by the worthless ones, and so they stood, sweating in the sun and waiting for it to commence.

"Then the wind rose and the dust, as now dry in the plaza for the men walking and standing and shuffling had loosened it and it commenced to blow and a man in a dark blue Sunday jacket shouted 'Agua! Agua!' and the caretaker of the plaza, whose duty it was to sprinkle the plaza each morning with a hose, came and turned the hose on and commenced to lay the dust at the edge of the plaza, and then toward the centre. Then the two lines fell back and let him lay the dust over the centre of the plaza; the hose sweeping in wide arcs and the water glistening in the sun and the men leaning on their flails or the clubs or the whitewood pitchforks and watching the sweep of the stream of water. And then, when the plaza was nicely moistened and the dust settled, the lines formed up again and a peasant shouted, 'When do we get the first fascist? When does the first one come out of the box?'

"'Soon,' Pablo shouted from the door of the *Ayuntamiento*. 'Soon the first one comes out.' His voice was hoarse from shouting in the assault and from the smoke of the barracks.

"What's the delay?" someone asked.

"They're still occupied with their sins," Pablo shouted.

"Clearly, there are twenty of them," a man said.

"More," said another.

"Among twenty there are many sins to recount."

"Yes, but I think it's a trick to gain time. Surely facing such an emergency one could not remember one's sins except for the biggest."

"Then have patience. For with more than twenty of them there are enough of the biggest sins to take some time."

"I have patience," said the other. "But it is better to get it over with. Both for them and for us. It is July and there is much work. We have harvested, but we have not threshed. We are not yet in the time of fairs and festivals."

"But this will be a fair and festival today," another said. "The Fair of Liberty and from this day, when these are extinguished, the town and the land are ours."

"We thresh fascists today," said one, "and out of the chaff comes the freedom of this pueblo."

"We must administer it well to deserve it," said another. "Pilar," he said to me, "when do we have a meeting for organisation?"

"Immediately after this is completed," I told him. "In the same building of the *Ayuntamiento*."

"I was wearing one of the three-cornered patent leather hats of the *guardia civil* as a joke and I had put the hammer down on the pistol, holding it with my thumb to lower it as I pulled on the trigger as seemed natural, and the pistol was held in a rope I had around my waist, the long barrel stuck under the rope. And when I put it on the joke seemed very good to me, although afterwards I wished I had taken the holster of the pistol instead of the hat. But one of the men in the line said to me, 'Pilar, daughter. It seems to me bad taste for thee to wear that hat. Now we have finished with such things as the *guardia civil*.'

"Then," I said, "I will take it off." And I did.

"Give it to me," he said. "It should be destroyed."

"And as we were at the far end of the line where the walk runs along the cliff by the river, he took the hat in his hand and sailed it off over the cliffs with the motion a herdsman makes throwing a stone underhand at the bulls to herd them. The hat sailed far out into space and we could see it smaller and smaller, the patent leather shining in the clear air, sailing down to the river. I looked back over the square and at all the windows and all the balconies there were people crowded and there was the double line of men across the square to the doorway of the *Ayuntamiento* and the crowd

swarmed outside against the windows of that building and there was the noise of many people talking, and then I heard a shout and someone said, 'Here comes the first one,' and it was Don Benito Garcia, the Mayor, and he came out bareheaded walking slowly from the door and down the porch and nothing happened; and he walked between the line of men with the flails and nothing happened. He passed two men, four men, eight men, ten men and nothing happened and he was walking between that line of men, his head up, his fat face grey, his eyes looking ahead and then flickering from side to side and walking steadily. And nothing happened.

- "From a balcony someone cried out, *Qué pasa, cobardes?* What is the matter, cowards?" and still Don Benito walked along between the men and nothing happened. Then I saw a man three men down from where I was standing, and his face was working and he was biting his lips and his hands were white on his flail. I saw him looking toward Don Benito, watching him come on. And still nothing happened. Then, just before Don Benito came abreast of this man, the man raised his flail high so that it struck the man beside him and smashed a blow at Don Benito that hit him on the side of the head and Don Benito looked at him and the man struck again and shouted, 'That for you, *Cabron!*' and the blow hit Don Benito in the face and he raised his hands to his face and they beat him until he fell and the man who had struck him first called to others to help him and he pulled on the collar of Don Benito's shirt and others took hold of his arms and with his face in the dust of the plaza, they dragged him over the walk to the edge of the cliff and threw him over and into the river. And the man who hit him first was kneeling by the edge of the cliff looking over after him and saying, 'The Cabron! The Cabron! Oh, the Cabron!' He was a tenant of Don Benito and they had never gotten along together. There had been a dispute about a piece of land by the river that Don Benito had taken from this man and let to another and this man had long hated him. This man did not join the line again but sat by the cliff looking down where Don Benito had fallen.

"After Don Benito no one would come out. There was no noise now in the plaza as all were waiting to see who it was that would come out. Then a drunkard shouted in a great voice, '*Qué salga el toro!* Let the bull out!'

"Then someone from by the windows of the *Ayuntamiento* yelled, 'They won't move! They are all praying!'

"Another drunkard shouted, 'Pull them out. Come on, pull them out. The time for praying is finished.'

"But none came out and then I saw a man coming out of the door.

"It was Don Federico González, who owned the mill and feed store and was a fascist of the first order. He was tall and thin and his hair was brushed over the top of his head from one side to the other to cover a baldness and he wore a nightshirt that was tucked into his trousers. He was barefooted as when he had been taken from his home and he walked ahead of Pablo holding his hands above his head, and Pablo walked behind him with the barrels of his shotgun pressing against the back of Don Federico González until Don Federico entered the double line. But when Pablo left him and returned to the door of the *Ayuntamiento*, Don Federico could not walk forward and stood there, his eyes turned up to heaven and his hands reaching up as though they would grasp the sky.

" 'He has no legs to walk,' someone said. °

" 'What's the matter, Don Federico? Can't you walk?' someone shouted to him. But Don Federico stood there with his hands up and only his lips were moving.

" 'Get on,' Pablo shouted to him from the steps. 'Walk.'

"Don Federico stood there and could not move. One of the drunkards poked him in the backside with a flail handle and Don Federico gave a quick jump as a balky horse might, but still stood in the same place, his hands up, and his eyes up toward the sky.

"Then the peasant who stood beside me said. 'This is shameful. I have nothing against him but such a spectacle must terminate.' So he walked down the line and pushed through to where Don Federico was standing and said, 'With your permission,' and hit him a great blow alongside of the head with a club.

"Then Don Federico dropped his hands and put them over the top of his head where the bald place was and with his head bent and covered by his hands, the thin long hairs that covered the bald place escaping through his fingers, he ran fast through the double line with flails falling on his back and shoulders until he fell and those at the end of the line picked him up and swung him over the cliff. Never did he open his mouth from the moment he came out pushed by the shotgun of Pablo. His only difficulty was to move forward. It was as though he had no command of his legs.

"After Don Federico, I saw there was a concentration of the hardest men at the end of the lines by the edge of the cliff and I left there and I went to the arcade of the *Ayuntamiento* and pushed aside two drunkards and looked in the window. In the big room of the *Ayuntamiento* they were all kneeling in a half circle praying and the priest was kneeling and praying with them

Pablo and one named Cuatro Dedos, Four Fingers, a cobbler, who was much with Pablo then, and two others were standing with shotguns and Pablo said to the priest, 'Who goes now?' and the priest went on praying and did not answer him.

"Listen you," Pablo said to the priest in his hoarse voice, 'Who goes now? Who is ready now?'

"The priest would not speak to Pablo and acted as though he were not there and I could see Pablo was becoming very angry.

"Let us all go together," Don Ricardo Montalvo, who was a landowner, said to Pablo, raising his head and stopping praying to speak.

"*Qué va,*" said Pablo. 'One at a time as you are ready.'

"Then I go now," Don Ricardo said. 'I'll never be any more ready.' The priest blessed him as he spoke and blessed him again as he stood up, without interrupting his praying, and held up a crucifix for Don Ricardo to kiss and Don Ricardo kissed it and then turned and said to Pablo, 'Nor ever again as ready. You *Cabron* of the bad milk. Let us go.'

"Don Ricardo was a short man with grey hair and a thick neck and he had a shirt on with no collar. He was bow-legged from much horseback riding. 'Good-bye,' he said to all those who were kneeling. 'Don't be sad. To die is nothing. The only bad thing is to die at the hands of this *canalla*. Don't touch me,' he said to Pablo. 'Don't touch me with your shotgun.'

"He walked out of the front of the *Ayuntamiento* with his grey hair and his small grey eyes and his thick neck looking very short and angry. He looked at the double line of peasants and he spat on the ground. He could spit actual saliva which, in such a circumstance, as you should know, *Inglés*, is very rare and he said, '*Ariba España!* Down with the miscalled Republic and I obscenity in the milk of your fathers.'

"So they clubbed him to death very quickly because of the insult, beating him as soon as he reached the first of the men, beating him as he tried to walk with his head up, beating him until he fell, and chopping at him with reaping hooks and the sickles, and many men bore him to the edge of the cliff to throw him over and there was blood now on their hands and on their clothing, and now began to be the feeling that these who came out were truly enemies and should be killed.

"Until Don Ricardo came out with that fierceness and calling those insults, many in the line would have given much, I am sure, never to have been in the line. And if anyone had shouted from the line, 'Come let us pardon the rest of them. Now they have had their lesson,' I am sure most would have agreed.

"But Don Ricardo with all his bravery did a great dis-service to the others. For he aroused the men in the line and where, before, they were performing a duty and with no great taste for it, now they were angry, and the difference was apparent.

"Let the priest out and the thing will go faster,' someone shouted.

"Let out the priest.'

"We've had three thieves, let us have the priest.'

"Two thieves,' a short peasant said to the man who had shouted.

'It was two thieves with Our Lord.'

"Whose Lord?' the man said, his face angry and red.

"In the manner of speaking it is said Our Lord.'

"He isn't my Lord; not in joke,' said the other. 'And thee hadst best watch thy mouth if thou dost not want to walk between the lines.'

"I am as good a Libertarian republican as thou,' the short peasant said. 'I struck Don Ricardo across the mouth. I struck Don Federico across the back. I missed Don Benito. But I say Our Lord is the formal way of speaking of the man in question and that it was two thieves.'

"I obscenity in the milk of thy Republicanism. You speak of Don this and Don that.'

"Here are they so called.'

"Not by me, the *cabrones*. And thy Lord—— Hi! Here comes a new one!'

"It was then that we saw a disgraceful sight, for the man who walked out of the doorway of the *Ayuntamiento* was Don Faustino Rivero, the oldest son of his father, Don Celestino Rivero, a land-owner. He was tall and his hair was yellow and it was freshly combed back from his forehead for he always carried a comb in his pocket and he had combed his hair now before coming out. He was a great annoyer of girls, and he was a coward, and he had always wished to be an amateur bullfighter. He went much with gipsies and with bullfighters and with bull raisers and delighted to wear the Andalusian costume, but he had no courage and was considered a joke. One time he was announced to appear in an amateur benefit fight for the old people's home in Avila and to kill a bull from on horseback in the Andalusian style, which he had spent much time practising, and when he had seen the size of the bull that had been substituted for him in place of the little one, weak in the legs, he had picked out himself, he had said he was sick and, some said, put three fingers down his throat to make himself vomit.

"When the lines saw him, they commenced to shout, '*Hola, Don Faustino. Take care not to vomit.*'

• “‘Listen to me, Don Faustino. There are beautiful girls over the cliff.’

“‘Don Faustino. Wait a minute and we will bring out a bull bigger than the other.’

“‘And another shouted, ‘Listen to me, Don Faustino. Hast thou ever heard speak of death?’

• “Don Faustino stood there, still acting brave. He was still under the impulse that had made him announce to the others that he was going out. It was the same impulse that had made him announce himself for the bullfight. That had made him believe and hope that he could be an amateur matador. Now he was inspired by the example of Don Ricardo and he stood there looking both handsome and brave and he made his face scornful. But he could not speak.

“‘Come, Don Faustino,’ someone called from the line. ‘Come, Don Faustino. Here is the biggest bull of all.’

“Don Faustino stood looking out and I think as he looked, that there was no pity for him on either side of the line. Still he looked both handsome and superb, but time was shortening and there was only one direction to go.

“‘Don Faustino,’ someone called. ‘What are you waiting for, Don Faustino?’

“‘He is preparing to vomit,’ someone said and the lines laughed.

“‘Don Faustino,’ a peasant called. ‘Vomit if it will give thee pleasure. To me it is all the same.’

“Then, as we watched, Don Faustino looked along the lines and across the square to the cliff and then when he saw the cliff and the emptiness beyond, he turned quickly and ducked back toward the entrance of the *Ayuntamiento*.

• “All the lines roared and someone shouted in a high voice, ‘Where do you go, Don Faustino? Where do you go?’

“‘He goes to throw up,’ shouted another and they all laughed again.

“Then we saw Don Faustino coming out again with Pablo behind him with the shotgun. All of his style was gone now. The sight of the lines had taken away his type and his style and he came out now with Pablo behind him as though Pablo were cleaning a street and Don Faustino was what he was pushing ahead of him. Don Faustino came out now and he was crossing himself and praying and then he put his hands in front of his eyes and walked down the steps toward the lines.

“‘Leave him alone,’ someone shouted. ‘Don’t touch him.’

“The lines understood and no one made a move to touch Don Faustino and, with his hands shaking and held in front of his eyes, and, with his mouth moving, he walked along between the lines.

"No one said anything and no one touched him and, when he was halfway through the lines, he could go no farther and fell to his knees.

"No one struck him. I was walking along parallel to the line to see what happened to him and a peasant leaned down and lifted him to his feet and said, 'Get up, Don Faustino, and keep walking. The bull has not yet come out.'

"Don Faustino could not walk alone and the peasant in a black smock helped him on one side and another peasant in a black smock and herdsman's boots helped him on the other, supporting him by the arms and Don Faustino walking along between the lines with his hands over his eyes, his lips never quiet, and his yellow hair slicked on his head and shining in the sun, and as he passed the peasants would say, 'Don Faustino, *buen provecho*. Don Faustino, that you should have a good appetite,' and others said, 'Don Faustino, *a sus ordenes*. Don Faustino at your orders,' and one who had failed at bullfighting himself, said, 'Don Faustino, *Matador, a sus ordenes*,' and another said, 'Don Faustino, there are beautiful girls in heaven, Don Faustino.' And they walked Don Faustino through the lines, holding him close on either side, holding him up as he walked, with him with his hands over his eyes. But he must have looked through his fingers, because when they came to the edge of the cliff with him, he knelt again, throwing himself down and clutching the ground and holding to the grass, saying, 'No. No. No. Please. NO. Please. Please. No. No.'

"Then the peasants who were with him and the others, the hard ones of the end of the lines, squatted quickly behind him as he knelt, and gave him a rushing push and he was over the edge without ever having been beaten and you heard him crying loud and high as he fell.

"It was then I knew that the lines had become cruel and it was first the insults of Don Ricardo and second the cowardice of Don Faustino that had made them so.

"'Let us have another,' a peasant called out and another peasant slapped him on the back and said, 'Don Faustino! What a thing! Don Faustino!'

"'He's seen the big bull now,' another said. 'Throwing up will never help him, now.'

• "'In my life,' another peasant said, 'in my life I've never seen a thing like Don Faustino.'

"'There are others,' another peasant said. 'Have patience. Who knows what we may yet see?'

"'There may be giants and dwarfs,' the first peasant said. 'There may be Negroes and rare beasts from Africa. But for me never,

never will there be anything like Don Faustino. But let's have another one! Come on. Let's have another one!

"The drunkards were handing around bottles of anis and cognac that they had looted from the bar of the club of the fascists, drinking them down like wine, and many of the men in the lines were beginning to be a little drunk, too, from drinking after the strong emotion of Don Benito, Don Federico, Don Ricardo, and especially Don Faustino. Those who did not drink from the bottles of liquor were drinking from leather wineskins that were passed about and one handed a wineskin to me and I took a long drink, letting the wine run cool down my throat from the leather *bota* for I was very thirsty, too.

" 'To kill gives much thirst,' the man with the wineskin said to me.

" ' *Qué va,* ' I said. 'Hast thou killed?'

" 'We have killed four,' he said proudly. 'Not counting the *civiles*. Is it true that thee killed one of the *civiles*, Pilar?'

" 'Not one,' I said. 'I shot into the smoke when the wall fell, as did the others. That is all.'

" 'Where got thee the pistol, Pilar?'

" 'From Pablo. Pablo gave it to me after he killed the *civiles*.'

" 'Killed he them with this pistol?'

" 'With no other,' I said. 'And then he armed me with it.'

" 'Can I see it, Pilar? Can I hold it?'

" 'Why not, man?' I said, and I took it out from under the rope and handed it to him. But I was wondering why no one else had come out and just then who should come out but Don Guillermo Martín from whose store the flails, the herdsman's clubs, and the wooden pitchforks had been taken. Don Guillermo was a fascist but otherwise there was nothing against him.

"It is true he paid little to those who made the flails but he charged little for them too and if one did not wish to buy flails from Don Guillermo, it was possible to make them for nothing more than the cost of the wood and the leather. He had a rude way of speaking and he was undoubtedly a fascist and a member of their club and he sat at noon and at evening in the cane chairs of their club to read *El Debate*, to have his shoes shined, and to drink vermouth and seltzer and eat roasted almonds, dried shrimps, and anchovies. But one does not kill for that, and I am sure if it had not been for the insults of Don Ricardo Montalvo and the lamentable spectacle of Don Faustino, and the drinking consequent on the emotion of them and the others, someone would have shouted, 'That Don Guillermo should go in peace. We have his flails. Let him go.'

"Because the people of this town are as kind as they can be cruel and they have a natural sense of justice and a desire to do that which is right. But cruelty had entered into the lines and also drunkenness or the beginning of drunkenness and the liner were not as they were when Don Benito had come out. I do not know how it is in other countries, and no one cares more for the pleasure of drinking than I do, but in Spain drunkenness, when produced by other elements than wine, is a thing of great ugliness and the people do things that they would not have done. Is it not so in your country, *Inglés?*"

"It is so," Robert Jordan said. "When I was seven years old and going with my mother to attend a wedding in the state of Ohio at which I was to be the boy of a pair of boy and girl who carried flowers——"

"Did you do that?" asked Maria. "How nice!"

"In this town a Negro was hanged to a lamp-post and later burned. It was an arc light. A light which lowered from the post to the pavement. And he was hoisted, first by the mechanism which was used to hoist the arc light but this broke——"

"A Negro," Maria said. "How barbarous!"

"Were the people drunk?" asked Pilar. "Were they drunk thus to burn a Negro?"

"I do not know," Robert Jordan said. "Because I saw it only looking out from under the blinds of a window in the house which stood on the corner where the arc light was. The street was full of people and when they lifted the Negro up for the second time——"

"If you had only seven years and were in a house, you could not tell if they were drunk or not," Pilar said.

"As I said, when they lifted the Negro up for the second time, my mother pulled me away from the window, so I saw no more," Robert Jordan said. "But since I have had experiences which demonstrate that drunkenness is the same in my country. It is ugly and brutal."

"You were too young at seven," Maria said. "You were too young for such things. I have never seen a Negro except in a circus, unless the Moors are Negroes."

"Some are Negroes and some are not," Pilar said. "I can talk to you of the Moors."

"Not as I can," Maria said. "Nay, not as I can."

"Don't speak of such things," Pilar said. "It is unhealthy. Where were we?"

"Speaking of the drunkenness of the lines," Robert Jordan said. "Go on."

"It is not fair to say drunkenness," Pilar said. "For, yet, they

were a long way from drunkenness. But already there was a change in them, and when Don Guillermo came out, standing straight, near-sighted, grey-headed, of medium height, with a shirt with a collar, button but no collar, standing there and crossing himself once and looking ahead, but seeing little without his glasses, but walking forward well and calmly, he was an appearance to excite pity. But someone shouted from the line, 'Here, Don Guillermo. Up here, Don Guillermo. In this direction. Here we all have your products.'

"They had had such success joking at Don Faustino that they could not see, now, that Don Guillermo was a different thing, and if Don Guillermo was to be killed, he should be killed quickly and with dignity.

" 'Don Guillermo,' another shouted. 'Should we send to the house for thy spectacles?'

"Don Guillermo's house was no house, since he had not much money and was only a fascist to be a snob and to console himself that he must work for little, running a wooden-implement shop. He was a fascist, too, from the religiousness of his wife which he accepted as his own due to his love for her. He lived in an apartment in the building three houses down the square and when Don Guillermo stood there, looking near-sightedly at the lines, the double lines he knew he must enter, a woman started to scream from the balcony of the apartment where he lived. She could see him from the balcony and she was his wife.

" 'Guillermo,' she cried. 'Guillermo. Wait and I will be with thee.'

"Don Guillermo turned his head toward where the shouting came from. He could not see her. He tried to say something but he could not. Then he waved his hand in the direction the woman had called from and started to walk between the lines.

" 'Guillermo!' she cried. 'Guillermo! Oh, Guillermo!' She was holding her hands on the rail of the balcony and shaking back and forth. 'Guillermo!'

"Don Guillermo waved his hand again toward the noise and walked into the lines with his head up and you would not have known what he was feeling except for the colour of his face.

"Then some drunkard yelled, 'Guillermo!' from the lines, imitating the high cracked voice of his wife and Don Guillermo pushed toward the man, blindly, with tears now running down his cheeks and the man hit him hard across the face with his flail and Don Guillermo sat down from the force of the blow and sat there crying, but not from fear, while the drunkards beat him and one drunkard jumped on top of him, astride his shoulders, and beat him with a

bottle. After this many of the men left the lines and their places were taken by the drunkards who had been jeering and saying things in bad taste through the windows of the *Ayuntamiento*.

"I myself had felt much emotion at the shooting of the *guardia civil* by Pablo," Pilar said. "It was a thing of great ugliness, but I had thought if this is how it must be, this is how it must be, and at least there was no cruelty, only the depriving of life which, as we all have learned in these years, is a thing of ugliness but also a necessity to do if we are to win, and to preserve the Republic.

"When the square had been closed off and the lines formed, I had admired and understood it as a conception of Pablo, although it seemed to me to be somewhat fantastic and that it was necessary for all that was to be done to be done in good taste if it were not to be repugnant. Certainly if the fascists were to be executed by the people, it was better for all the people to have a part in it, and I wished to share the guilt as much as any, just as I hoped to share in the benefits when the town should be ours. But after Don Guillermo I felt a feeling of shame and distaste, and with the coming of the drunkards and the worthless ones into the lines, and the abstention of those who left the lines as a protest after Don Guillermo, I wished that I might disassociate myself altogether from the lines, and I walked away, across the square, and sat down on a bench under one of the big trees that gave shade there.

"Two peasants from the lines walked over, talking together, and one of them called to me, 'What passes with thee, Pilar?'

"Nothing, man,' I told him.

"Yes,' he said. 'Speak. What passes?'

"I think that I have a belly-full,' I told him.

"Us, too,' he said and they both sat down on the bench. One of them had a leather wineskin and he handed it to me.

"Rinse out thy mouth,' he said and the other said, going on with the talking they had been engaged in, 'The worst is that it will bring bad luck. Nobody can tell me that such things as the killing of Don Guillermo in that fashion will not bring bad luck.'

"Then the other said, 'If it is necessary to kill them all, and I am not convinced of that necessity, let them be killed decently and without mockery.'

"Mockery is justified in the case of Don Faustino,' the other said. 'Since he was always a farcer and was never a serious man. But to mock such a serious man as Don Guillermo is beyond all right.'

"I have a belly-full,' I told him, and it was literally true because I felt an actual sickness in all of me inside and a sweating and a nausea as though I had swallowed bad sea food.

"Then, nothing," the one peasant said. "We will take no further part in it. But I wonder what happens in the other towns."

"They have not repaired the telephone wires yet," I said. "It is a lack that should be remedied."

"Clearly," he said. "Who knows but what we might be better employed putting the town into a state of defence than massacring people with this slowness and brutality."

"I will go to speak with Pablo," I told them and I stood up from the bench and started toward the arcade that led to the door of the *Ayuntamiento* from where the lines spread across the square. The lines now were neither straight nor orderly and there was much and very grave drunkenness. Two men had fallen down and lay on their backs in the middle of the square and were passing a bottle back and forth between them. One would take a drink and then shout, '*Viva la Anarquía!*' lying on his back and shouting as though he were a madman. He had a red-and-black handkerchief around his neck. The other shouted, '*Viva la Libertad!*' and kicked his feet in the air and then bellowed, '*Viva la Libertad!*' again. He had a red-and-black handkerchief too and he waved it in one hand and waved the bottle with the other.

"A peasant who had left the lines and now stood in the shade of the arcade looked at them in disgust and said, 'They should shout, "Long live drunkenness." That's all they believe in.'

"They don't believe even in that," another peasant said. "Those neither understand nor believe in anything."

"Just then, one of the drunkards got to his feet and raised both arms with his fists clenched over his head and shouted, 'Long live Anarchy and Liberty and I obscenity in the milk of the Republic!'

"The other drunkard, who was still lying on his back, took hold of the ankle of the drunkard who was shouting and rolled over, so that the shouting drunkard fell with him, and they rolled over together and then sat up and the one who had pulled the other down put his arm around the shouter's neck and then handed the shouter a bottle and kissed the red-and-black handkerchief he wore and they both drank together."

"Just then, a yelling went up from the lines and, looking up the arcade, I could not see who it was that was coming out because the man's head did not show above the heads of those crowded about the door of the *Ayuntamiento*. All I could see was that someone was being pushed out by Pablo and Cuatro Dedos with their shotguns but I could not see who it was and I moved on close toward the lines where they were packed against the door to try to see.

"There was much pushing now and the chairs and the tables of the fascists' café had been overturned except for one table on which

a drunkard was lying with his head hanging down and his mouth open and I picked up a chair and set it against one of the pillars and mounted on it so that I could see over the heads of the crowd.

"The man who was being pushed out by Pablo and Cuatro Dedos was Don Anastasio Rivas, who was an undoubted fascist and the fattest man in the town. He was a grain buyer and the agent for several insurance companies and he also loaned money at high rates of interest. Standing on the chair, I saw him walk down the steps toward the lines, his fat neck bulging over the back of the collar band of his shirt, and his bald head shining in the sun, but he never entered them because there was a shout, not as different men shouting, but of all of them. It was an ugly noise and was the cry of the drunken lines all yelling together and the lines broke with the rush of men toward him and I saw Don Anastasio throw himself down with his hands over his head and then you could not see him for men piled on top of him. And when the men got up from him, Don Anastasio was dead from his head being beaten against the stone flags of the paving of the arcade and there were no more lines but only a mob.

"'We're going in,' they commenced to shout. 'We're going in after them.'

"'He's too heavy to carry,' a man kicked at the body of Don Anastasio, who was lying there on his face. 'Let him stay there.'

"'Why should we lug that tub of tripe to the cliff? Let him lie there.'

"'We are going to enter and finish with them inside,' a man shouted. 'We're going in.'

"'Why wait all day in the sun?' another yelled. 'Come on. Let us go.'

"The mob was now pressing into the arcade. They were shouting and pushing and they made a noise now like an animal and they were all shouting, 'Open up! Open up! Open up!' for the guards had shut the doors of the *Ayuntamiento* when the lines broke.

"Standing on the chair, I could see in through the barred window into the hall of the *Ayuntamiento* and in there it was as it had been before. The priest was standing, and those who were left were kneeling in a half circle around him and they were all praying. Pablo was sitting on the big table in front of the Mayor's chair with his shotgun slung over his back. His legs were hanging down from the table and he was rolling a cigarette. Cuatro Dedos was sitting in the Mayor's chair with his feet on the table and he was smoking a cigarette. All the guards were sitting in different chairs of the administration, holding their guns. The key to the big door was on the table beside Pablo.

"The mob was shouting. 'Open up! Open up! Open up!' as though it were a chant and Pablo was sitting there as though he did not hear them. He said something to the priest but I could not hear what he said for the noise of the mob.

"The priest, as before, did not answer him but kept on praying. With many people pushing me, I moved the chair close against the wall, shoving it ahead of me as they shoved me from behind. I stood on the chair with my face close against the bars of the window and held on by the bars. A man climbed on the chair too and stood with his arms around mine, holding the wider bars.

"The chair will break,' I said to him.

"What does it matter?' he said. 'Look at them. Look at them pray.'

"His breath on my neck smelled like the smell of the mob, sour, like vomit on paving stones and the smell of drunkenness, and then he put his mouth against the opening in the bars with his head over my shoulder, and shouted, 'Open up! Open up!' and it was as though the mob were on my back as a devil is on your back in a dream.

"Now the mob was pressed tight against the door so that those in front were being crushed by all the others who were pressing and from the square a big drunkard in a black smock with a red-and-black handkerchief around his neck ran and threw himself against the press of the mob and fell forward on to the pressing men and then stood up and backed away and then ran forward again and threw himself against the backs of those men who were pushing, shouting, 'Long live me and long live A archy.'

"As I watched, this man turned away from the crowd and went and sat down and drank from a bottle and then, while he was sitting down, he saw Don Anastasio, who was still lying face down on the stones, but much trampled now, and the drunkard got up and went over to Don Anastasio and leaned over and poured out of the bottle on to the head of Don Anastasio and on to his clothes, and then he took a matchbox out of his pocket and lit several matches trying to make a fire with Don Anastasio. But the wind was blowing hard now and it blew the matches out and after a little the big drunkard sat there by Don Anastasio, shaking his head and drinking out of the bottle and every once in a while, leaning over and patting Don Anastasio on the shoulders of his dead body.

"All this time the mob was shouting to open up and the man on the chair with me was holding tight to the bars of the window and shouting to open up until it deafened me with his voice roaring past my ear and his breath foul on me and I looked away from watching the drunkard who had been trying to set fire to Don

Anastasio and into the hall of the *Avuntamiento* again; and it was just as it had been. They were still praying as they had been, the men all kneeling, with their shirts open, some with their heads down, others with their heads up, looking toward the priest and toward the crucifix that he held, and the priest praying fast and hard and looking out over their heads, and behind them Pablo, with his cigarette now lighted, was sitting there on the table swinging his legs, his shotgun slung over his back, and he was playing with the key.

"I saw Pablo speak to the priest again, leaning forward from the table and I could not hear what he said for the shouting. But the priest did not answer him but went on praying. Then a man stood up from among the half circle of those who were praying and I saw he wanted to go out. It was Don José Castro, whom everyone called Don Pepe, a confirmed fascist, and a dealer in horses, and he stood up now small, neat-looking even unshaven and wearing a pyjama top tucked into a pair of grey-striped trousers. He kissed the crucifix and the priest blessed him and he stood up and looked at Pablo and jerked his head toward the door.

"Pablo shook his head and went on smoking. I could see Don Pepe say something to Pablo but could not hear it. Pablo did not answer; he simply shook his head again and nodded toward the door.

"Then I saw Don Pepe look full at the door and realised that he had not known it was locked. Pablo showed him the key and he stood looking at it an instant and then he turned and went and knelt down again. I saw the priest look around at Pablo and Pablo grinned at him and showed him the key and the priest seemed to realise for the first time that the door was locked and he seemed as though he started to shake his head, but he only inclined it and went back to praying.

"I do not know how they could not have understood the door was locked unless it was that they were so concentrated on their praying and their own thoughts; but now they certainly understood and they understood the shouting and they must have known now that all was changed. But they remained the same as before.

"By now the shouting was so that you could hear nothing and the drunkard who stood on the chair with me shook with his hands at the bars and yelled, 'Open up! Open up!' until he was hoarse.

"I watched Pablo speak to the priest again and the priest did not answer. Then I saw Pablo unsling his shotgun and he reached over and tapped the priest on the shoulder with it. The priest paid no attention to him and I saw Pablo shake his head. Then he spoke over his shoulder to Cuatro Dedos and Cuatro Dedos spoke to the

other guards and they all stood up and walked back to the far end of the room and stood there with their shotguns.

"I saw Pablo say something to Cuatro Dedos and he moved over, two tables and some benches and the guards stood behind them with their shotguns. It made a barricade in that corner of the room. Pablo leaned over and tapped the priest on the shoulder again with the shotgun and the priest did not pay any attention to him but I saw Don Pepe watching him while the others paid no attention but went on praying. Pablo shook his head and, seeing Don Pepe looking at him, he shook his head at Don Pepe and showed him the key, holding it up in his hand. Don Pepe understood and he dropped his head and commenced to pray very fast.

"Pablo swung his legs down from the table and walked around it to the big chair of the Mayor on the raised platform behind the long council table. He sat down in it and rolled himself a cigarette, all the time watching the fascists who were praying with the priest. You could not see any expression on his face at all. The key was on the table in front of him. It was a big key of iron, over a foot long. Then Pablo called to the guards something I could not hear and one guard went down to the door. I could see them all praying faster than ever and I knew that they all knew now.

"Pablo said something to the priest but the priest did not answer. Then Pablo leaned forward, picked up the key, and tossed it underhand to the guard at the door. The guard caught it and Pablo smiled at him. Then the guard put the key in the door, turned it, and pulled the door toward him, ducking behind it as the mob rushed in.

"I saw them come in and just then the drunkard on the chair with me commenced to shout, 'Ayee! Ayee! Ayee!' and pushed his head forward so I could not see and then he shouted 'Kill them! Kill them! Club them! Kill them!' and he pushed me aside with his two arms and I could see nothing.

"I hit my elbow into his belly and I said, 'Drunkard, whose chair is this? Let me see.'

"But he just kept shaking his hands and arms against the bars and shouting, 'Kill them! Club them! Club them! that's it. Club them! Kill them! *Cabrones! Cabrones! Cabrones!*'

"I hit him hard with my elbow and said, '*Cabrón!* Drunkard! Let me see.'

"Then he put both his hands on my head to push me down and so he might see better and leaned all his weight on my head and went on shouting, 'Club them! that's it. Club them!'

"'Club yourself,' I said, and I hit him hard where it would hurt him and it hurt him and he dropped his hands from my head

and grabbed himself and said, '*No hay derecho, mujer*. This, woman, you have no right to do.' And in that moment, looking through the bars, I saw the hall full of men flailing away with clubs and striking with flails, and poking and striking and pushing and heaving against people with the white wooden pitchforks that now were red and with their tines broken, and this was going on all over the room while Pablo sat in the big chair with his shotgun on his knees, watching, and they were shouting and clubbing and stabbing and men were screaming as horses scream in a fire. And I saw the priest with his skirts tucked up scrambling over a bench and those after him were chopping at him with the sickles and the reaping hooks and then someone had hold of his robe and there was another scream and another scream and I saw two men chopping into his back with sickles while a third man held the skirt of his robe and the priest's arms were up and he was clinging to the back of a chair and then the chair I was standing on broke and the drunkard and I were on the pavement that smelled of spilled wine and vomit and the drunkard was shaking his finger at me and saying, '*No hay derecho, mujer, no hay derecho*. You could have done me an injury,' and the people were trampling over us to get into the hall of the *Ayuntamiento* and all I could see was legs of people going in the doorway and the drunkard sitting there facing me and holding himself where I had hit him.

"That was the end of the killing of the fascists in our town and I was glad I did not see more of it and, but for that drunkard, I would have seen it all. So he served some good because in the *Ayuntamiento* it was a thing one is sorry to have seen.

"But the other drunkard was something rarer still. As we got up after the breaking of the chair, and the people were still crowding into the *Ayuntamiento*, I saw this drunkard of the square with his red-and-black scarf, again pouring something over Don Anastasio. He was shaking his head from side to side and it was very hard for him to sit up, but he was pouring and lighting matches and then pouring and lighting matches and I walked over to him and said, 'What are you doing, shameless?'

" '*Nada, mujer, nada*,' he said. 'Let me alone.'

"And perhaps because I was standing there so that my legs made a shelter from the wind, the match caught and a blue flame began to run up the shoulder of the coat of Don Anastasio and on to the back of his neck and the drunkard put his head up and shouted in a huge voice, 'They're burning the dead! They're burning the dead!'

" 'Who?' somebody said.

" 'Where?' shouted someone else.

" 'Here,' bellowed the drunkard. 'Exactly here!'

"Then someone hit the drunkard a great blow alongside the head with a flail and he fell back, and lying on the ground, he looked up at the man who had hit him and then shut his eyes and crossed his hands on his chest, and laid there beside Don Anastasio as though he were asleep. The man did not hit him again and he lay there and he was still there when they picked up Don Anastasio and put him with the others in the cart that hauled them all over to the cliff where they were thrown over that evening with the others after there had been a cleaning up in the *Ayuntamiento*. It would have been better for the town if they had thrown over twenty or thirty of the drunkards, especially those of the red-and-black scarves, and if we ever have another revolution I believe they should be destroyed at the start. But then we did not know this. But in the next days we were to learn.

"But that night we did not know what was to come. After the slaying in the *Ayuntamiento* there was no more killing but we could not have a meeting that night because there were too many drunkards. It was impossible to obtain order and so the meeting was postponed until the next day.

"That night I slept with Pablo. I should not say this to you, *guapa*, but on the other hand, it is good for you to know everything and at least what I tell you is true. Listen to this, *Inglés*. It is very curious.

"As I say, that night we ate and it was very curious. It was as after a storm or a flood or a battle and everyone was tired and no one spoke much. I myself, felt hollow and not well and I was full of shame and a sense of wrongdoing, and I had a great feeling of oppression and of bad to come as this morning after the plans. And certainly, bad came within three days.

"Pablo, when we ate, spoke little.

" 'Did you like it, Pilar?' he asked, finally, with his mouth full of roast young goat. We were eating at the inn from where the buses leave and the room was crowded and people were singing and there was difficulty serving.

" 'No,' I said. 'Except for Don Faustino, I did not like it.'

" 'I liked it,' he said.

" 'All of it?' I asked him.

" 'All of it,' he said and cut himself a big piece of bread with his knife and commenced to mop up gravy with it. 'All of it, except the priest.'

" 'You didn't like it about the priest?' because I knew he hated priests even worse than he hated fascists.

" 'He was a disillusionment to me,' Pablo said sadly.

"So many people were singing that we had to almost shout to hear one another.

"Why?"

"He died very badly," Pablo said. "He had very little dignity."

"How did you want him to have dignity when he was being chased by the mob?" I said. "I thought he had much dignity all the time before. All the dignity that one could have."

"Yes," Pablo said. "But in the last minute he was frightened."

"Who wouldn't be?" I said. "Did you see what they were chasing him with?"

"Why would I not see?" Pablo said. "But I find he died badly."

"In such circumstances any one dies badly," I told him. "What do you want for your money? Everything that happened in the *Ayuntamiento* was scabrous."

"Yes," said Pablo. "There was little organisation. But a priest. He has an example to set."

"I thought you hated priests."

"Yes," said Pablo and cut some more bread. "But a *Spanish* priest. A *Spanish* priest should die very well."

"I think he died well enough," I said. "Being deprived of all formality."

"No," Pablo said. "To me he was a great disillusionment. All day I had waited for the death of the priest. I had thought he would be the last to enter the lines. I awaited it with great anticipation. I expected something of a culmination. I had never seen a priest lie."

"There is time," I said sarcastically. "Only today did the movement start."

"No," he said. "I am disillusioned."

"Now," I said, "I suppose you will lose your faith."

"You do not understand, Pilar," he said. "He was a *Spanish* priest."

"What people the Spaniards are," I said to him. "And what a people they are for pride, eh, *Inglés*? What a people."

"We must get on," Robert Jordan said. He looked at the sun. "It's nearly noon."

"Yes," Pilar said. "We will go now. But let me tell you about Pablo. That night he said to me. 'Pilar, tonight we will do nothing.'

"Good," I told him. "That pleases me."

"I think it would be bad taste after the killing of so many people."

"*Qué va*," I told him. "What a saint you are. You think I lived years with bullfighters not to know how they are after the *Corrida*?"

"Is it true, Pilar?" he asked me.

"When did I lie to you?" I told him.

"It is true, Pilar, I am a finished man this night. You do not reproach me?"

"No, *hombre*," I said to him. "But don't kill people every day, Pablo."

"And he slept that night like a baby and I woke him in the morning at daylight but I could not sleep that night and I got up and sat in a chair and looked out of the window and I could see the square in the moonlight where the lines had been and across the square the trees shining in the moonlight, and the darkness of their shadows, and the benches bright too in the moonlight, and the scattered bottles shining, and beyond the edge of the cliff where they had all been thrown. And there was no sound but the splashing of the water in the fountain and I sat there and I thought we have begun badly."

"The window was open and up the square from the Fonda I could hear a woman crying. I went out on the balcony standing there in my bare feet on the iron and the moon shone on the faces of all the buildings of the square and the crying was coming from the balcony of the house of Don Guillermo. It was his wife and she was on the balcony kneeling and crying."

"Then I went back inside the room and I sat there and I did not wish to think, for that was the worst day of my life until one other day."

"What was the other?" Maria asked.

"Three days later when the fascists took the town."

"Do not tell me about it," said Maria. "I do not want to hear it. This is enough. This was too much."

"I told you that you should not have listened," Pilar said. "See, I did not want you to hear it. Now you will have bad dreams."

"No," said Maria. "But I do not want to hear more."

"I wish you would tell me of it sometime," Robert Jordan said.

"I will," Pilar said. "But it is bad for Maria."

"I don't want to hear it," Maria said pitifully. "Please Pilar. And do not tell it if I am there, for I might listen in spite of myself."

Her lips were working and Robert Jordan thought she would cry.

"Please, Pilar, do not tell it."

"Do not worry, little cropped head," Pilar said. "Do not worry. But I will tell the *Inglés* sometime."

"But I want to be there when he is there," Maria said. "Oh, Pilar, do not tell it at all."

"I will tell it when thou art working."

"No. No. Please. Let us not tell it at all," Maria said.

"It is only fair to tell it since I have told what we did," Pilar said. "But you shall never hear it."

"Are there no pleasant things to speak of?" Maria said. "Do we have to talk always of horrors?"

"This afternoon," Pilar said, "thou and the *Inglés*. The two of you can speak of what you wish."

"Then that the afternoon should come," Maria said. "That it should come flying."

"It will come," Pilar told her. "It will come flying and go the same way and tomorrow will fly, too."

"This afternoon," Maria said. "This afternoon. That this afternoon should come."

WITH TITO IN JUGOSLAVIA

BY

FITZROY MACLEAN

I WAS right: we had been dropped from very low indeed; no sooner had my parachute opened, than I hit the ground with considerably more force than was comfortable. Looking up, I saw Randolph Churchill coming down almost on top of me. The expression of satisfaction which dawned on his face as he realised that his parachute had opened rapidly gave way to one of disgust as he glanced down to see the ground rushing up to meet him. Then, narrowly missing a telegraph pole, he came to rest with a sudden bump in a patch of melting snow and mud. A little farther away Slim Farish and the rest of the "stick" were landing at intervals of a few yards from one another—a neat bit of grouping on the part of the pilot, though personally I should not have minded if we had had a little more height to spare.

But we were not left long to reflect on such technicalities. Already John Selby, in the rôle of master of ceremonies, was upon us. Six weeks with the Partisans, which had included several forced marches, had, I noticed, made him a good deal less portly, and changed him in appearance from an immaculate Wing-Commander to something between a brigand and a dispatch rider. But his salute was as spectacular and his manner as urbane and soothing as ever. With him came Slavko Rodic, tall, pale and elegant with a neat dark moustache. His troops had provided the reception party for my first drop at Mrkonicgrad and were now performing the same service again.

They had not greatly changed. Weather-beaten and battle stained, they wore the usual medley of captured enemy equipment and uniforms, only now there was here and there a suit of British battle-dress, a pair of boots, a Mills grenade or a Sten gun as a token of our aid. No sooner had my feet touched the ground, than a guard of honour was formed, ready for me to inspect. From the violence of their ceremonial drill it was clear that they more than made up in keenness for anything they might lack in orthodoxy of appearance.

Then horses were brought and Rodic and I, having played our

part in the ceremony, sprang into the saddle and set off at a gallop up the road to the village, followed by the rest of the party, while the guard of honour turned to the task of collecting the containers of supplies which had been dropped at the same time as we had.

Bosanski Petrovac lies on the verge of one of the rare stretches of flat grassland in the highlands of Bosnia. On the far side, perhaps two or three miles away, was a range of dark hills, and in front of us, as we rode, the ground rose again, sloping gently up towards the village, which itself was built on the side of a hill, a typical Bosnian hamlet with its wood and plaster cottages.

In the upper room of one of these a meal had been prepared. It was a good meal, though not so good, our hosts explained with engaging frankness, as the one they had prepared the day before and then eaten themselves when they found we were not coming. At any rate we were hungry and did justice both to the stew which they gave us and to the local *slivovica*.

As we ate, I discussed plans with Slavko Rodic. The military situation was still fluid, and Tito and his staff were living in the woods until they could find somewhere to re-establish their headquarters. I wanted to see Tito as soon as possible, and Rodic said that he would take me to him himself. After Slim Farish, Randolph and the others had been installed in a peasant's house with instructions to stay where they were until further notice, we set out. It was getting dark as we rode down the village street and lights were beginning to twinkle in some of the windows.

Slavko had always prided himself on having good horses, and the two which we rode were admirable. The escort, which accompanied us, were also well mounted and we pushed along at a brisk pace. It was getting dark when we left, and as we reached higher ground it grew colder and the snow lay deep on the track we were following through the forest. The snow deadened the sound of our horses' hooves, and, in the darkness, you could only dimly discern the form of the horse and rider in front of you. As I rode, muffled in the warm privacy of my great-coat, I turned over in my mind the various points which I had to discuss with Tito. Then Slavko, who had been riding with the rearguard caught up with me, and we fell to talking of our lives before the war and of what we hoped to make of them when the war was over. In peace-time he had been some kind of engineer or surveyor; now, still in his twenties, he was a Partisan leader; when the war was over, if he survived, there would be work of some kind for him to do in the new Yugoslavia. That this new Yugoslavia would emerge triumphant, whatever the obstacles to be overcome, was for him, as for them all, a certainty, and had so been from the first.

• We had a long way to go, and, even though we rode fast, it was after midnight when, in the thickest part of the forest, we were suddenly challenged by an unseen sentry. We gave the password and our names and, having done so, were allowed to proceed. It was still snowing and, as we rode on, we could make out lights dimmed by the falling snow, shining among the trees, and, going towards these, came on a group of wooden huts. A Partisan took our horses, and another, recognising me, came forward and said that Tito was waiting up and wanted to see me as soon as I arrived. If I would come he would take me to him.

Picking our way through the trees, we came to a small, roughly built hut of freshly sawn planks. Inside, a light was burning. A sentry, on guard at the door, made way for me, and I went in.

As he came forward to meet me, I saw that Tito no longer had on the plain dark tunic and breeches which he used to favour, but was wearing instead a kind of uniform with, on his sleeve, a roughly embroidered laurel leaf encircling a star. Since our last meeting, the Anti-Fascist Council meeting at Jajce, had bestowed on him the specially created rank of Marshal of Yugoslavia, at the same time setting up a "provisional Government" in which he occupied the dominant position. When I congratulated him on this honour he seemed slightly embarrassed. "They would do it," he said, and smiled deprecatingly. For a moment it occurred to me that, while characteristically enjoying the magnificence of his new title, he perhaps at the same time rather regretted the days when, holding no other office save that of Military Commander of the Partisan forces, he had been known to all by an unadorned nickname. Then we sat down; food and drink were brought, and we started to talk.

We had much to tell each other. As a start, I handed Tito the letter which I had brought him from the Prime Minister. He had had no warning of it, and I watched his face closely to see how he liked it, as one watches a child with a new toy.

• There could be no doubt of the effect. As he broke open the seal, and, unfolding the crisp sheet of heavy paper within, saw the address of 10 Downing Street at the top and the Prime Minister's signature at the foot, a broad smile of unaffected delight spread slowly over his face, which became broader still when he found a large signed photograph of Mr. Churchill in a separate envelope. I offered to translate the letter for him, but he insisted on trying to make it out on his own, turning to me for help over the more complicated passages, and giving way to fresh demonstrations of pleasure as he came to complimentary references to the prowess

of the Partisans and promises of Allied assistance. He was clearly very much pleased.

He had reason to be, Tito's career up to now had taken him underground, behind the scenes. He had been perpetually in conflict with the established order. Despite this, perhaps because of this, he attached great importance to outward appearances. Already the revolutionary process which he had set in motion was carrying him, the revolutionary, upwards and onwards towards a new established order which, ultimately, would take the place of that which was being overthrown. The high-sounding title of Marshal of Yugoslavia which had been bestowed on him by his own people was an outward and visible sign of this, even though its recipient might still be hiding in the mountains and forests. But, hitherto, he had received but little recognition from the outside world. The Germans, it is true, had put a price, and a very high one, on his head, but the Great Powers, whose ally he was, had been slow to discern in him and his Movement a force to be taken into account; even the Russians showed little active interest in him. Now, at last, with the arrival of Mr. Churchill's letter, he was beginning to come into his own internationally. He was in direct and formal communication with one of the Big Three, with the Prime Minister of a Great Power. Mr. Churchill made it clear that he regarded him as an ally and as such promised him all possible help. Moreover he invited him to correspond with him through me on all matters of importance. This was no longer so very far removed from official recognition. It was at any rate a very big step forward.

Next I gave Tito some account of the greatly increased assistance which he was now to receive. I told him in detail of the steps which were being taken to improve the existing system of air supplies and air support; of the scheme for training his men as pilots and tank-crews. He was delighted and said that he would immediately set about collecting good men from all over the country to be trained. These he would then have smuggled down to the coast and shipped across the Adriatic by schooner.

Then I asked what progress the German offensive was making. He replied that the first fury of the German attack had spent itself without the enemy being able to win a decisive success. Now the Partisans, having once again successfully denied the enemy a target, were beginning to hit back all over the country, and the Germans were getting as good as they gave. The trouble was that his men lacked everything: food, clothing, boots, ammunition. He could only hope that the promised supplies would come before it was too late. Meanwhile the situation had to some extent been stabilised locally, and he expected to be able to move his head-

quarters before long to the neighbourhood of Drvar, a part of Bosnia which had long been outstandingly faithful to the Partisan cause.

Finally we talked of the islands and of the prospects of converting Vis into a firm base from which we could harass the enemy and smuggle across supplies to the mainland. The other islands had by now all been occupied by the Germans, and we agreed that we should need to act quickly if we were to be in time to save Vis from their fate.

We talked till the early hours of the morning. Then, bidding Tito good night, I followed one of the guards through the snow to the hut which had been allotted me. Gordon Alston and Hilary King, my new signals officer, were lying asleep in some straw which was spread on a kind of shelf stretching the whole length of the hut. Waking, they told me of their adventures since their hurried departure from Jajce. A Partisan with immense moustaches was sitting by an improvised stove, stoking it from time to time, and in the intervals inspecting by its light the recesses of his shirt, which he had taken off and was examining with meticulous care. "Usi," he said resignedly. "Lice." I took the canvas Foreign Office bag in which I had brought the Prime Minister's letter, filled it with straw to make a pillow, wrapped myself in my greatcoat and was soon asleep.

Next morning we were wakened with a mug of captured ersatz coffee and a mess tin of yellow maize porridge by the bewhiskered Partisan, who, in addition to being my bodyguard, also fulfilled the rôles of cook and batman. Having eaten my breakfast, I cleaned out my mess tin and used it for boiling some snow-water on the stove, to shave in. It was an agreeably compact mode of life, with no time, space or energy wasted on unnecessary frills.

A BOX OF MATCHES

BY

HENRI BARBUSSE

IT is five o'clock in the evening. Three men are seen moving in the bottom of the gloomy trench. Around their extinguished fire in the dirty excavation they are frightful to see, black and sinister. Rain and negligence have put their fire out, and the four cooks are looking at the corpses of brands that are shrouded in ashes and the stumps of wood whence the flame has flown.

Volpatte staggers up to the group and throws down the black mass that he had on his shoulder. "I've pulled it out of a dug-out where it won't show much."

"We have wood," says Blaire, "but we've got to light it. Otherwise, how are we going to cook this cab-horse?"

"It's a fine piece," wails a dark-faced man, "thin flank. In my belief, that's the best bit of beast, the flank."

"Fire?" Volpatte objects; "there are no more matches, no more anything."

"We *must* have fire," growls Poupardin, whose indistinct bulk has the proportions of a bear as he rolls and sways in the dark depths of our cage.

"No two ways about it, we've got to have it," Pépin agrees. He is coming out of a dug-out like a sweep out of a chimney. His grey mass emerges and appears, like night upon evening.

"Don't worry, I shall get some," declares Blaire in a concentrated tone of angry decision. He has not been cook long, and is keen to show himself quite equal to adverse conditions in the exercise of his functions.

He spoke as Martin César used to speak when he was alive. His aim is to resemble the great legendary figure of the cook who always found wood for a fire, just as others, among the non-coms, would fain imitate Napoleon.

"I shall go if it's necessary and fetch every bit of wood there is at battalion headquarters. I shall go and requisition the colonel's matches—I shall go——"

"Let's go and forage." Poupardin leads the way. His face is like the bottom of a saucepan that the fire has gradually befouled. Ar

it is cruelly cold, he is wrapped up all over. He wears a cape which is half goatskin and half sheepskin, half brown and half whitish, and this twofold skin of tints geometrically cut makes him like some strange occult animal.

Pépin has a cotton cap so soiled and so shiny with grease that it might be made of black silk. Volpatte, inside his *Balaklava* and his fleeces, resembles a walking tree-trunk. A square opening betrays a yellow face at the top of the thick and heavy bark of the mass he makes, which is bifurcated by a couple of legs.

"Let's look up the 10th. They've always got the needful. They're on the Pylônes road, beyond the Boyau-Neuf."

The four alarming objects get under way, cloud-shape, in the trench that unwinds itself sinuously before them like a blind alley, unsafe, unlighted, and unpaved. It is uninhabited, too, in this part, being a gangway between the second lines and the first lines.

In the dusty twilight two Moroccans meet the fire-questing cooks. One has the skin of a black boot and the other of a yellow shoe. Hope gleams in the depths of the cooks' hearts.

"Matches, boys?"

"Napoo," replies the black one, and his smile reveals his long crockery-like teeth in his cigar-coloured mouth of moroccan leather.

In his turn the yellow one advances and asks, "Tobacco? A bit of tobacco?" And he holds out his greenish sleeve and his great hard paw, in which the cracks are full of brown dirt, and the nails purplish.

Pépin growls, rummages in his clothes, and pulls out a pinch of tobacco, mixed with dust, which he hands to the sharpshooter.

A little farther they meet a sentry who is half asleep—in the middle of the evening—on a heap of loose earth. The drowsy soldier says, "It's to the right, and then again to the right, and then straight forward. Don't go wrong about it."

They march—for a long time. "We must have come a long way," says Volpatte, after half an hour of fruitless paces and encloistered loneliness.

"I say, we're going downhill a hell of a lot, don't you think?" asks Blaire.

"Don't worry, old duffer," scoffs Pépin, "but if you've got cold feet you can leave us to it."

Still they tramp on in the falling night. The ever-empty trench—a desert of terrible length—has taken a shabby and singular appearance. The parapets are in ruins; earthslides have made the ground undulate in hillocks.

An indefinite uneasiness lays hold of the four huge fire-hunters, and increases as night overwhelms them in this monstrous road.

Pépin, who is leading just now, stands fast and holds up his hand as a signal to halt. "Footsteps," they say in a sobered tone.

Then, and in the heart of them, they are afraid. It was a mistake for them all to leave their shelter for so long. They are to blame. And one never knows.

"Get in *there*, quick, quick!" says Pépin, pointing to a right-angled cranny on the ground level.

By the test of a hand, the rectangular shadow is proved to be the entry to a funk-hole. They crawl in singly; and the last one, impatient, pushes the others; they fall flat as a carpet, willy-nilly, in the dense darkness of the hole.

A sound of steps and of voices becomes distinct and draws nearer. From the mass of the four men who tightly bung up the burrow, tentative hands are put out at a venture. All at once Pépin murmurs in a stifled voice, "What's this?"

"What?" asks the others, pressed and wedged against him.

"Clips!" says Pépin under his breath, "*Boche* cartridge-clips on the shelf! We're in the *Boche* trench!"

"Let's hop it." Three men make a jump to get out.

"Look out, by God! Don't stir!—footsteps——"

They hear some one walking, with the quick step of a solitary man. They keep still and hold their breath. With their eyes fixed on the ground level, they see the darkness moving on the right, and then a shadow with legs detaches itself, approaches, and passes. The shadow assumes an outline. It is topped by a helmet covered with a cloth and rising to a point. There is no other sound than that of his passing feet.

Hardly has the German gone by when the four cooks, with no concerted plan and with a single movement, burst forth, jostling each other, run like madmen, and hurl themselves on him.

"*Kamerad*, gentlemen!" he says.

But the blade of a knife gleams and disappears. The man collapses as if he would plunge into the ground. Pépin seizes the helmet as the *Boche* is falling and keeps it in his hand.

"Let's leg it," growls the voice of Poupardin.

"Got to search him first!"

They lift him and turn him over, and set the soft, damp and warm body up again. Suddenly he coughs.

"He isn't dead!"—"Yes, he is dead; that's the air."

They shake him by the pockets; with hasty breathing the four black men stoop over their task. "The helmet's mine," says Pépin. "It was me that knifed him, I want the helmet."

"They tear from the body its pocket-book of still warm papers, it's field glass, purse, and leggings.

"Matches!" shouts Blaire, shaking a box, "he's got some!"

"Ah, the fool that you are!" hisses Volpatte.

"Now let's be off like hell." They pile the body in a corner and break into a run, prey to a sort of panic, and regardless of the row their disordered flight makes.

"It's this way!—This way!—Hurry, lads—for all you're worth!"

Without speaking they dash across the maze of the strangely empty trench that seems to have no end.

"My wind's gone," says Blaire, "I'm——" He staggers and stops.

"Come on, buck up, old chap," gasps Pépin, hoarse and breathless. He takes him by the sleeve and drags him forward like a stubborn shaft-horse.

"We're right!" says Poupardin suddenly. "Yes, I remember that tree. It's the Pylônes road!"

"Ah!" wails Blaire, whose breathing is shaking him like an engine. He throws himself forward with a last impulse—and sits down on the ground.

"Halt!" cries a sentry—"Good Lord!" he stammers as he sees the four poilus. "Where the—where are you coming from, *that* way?"

They laugh, jump about like puppets, full-blooded and streaming with perspiration, blacker than ever in the night. The German officer's helmet is gleaming in the hands of Pépin. "Oh, Christ!" murmurs the sentry, with gaping mouth, "but what's been up?"

An exuberant reaction excites and bewitches them. All talk at once. In haste and confusion they act again the drama which hardly yet they realise is over. They had gone wrong when they left the sleepy sentry and had taken the international trench, of which a part is ours and another part German. Between the French and German sections there is no barricade or division. There is merely a sort of neutral zone, at the two ends of which sentries watch ceaselessly. No doubt the German watcher was not at his post, or likely he hid himself when he saw the four shadows, or perhaps he doubled back and had not time to bring up reinforcements. Or perhaps, too the German officer had strayed too far ahead in the neutral zone. In short, one understands what happened without understanding it.

"The funny part of it," says Pépin, "is that we knew all about that, and never thought to be careful about it when we set off."

"We were looking for matches," says Volpatte.

"And we've got some!" cries Pépin. "You've not lost the flamers, old broomstick?"

"No damned fear!" says Blaire; "*Boche* matches are better stuff

than ours. Besides, they're all we've got to light our fire! Lose my box? Let any one try to pinch it off me!"

"We're behind time—the soup-water'll be freezing. Hurry up, so far. Afterwards there'll be a good yarn to tell in the sewer where the boys are, about what we did to the *Boches*."

GUERRILLA WARFARE IN CRETE

BY

W. STANLEY MOSS

UPON our return to Ida, we discovered that a lot had happened in our absence. Mihale Xflouris's band had successfully attacked the German post at Daphnaïs, losing only one man in the action; the raiding forces party which had blown the Heraklion petrol dump had passed through John's hands on its way to the south coast; and six escaped Russian prisoners had come over from the Lasithi area to join my band.

We equipped the Russians with battle dresses and Sten guns, and listened to their stories of captivity and escape. They were a strong, healthy-looking lot, average about twenty-five years of age, and, strangely enough, without exception blond-haired. The Germans, they said, had recently announced that no Russian prisoner, whatever the course of the war, would be permitted to leave the island alive; and this not unnaturally, had led to a series of attempted escapes from every P.O.W. cage. These six men were the survivors of a party of seventeen which had broken away from a labour gang on the Kastelli-Heraklion road. The remainder had been either killed or recaptured. I told the men that I hoped we would soon find an opportunity to revenge ourselves—little thinking as I spoke that that opportunity would present itself within the next forty-eight hours.

It was at noon on August 7th, the following day, that a large number of refugees started to arrive at our headquarters. It was an entire village on the move: men, women, children, their chattels on their backs and a stream of sheep, goats, and mules following in their wake. They all had the same tale to tell: that morning a party of ten Germans had come to Anoyia—the largest village in Crete—in order to collect able-bodied men for enforced labour. The selected men had refused to go, and so, in retaliation, the Germans had taken fifty hostages from the village. No sooner had they left, however, than they had found themselves surrounded by *andartes*, and in the brief fight which had ensued the entire German party had been annihilated and the hostages released. As a result nearly everyone in the village had taken to the mountains for fear that the Germans would arrive in force on the morrow to effect reprisals.

From: *A War of Shadows* by W. STANLEY MOSS

All through the afternoon stragglers continued to arrive, and our small headquarters took upon itself the aspect of some vast, sprawling encampment. But there was a unique thing about these refugees: there was no gloom about them, none of the pathetic, heart-breaking sights that commonly attend a similar scene. Instead, there was laughter in the air, and brave words were spoken. The men had dressed themselves for battle, albeit with weapons as ancient as the hills about us, and even some of the womenfolk were seen to be adorned with ammunition belts and daggers.

The stage was patently set for action; and we found little difficulty in deciding what form that action should take. The Germans, bent on razing Anoyia to the ground, would in all likelihood arrive upon the scene in the early morning. They would certainly travel to the village along the Heraklion-Retimo road; and thus, if they could be waylaid before leaving their transport and deploying, Anoyia might be saved. With George and Deerslayer, I chose six of Mihale Xilouris's men to accompany us and the Russians. We would have liked to have taken more, but our supply of automatics was now exhausted, so we were obliged to limit the total number of our force to fifteen men. In addition, we asked for a couple of Anoyians to act as guides for us, at which a score immediately volunteered, and we compromised by taking four.

In the late afternoon we set off northwards, walking fast and feeling that now, at last, our luck must change. All the way to Anoyia we kept meeting more refugees, some of them leading mules piled high with impedimenta, others travelling with only their *sakulis* slung across their backs. They greeted us in passing, waving and calling and wishing us well.

It was dark when we reached the village. The streets were deserted, nor did any light burn in the windows. There was a vast stillness in the air, which our imaginations charged with an electric expectancy. We hurried onwards until, at midnight, we stopped at a deserted garden to feed ourselves on a dinner of grapes and water-melons. After a short rest, we continued on our way; and at three o'clock in the morning we arrived at the main road. It did not take us long to discover the sort of position ideally suited for an ambush; a sharp curve in the road, bounded on three sides by high ground, with a little bridge in the centre of it.

Straightway we busied ourselves with laying twin rows of Hawkins grenades across the bridge. Fortunately the tarmac was in an ill state of repair, so the task of concealing the mines proved no great problem; and by dawn, at five o'clock, we were all lying in readiness at our posts.

It was an hour later that, for the first time, we heard a warning

whistle from our scout on the high ground above us. Every man fingered his trigger, intently watching the bend in the road; but it was no German transport that we were soon to see approaching us: it was a flock of sheep, a shepherd, two small boys, and a dog. Hurriedly we scrambled down to the road and waylaid the man telling him that he would have to spend the next few hours in our care. We did not dare risk allowing him to proceed on his journey, lest he should speak of having seen us, so we placed him and his entourage under the charge of one of our Anoyian guides, who led them, protesting only slightly, to a small valley which was situated about a quarter of a mile behind our position.

But this was only a beginning. During the next hour over eighty civilians, several flocks of sheep, donkeys, goats, and mules came stumbling in all innocence upon our emplacement. It transpired that there was a market day being held at a nearby village; but, by the time we had finished hustling each successive batch of arrivals off the road, it was rather we who appeared to be holding most of the market, for the little valley behind us, crammed to the full with bleating, braying livestock, looked like a corral after the most successful of round-ups.

By seven o'clock, however, the stream of market-bound peasants had thinned to a minimum, and the atmosphere reverted from that of the farmyard to one of waiting and expectancy. The sky was of the palest blue; and the young sun, with no warmth to cheer us, fumbled about the rocks where we lay concealed. Nobody spoke.

Then suddenly the look-out's whistle blew again; and in a moment we heard the rumble of a lorry engine, growing louder and louder until, swinging into view around the bend, a three-ton utility van bore down towards us. We could see two Germans sitting in the front seat, and half a dozen labourers perched upon the open sides of the back.

Just before the truck ran on to the mines, some of the Cretans, unable to contain their eagerness any further, opened fire. Then the truck blew up. Momentarily the whole scene vanished in a cloud, while falling pieces of metal clattered on to the rocks about us; but, when the smoke cleared, we were able to see the buckled frame of the truck, and a dead German huddled behind the shattered wind-screen, and his companion lying with his skull smashed to pulp on the roadway. The six labourers had been thrown clear by the explosion, and now they were scrambling down the embankment to shelter under the bridge. Straightway Deer-slayer was after them, leaping like a cat from his vantage point at the roadside; but just as he was about to overtake them, one of them turned and hurled a rock into his face.

Spitting blood from his mouth, Deerslayer rushed at the man, smiting him on the jaw with the butt of his automatic and sending him tumbling among the boulders.

The remainder straightway put up their hands, and cowered in the shadow of the bridge like cornered rabbits. The man who had thrown the rock tried to scramble to his feet, only to receive a kick in the teeth which again sent him sprawling. Then Deerslayer called to one of the Anoyians and told him to escort the six captives back to the valley.

Once they had gone, we resumed our ambush positions—and scarcely had we got back to our posts than we heard a cry from the look-out.

The echo of his voice was still alive among the reverberate rocks when another three-tonner, pulling a large trailer, hove into sight around the bend; but the driver, on seeing the battered bulk of the first truck on the bridge, immediately jammed on his brakes, and the vehicle stopped dead. It was well out of range of our Sten guns, but this did not deter the Cretons, who each emptied a magazine of bullets vaguely in its direction. The driver, meanwhile, put the vehicle into reverse and tried to turn round, but he succeeded only in ditching the trailer.

We left our positions and started to make our way from rock to rock towards the truck; then, as the range narrowed, we paused at every few paces to fire at it. We could see a German N.C.O. in the front seat, and several Italians in the back. After a moment's hesitation, they all jumped clear of the truck and started running for their lives back down the road, with George, Deerslayer, and myself in hot pursuit. Then the German, pulling a Luger out of his holster, started firing at us over his shoulder; but his shots were wildly inaccurate, and we could hear the bullets fizzling overhead and whining away into the mountainside.

The Italians, like sheep, were running in a close bunch; so, when we stopped for a moment to take proper aim and fire into their midst, we were not surprised to see three of them stagger and collapse on the roadway.

By the time we had overtaken the prostrate bodies and dragged them into the ditch, the distance between us and the remainder of the quarry had increased to about two hundred yards. Nevertheless, the German continued firing at us. He fired two shots over our heads, and a third smacked into the rocks at the roadside. We watched him as he turned again to fire a fourth shot; but no shot came, and in disgust he hurled his empty pistol into the ditch.

For nearly a mile we chased them, sometimes losing sight of them

around a bend in the road, and at others finding them running, as it were, in the opposite direction to ourselves as they followed a hairpin curve. Then, abruptly, we lost them altogether.

We raced for the spot where we had last seen them, and there we came upon a mule-track which branched at right-angles to the road; so up the track we went, until, some five minutes later, we reached a tiny village. A small boy was standing in the cobbled lane, and he waved gleefully to us as we approached.

"Where are they?" George shouted.

Without hesitation, the boy pointed to an empty-looking house at the end of the lane.

I sent Deerslayer round the back of the house, then with George slowly approached its front entrance. When we were within ten yards of it, we shouted for the men to come out; but there was no reply, so I fired a burst through one of the windows, and scarcely had the sound of the last shot died away than the four men, hands high above their heads, came tumbling out of the doorway, closely followed by Deerslayer. He treated the German to a brisk kick in the pants, and cuffed the Italians over the ears. Then I told them to get moving. They did not appear to understand what was wanted of them, and turned towards us, their eyes brimful of terror and bewilderment; so George fired a couple of shots at their heels—and this they understood.

The small boy applauded us delightedly as we passed, while other villagers, attracted by the sound of the shooting, stood gaping in their doorways to watch our departure. Back to the road we went, our prisoners running before us with their hands clasped across the back of their necks; and thus, with sporadic shots to remind them that we were at their heels, we brought them back at a brisk trot to the scene of the ambush.

In our absence, we discovered, a *Volkswagen* had driven into the trap, and its two German occupants had been swiftly despatched. Unfortunately, however, the vehicle had been ditched on a corner in such a way as to give ample warning of danger to any further traffic, so we were obliged to relinquish our positions in favour of an adjacent curve in the road which did not so admirably suit our purpose.

Ten minutes must have passed before we again heard the look-out's warning, this time heralding the advent of a large utility truck which contained an Italian labour gang. At the first shot the vehicle pulled up, and the Italians, excitedly waving white handkerchiefs, jumped to the road and surrendered themselves with only verbal protest; but I believe their animated chatter betokened rather a fear of their lives than indignation at their

capture. As they were hurried away, I drove the truck round the curve in the road and left it in the ditch.

We resumed our ambush positions. George, I noticed, was chalking up the number of our morning's catch on a rock, and he grinned happily at me, as though to convey his satisfaction at the way things were going for us. In actual fact, however, I was growing a trifle anxious at the non-appearance of any German fighting troops. The time was already half-past eight, and we all knew that whenever the enemy descended on a village they preferred to go into action at dawn; but there was nothing we could do but wait and hope for the best, so we settled ourselves among the rocks and listened impatiently for the look-out's whistle. One of the Russians, squatting behind a boulder just below me, started humming a harvesting song, and his voice found an incongruous accompaniment in the razor-strop croaking of a host of cicadas. The war seemed somehow to have deserted us for a while; and the feeling of tension which we all held in our hearts was unobtrusively absorbed by the sun-warmed peacefulness of the scene about us.

For nearly an hour we waited.

Then, like a knife, the shrill scream of the whistle shattered the placid mirror of the morning, and I saw the look-out, standing on a high rock, frantically waving his arms.

We heard the dull throb of a powerful engine growing louder and louder, insinuating itself into the gentle exhalations of the landscape. There was little doubting the identity of the vehicle now approaching us; and when, a moment later, it lumbered into view, I do not think a man among us was surprised at recognising the familiar, ungainly shape of a troop transport. Its thirty-five, steel-helmeted occupants were seated in the back like twin rows of tailor's dummies, and altogether one felt as though one were witnessing the clattering advent of some squat, multi-ringed armadillo. The sun flashed across the wind-screen, and the steel of barrels and helmets glinted like revolving mirrors in the white heat.

All unsuspecting, the driver brought the vehicle slowly round the bend until it was directly below us. Then, with our fifteen Sten guns, we opened fire.

Most of the Germans died in their seats before they knew what was happening, but some, trying desperately to disentangle their weapons, managed to rise to their feet, and four of them survived to jump to the road. We saw them go scrambling down the slope on the other side and take refuge behind the low stone wall of a vineyard.

Then, quite suddenly, everything became strangely quiet. There came an occasional groan from a dying man in the lorry, and we

could hear the water boiling over in the radiator; but, apart from these sounds and a few despairing shots from the Germans in the vineyard, there was scarcely anything to disturb the peace of that very lovely morning. We could see the dead men sitting in stuffed positions on the benches, and there was blood and oil dripping on to the tarmac. And we could smell the nauseating stench of burned rubber and cordite and petrol. And somewhere a nightingale was singing, because nightingales in Crete seem mostly to sing in the daytime. Nobody moved or spoke. It was like that moment at the end of a great play, when the curtain has descended and the audience is still too enthralled to applaud. But the moment is short—and short indeed it was for us that morning. A cannon shell, smashing into the rocks in our midst, brought us violently to our senses.

In the excitement of the moment, nobody had noticed the arrival of an armoured car. And now it came towards us, very slowly, firing into the rocks where we were hidden, with an officer standing in the turret to direct its fire. He must have been a very brave man, because everybody started to shoot at him and still he would not put his head down, but pulled out a Luger instead and returned our fire, very calmly and with great accuracy. And all the time the armoured car kept on coming, nearer and nearer. The Cretans, in their ignorance, started hurling Mills bombs at it; but their missiles, far from making any impression upon the armour, served only to shower the rocks about us with ricocheting fragments of stone and metal.

It was at this moment that one of our Anoyian followers—an elderly man, dressed in ancient clothes and grasping a firing-piece which looked as though it must have remained concealed in a chimney-stack since the Turkish invasion—elected to perform an act of temerarial bravado. With a shout, he jumped to the road, placing himself directly in the path of the oncoming vehicle, and started firing at it. The age of his rifle was such that after each shot he had to reload; and, in this fashion, he had just time to fire three shots before a cannon shell struck him in the stomach and sent him spinning into the ditch. Indeed, I was amazed that he had survived as long as he had.

This incident, however, rather than allaying the bellicose instincts of my fellows, gave rise to a further act of reckless daring, the protagonist on this occasion being none other than Dee-layer. Upon seeing his wounded countryman lying in the ditch, he leaped out from behind the rock where he had sought shelter, scrambled down to the road, hoisted the unconscious man on to his shoulders, and started slowly to clamber back up the slope, attended the while

by a hail of bullets, not only from the armoured car, but also, from the group of Germans in the vineyard opposite.

By this time the remainder of the Cretans, with the exception of George, showed themselves more than ready to take their leave; nor did I make any move to restrain them. It seemed that only one thing remained to be done before raising the ambush, and that was to put the armoured car out of action. The vehicle was now so close upon us that the chance to attack it from the rear became a distinct possibility; so, calling for a volunteer from the Russian party, I told him of my intention. He was a pleasant-looking youth, with fair hair and blue eyes that gave him an almost Nordic appearance, and he was quick to understand what was wanted of him. Via rocks and boulders, we would make our way to the rear of the armoured car, while the remainder of the party gave us covering fire from the flank! then, once we had reached the vehicle's blind spot, we would descend to the ditch, crawl along it until we came level with the car's rear wheels, and finally jump aboard and throw hand grenades down the turret. The Russian conveyed this information to his colleagues, while I explained the situation to George. As we spoke, cannon shells continued to burst among the rocks around us, treating our urgent speech to the rudest of punctuation.

Now, all was in readiness, and with Vanya—for that was the Russian's name—I wriggled towards our starting point. Our greatest danger, we realised, lay in our initial effort to reach the rear of the car without drawing fire, and in doing this we would have to make a dash across a ten yard gap of completely open ground before being able to find concealment behind a massively substantial rock formation. So off we went, one after the other, in a breakneck rush for our immediate objective.

Once there, grateful for the brief asylum with which the huge boulders provided me, I paused to review the position from this new standpoint; and happily I found that there would now be little difficulty in crawling down to the ditch and approaching the target from behind.

"Vanya," I said in a whisper, and thrust out my arm behind me as if to grasp him.

"Vanya."

There was no reply; only a shot from the car-commander's Luger.

Slowly I yawned, suddenly apprehensive and frightened at what I might see. Nor did my presentiment deceive me. Face downwards, his limbs spreadeagled as if in a primitive crucifixion, the Russian's body lay as it had fallen, midway between the two boulders that had been our havens. The blonde hair was bright with blood—

brighter because of the blondness—and the fingers, as if petrified, clutched at the parched grass in a way that no live fingers could.

I turned away, not horrified, but bewildered. One's thoughts race at moments such as these; and now, quite suddenly, I realised why the German had shot Vanya rather than me. The Russian had been wearing British battle-dress, while I was dressed from top to toe in Cretan black; and so, with a split-second choice of targets, the German had picked upon that man whom he had considered the more worthwhile victim. Could Fate ever have been more unjust . . . or more kind?

From now on, the task was simple. Maintaining a steady volume of fire from the rocks above, the covering party persisted in occupying the attentions of the enemy, while I, completely sheltered from sight and bullet, was able to clamber into the ditch without obstruction. Only twenty yards separated me from the target. I could see the car-commander, oblivious of my approach, continuing his courageous, almost foolhardy, retaliation; and thus he continued, firing from time to time, until I had drawn level with him. I had now only to watch for the moment when, as before, he would have to change the magazine of his pistol.

There was not long to wait. A shot was fired, the steel helmet bobbed down. To jump on to the back of the car and drop a grenade into the turret took a matter of seconds. The cannon did not fire again.

I scrambled back among the rocks to rejoin George and the Russians, calling to them to raise the ambush and start retreating.

Up the hillside we went, our hurried progress accompanied by stray shots from the Germans in the vineyard; but soon we were out of range and making our way along a gully which rambled southwards towards Anoyia.

Presently, when rounding an outcrop, we suddenly came upon Deerslayer. Somehow he had succeeded in commandeering a mule, and on it he had propped the unconscious figure of the wounded Anoyian. The beast's hair was smattered with blood—black where the sun had dried it, and glistening red, like a newly painted letter-box, wherever a fresh drop fell. Held half in, half out of the saddle by Deerslayer, the wounded man hung limply over the bear's neck. His eyes were closed, his limbs apparently lifeless.

"Is he alive?" I asked.

Deerslayer nodded.

George said: "Is better leaving him here. No good to sit on horse."

At first reluctant, Deerslayer was eventually persuaded that it would be best if we were to lay his compatriot beside a nearby

stream, where he could rest until we had fetched a doctor from the village. So together we lifted the Anoyian off the mule and carried him to a sheltered spot at the water's edge. And there, having laid him on his back, we ripped off his shirt, and soaked it in the stream, and with it bathed the hollow black wound in his belly. Then George strapped on a field dressing, and Deerslayer left a water-bottle on the grass beside the man's right hand.

The Russians were standing around us in a semi-circle, watching. I glanced at them, and in their expressions I saw that they were thinking exactly as I was: that the Anoyian would never regain consciousness, that he was as good as dead already. Their faces were masks, void of any emotion—just as they were when a few moments later, we resumed our march and I told them: "I'm terribly sorry about Vanya. It was bad luck. Perhaps we'll be able to bury him later."

One of them shrugged his shoulders, another smiled, and a third said: "*Nichevo*. It does not matter."

Within half an hour we had reached the outskirts of Anoyia, where, in the shade of a steep cliff, we came upon the remainder of our party. With a group of prisoners huddled in their midst, they were seated among the rocks, eating water-melons; but when they saw us, some of them looked rather sheepish, while others were quick to excuse themselves for having deserted us. I made no comment; but George, I noticed, had a few sharp words to say to them. Then he asked them if anyone was missing, to which they replied that one of their number, apparently remorseful at having left us, had returned to the scene of the ambush to see what had become of us.

Presently this man returned and, having embraced each of us in turn, informed us that the surviving Germans had retreated along the road, leaving their vehicles and a wealth of equipment behind them. Straightway we sent six men to go and collect all the arms and ammunition they could recover, and told them to meet us at Mihale Xilouris's headquarters before nightfall. The remainder of the party was detailed to conduct our prisoners to the same destination; and then, with George and Deerslayer, I made my way to Anoyia. There, the scene of desolation persisted. This was the ghost of a village, where the empty lanes echoed our voices, and the cobblestones clattered like amplifiers beneath the trample of our boots.

We went first to the house of the village priest, thinking that there at least we might discover somebody; but the place was deserted, its rooms stripped of all but the heaviest furnishings. Deerslayer said he was going off to find a doctor. We were sceptical

about his chances of success, but told him we would wait for him for an hour; so, when he had gone, we picked ourselves some bunches of grapes from the vine that grew over the porch and went into the parlour, where we sprawled ourselves on the floor and waited.

Much to our surprise, he was quick to return, saying that he had found a doctor who was willing to accompany us. How he had discovered anyone, let alone a doctor, in that seemingly deserted cluster of houses, we could not guess; but, as we walked out of the front door, there was surely enough a trim little man, carrying a battered leather bag, waiting for us in the street astride a mule.

With Deerslayer leading the way, we retraced our steps to the spot where we had left the unconscious Ancoian; and I must confess that with each pace we made I became more convinced that we were wasting our time and that the trail would end only in our discovery of a dead body. But I was wrong.

As we entered the clearing where we had lain him, the man stirred; and when we came and stood over him, his eyelids fluttered open, and he smiled at us. I felt ashamed at having so readily given up hope for him; and yet, when again I saw the enormous cavity that was his wound, I found myself once more persuaded that he would never live till the morrow. For a few minutes we remained there. Then, wishing him the best and telling him to get well quickly so that he could accompany us on our next skirmish, we left him in the doctor's care and set off at a brisk pace southwards.

PREPARING FOR THE MAAN ATTACK

BY

T. E. LAWRENCE

IN Cairo, where I spent four days, our affairs were now far from haphazard. Allenby's smile had given us staff. We had supply officers, a shipping expert, an ordnance expert, an intelligence branch: under Alan Dawnay, brother of the maker of the Beer-sheba plan, who had now gone to France. Dawnay was Allenby's greatest gift to us—greater than thousands of baggage camels. As a professional officer, he had the class-touch: so that even the reddest hearer recognised an authentic redness. His was an understanding mind, feeling instinctively the special qualities of rebellion: at the same time, his war-traffing enriched his treatment of this antithetic subject. He married war and rebellion in himself; as, of old in Yenbo, it had been my dream every regular officer would. Yet, in three years' practice, only Dawnay succeeded.

He could not take complete, direct command, because he did not know Arabic; and because of his Flanders-broken health. He had the gift, rare among Englishmen, of making the best of a good thing. He was exceptionally educated, for an Army officer, and imaginative. His perfect manner made him friends with all races and classes. From his teaching we began to learn the technique of fighting in matters we had been content to settle by rude and wasteful rules of thumb. His sense of fitness remodelled our standing.

The Arab Movement had lived as a wild-man show, with its means as small as its duties and prospects. Henceforward Allenby counted it as a sensible part of his scheme; and the responsibility upon us of doing better than he wished, knowing that forfeit of our failure would necessarily be part-paid in his soldiers' lives, removed it terrifyingly further from the sphere of joyous adventure.

With Joyce we laid our triple plan to support Allenby's first stroke. In our centre the Arab regulars, under Jaafar, would occupy the line a march north of Maan. Joyce with our armoured cars would slip down to Mudowwara, and destroy the railway—permanently this time, for now we were ready to cut off Medina. In the north, Merzuk, with myself, would join Allenby when he

fell back to Salt about March 30th. Such a date gave me leisure: and I settled to go to Shobek, with Zeid and Nasir.

It was springtime: very pleasant after the biting winter, whose excesses seemed dream-like, in the new freshness and strength of nature: for there was strength in this hill-top season, when a chill sharpness at sundown corrected the languid noons.

All life was alive with us: even the insects. In our first night I had laid my cashmere head-cloth on the ground under my head as a pad: and at dawn, when I took it up again, twenty-eight lice were tangled in its snowy texture. Afterwards we slept on our saddle-covers, the tanned fleece hooked last of all over the saddle-load, to make a slippery and sweat-proof seat for the rider. Even so, we were not left alone. The camel-ticks, which had drunk themselves (with blood from our tethered camels) into tight slaty-blue cushions, thumb-nail wide, and thick, used to creep under us, hugging the leathern underside of the sheepskins: and if we rolled on them in the night, our weight burst them to brown mats of blood and dust.

While we were in this comfortable air, with milk plentiful about us, news came from Azrak, of Ali ibn el Hussein and the Indians still on faithful watch. One Indian had died of cold, and also Daud, my Ageyli boy, the friend of Farraj himself told us.

These two had been friends from childhood, in eternal gaiety: working together, sleeping together, sharing every scrape and profit with the openness and honesty of perfect love. So I was not astonished to see Farraj look dark and hard of face, leaden-eyed and old, when he came to tell me that his fellow was dead, and from that day till his service ended he made no more laughter for us. He took punctilious care, greater even than before, of my camel, of the coffee, of my clothes and saddles, and fell to praying his three regular prayings every day. The others offered themselves to comfort him, but instead he wandered restlessly, grey and silent, very much alone.

When looked at from this torrid East, our British conception of woman seemed to partake of the northern climate which had also contracted our faith. In the Mediterranean, woman's influence and supposed purpose were made cogent by an understanding in which she was accorded the physical world in simplicity, unchallenged, like the poor in spirit. Yet this same agreement, by denying equality of sex, made love, companionship and friendliness impossible between man and woman. Woman became a machine for muscular exercise, while man's psychic side could be slaked only amongst his peers. Whence arose these partnerships of man and man, to supply human nature with more than the contact of flesh with flesh.

We Westerners of this complex age, monks in our bodies' cells, who searched for something to fill us beyond speech and sense, were, by the mere effort of the search, shut from it for ever. Yet it came to children like these unthinking Ageyl, content to receive without return, even from one another. We racked ourselves with inherited remorse for the flesh-indulgence of our gross birth, striving to pay for it through a lifetime of misery; meeting happiness, life's overdraft, by a compensating hell, and striking a ledger-balance of good or evil against a day of judgment.

Meanwhile at Aba el Lissan things went not well with our scheme to destroy the Maan garrison by posting the Arab Army across the railway in the north, and forcing them to open battle, as Allenby attacked their base and supports at Ammat. Feisal and Jaafar liked the scheme, but their officers clamoured for direct attack on Maan. Joyce pointed out their weakness in artillery and machine-guns, their untried men, the greater strategical wisdom of the railway scheme: it was of no effect. Maulud, hot for immediate assault, wrote memoranda to Feisal upon the danger of English interference with Arab liberty. At such a moment Joyce fell ill of pneumonia, and left for Suez. Dawnay came up to reason with the malcontents. He was our best card, with his proved military reputation, exquisite field-boots, and air of well-dressed science; but he came too late, for the Arab officers now felt their honour to be engaged.

We agreed that we must give them their heads on the point, though we were really all-powerful, with the money, the supplies, and now the transport, in our hands. However, if the people were slattern, why, then, they must have a slatternly government: and particularly must we go slow with that self-governing democracy, the Arab Army, in which service was as voluntary as enlistment. Between us we were familiar with the Turkish, the Egyptian and the British Armies: and championed our representative task-masters. Joyce alleged the parade-magnificence of his Egyptians—formal men, who loved mechanical movement and surpassed British troops in physique, in smartness, in perfection of drill. I maintained the frugality of the Turks, that shambling, ragged army of serfs. The British Army we all were acquainted with in a fashion; and as we contrasted services we found variety of obedience according to the degree of ordered force which served each as sanction.

In Egypt soldiers belonged to their service without check of public opinion. Consequently they had a peace-incentive to perfection of formal conduct. In Turkey the men were, in theory, equally the officers': body and soul: but their lot was mitigated by the possibility of escape. In England the voluntary recruit served as

utterly as any Turk, except that the growth of civil decency had taken away from authority the resource of inflicting direct physical pain: but in practice, upon our less obtuse population, the effects of pack-drill or fatigues fell little short of an Oriental system.

In the regular Arab Army there was no power of punishment whatever: this vital difference showed itself in all our troops. They had no formality of discipline; there was no subordination. Service was active; attack always imminent: and, like the Army of Italy, men recognised the duty of defeating the enemy. For the rest they were not soldiers, but pilgrims, intent to go the little farther.

I was not discontented with this state of things, for it had seemed to me that discipline, or at least formal discipline, was a virtue of peace: a character or stamp by which to mark off soldiers from complete men, and obliterate the humanity of the individual. It resolved itself easiest into the restrictive, the making men not do this or that: and so could be fostered by a rule severe enough to make them despair of disobedience. It was a process of the mass, an element of the impersonal crowd, inapplicable to one man, since it involved obedience, a duality of will. It was not to impress upon men that their will must actively second the officer's, for then there would have been, as in the Arab Army and among irregulars, that momentary pause for thought transmission, or digestion; for the nerves to resolve the relaying private will into active consequence. On the contrary, each regular Army sedulously rooted out this significant pause from its companies on parade. The drill-instructors tried to make obedience an instinct, mental reflex, following as instantly on the command as though the motor power of the individual wills had been invested together in the system.

This was well, so far as it increased quickness: but it made no provision for casualties, beyond the weak assumption that each subordinate had his will-motor not atrophied, but reserved in perfect order, ready at the instant to take over his late superior's office; the efficiency of direction passing smoothly down the great hierarchy till vested in the senior of the two surviving privates.

It had the further weakness, seeing men's jealousy, of putting power in the hands of arbitrary old age, with its petulant activity: additionally corrupted by long habit of control, an indulgence which ruined its victim, by causing the death of his subjunctive mood. Also, it was an idiosyncrasy with me to distrust instinct, which had its roots in our animality. Reason seemed to give men something deliberately more precious than fear or pain: and this made me discount the value of peace smartness as a war-education.

For with war a subtle change happened to the soldier. Discipline was modified, supported, even swallowed by an eagerness of the

man to fight. This eagerness it was, which brought victory in the moral sense, and often in the physical sense, of the combat. War was made up of crises of intense effort. For psychological reasons commanders wished for the least duration of this maximum effort: not because the men would try to give it—usually they would go on till they dropped—but because each such effort weakened their remaining force. Eagerness of the kind was nervous, and, when present in high power, it tore apart flesh and spirit.

To rouse the excitement of war for the creation of a military spirit in peace-time would be dangerous, like the too-early doping of an athlete. Consequently discipline, with its concomitant "smartness" (a suspect word implying superficial restraint and pain), was invented to take its place. The Arab Army, born and brought up in the fighting line, had never known a peace-habit, and was not faced with problems of maintenance till armistice-time: then it failed signally.

After Joyce and Dawnay had gone, I rode off from Aba el Lissan, with Mirzuk. Our starting day promised to crown the spring-freshness of this lofty tableland. A week before there had been a furious blizzard, and some of the whiteness of the snow seemed to have passed into the light. The ground was vivid with new grass; and the sunlight, which slanted across us, pale like straw, mellowed the fluttering wind.

With us journeyed two thousand Sirhan camels, carrying our ammunition and food. For the convoy's sake we marched easily to reach the railway after dark. A few of us rode forward, to search the line by daylight, and be sure of peace during the hours these scattered numbers would consume in crossing.

My bodyguard was with me, and Mirzuk had his Ageyl, with two famous racing camels. The gaiety of the air and season caught them. Soon they were challenging to races, threatening one another, or skirmishing. My imperfect camel-riding (and my mood) forbade me to thrust among the lads, who swung more to the north, while I worked on, ridding my mind of the lees of camp-clamour and intrigue. The abstraction of the desert landscape cleansed me, and rendered my mind vacant with its superfluous greatness; a greatness achieved not by the addition of thought to its emptiness, but by its subtraction. In the weakness of earth's life was mirrored the strength of heaven, so vast, so beautiful, so strong.

Near sunset the line became visible, curving spaciouly across the disclosed land, among low tufts of grass and bushes. Seeing everything was peaceful I pushed on, meaning to halt beyond and

watch the others over. There was always a little thrill in touching the rails which were the target of so many of our efforts.

As I rode up the bank my camel's feet scrambled in the loose ballast, and out of the long shadow of a culvert to my left, where, no doubt, he had slept all day, rose a Turkish soldier. He glanced wildly at me and at the pistol in my hand, and then with sadness at his rifle against the abutment, yards beyond. He was a young man; stout, but sulky-looking. I stared at him, and said softly, "God is merciful." He knew the sound and sense of the Arabic phrase, and raised his eyes like a flash to mine, while his heavy sleep-ridden face began slowly to change into incredulous joy.

However, he said not a word. I pressed my camel's hairy shoulder with my foot, she picked her delicate stride across the metals and down the further slope, and the little Turk was man enough not to shoot me in the back, as I rode away, feeling warm towards him, as ever towards a life one has saved. At a safe distance I glanced back. He put thumb to nose, and twinkled his fingers at me.

We lit a coffee-fire as beacon for the rest, and waited till their dark lines passed by. Next day we marched to Wadi el Jinz; to flood-pools, shallow eyes of water set in wrinkles of the clay, their rims lashed about with scrubby stems of brushwood. The water was grey, like the marly valley bed, but sweet. There we rested for the night, since the Zagi had shot a bustard, and Xenophon did rightly call its white meat good. While we feasted the camels feasted. By the bounty of spring they were knee-deep in succulent green-stuff.

A fourth easy march took us to the Atara, our goal, where our allies, Mifleh, Fahad and Adhub, were canped. Fahad was still stricken, but Mifleh, with honeyed words, came out to welcome us, his face eaten up by greed, and his voice wheezy with it.

Our plan, thanks to Allenby's lion-share, promised simply. We would, when ready, cross the line to Themed, the main Beni Sakhr watering. Thence under cover of a screen of their cavalry we would move to Madeba, and fit it as our headquarters, while Allenby put the Jericho-Salt road in condition. We ought to link up with the British comfortably without firing a shot.

Meanwhile we had only to wait in the Atair, which to our joy were really green, with every hollow a standing pool, and the valley beds of tall grass prinked with flowers. The chalky ridges, sterile with salt, framed with water-channels delightfully. From their tallest point we could look north and south, and see how the rain, running down, had painted the valleys across the white in broad stripes of green, sharp and firm like brush-strokes. Everything was growing, and daily the picture was fuller and brighter till the desert

became like a rank water-meadow, Playful packs of winds came crossing and tumbling over one another, their wide, brief gusts surging through the grass, to lay it momentarily in swathes of dark and light satin, like young corn after the roller. On the hill we sat and shivered before these sweeping shadows, expecting a heavy blast—and there would come into our faces a warm and perfumed breath, very gentle, which passed away behind us as a silver-grey light down the plain of green. Our fastidious camels grazed an hour or so, and then lay down to digest, bringing up stomach-load after stomach-load, of butter-smelling green cud, and chewing weightily.

At last news came that the English had taken Amman. In half an hour we were making for Themed, across the deserted line. Late messages told us that the English were falling back, and though we had forewarned the Arabs of it, yet they were troubled. A further messenger reported how the English had just fled from Salt. This was plainly contrary to Allenby's intention, and I swore straight out that it was not true. A man galloped in to say that the English had broken only a few rails south of Amman, after two days of vain assaults against the town. I grew seriously disturbed in the conflict of rumour, and sent Adhub, who might be trusted not to lose his head, to Salt with a letter for Chetwode or Shea, asking for a note on the real situation. For the intervening hours we tramped restlessly over the fields of young barley, our minds working out plan after plan with feverish activity.

Very late at night Adhub's racing horse-hooves echoed across the valley and he came in to tell us that Jermal Pasha was now in Salt, victorious, hanging those local Arabs who had welcomed the English. The Turks were still chasing Allenby far down the Jordan Valley. It was thought that Jerusalem would be recovered. I knew enough of my countrymen to reject that possibility; but clearly things were very wrong. We slipped off, bemused, to the Atatir again.

This reverse, being unawares, hurt me the more. Allenby's plan had seemed modest, and that we should so fall down before the Arabs was deplorable. They had never trusted us to do the great things which I foretold; and now their independent thoughts set out to enjoy the springtide here. They were abetted by some gipsy families, from the north with the materials of their tinkering trade on donkeys. The Zebn tribesmen greeted them with a humour I little understood—till I saw that, beside their legitimate profits of handicrafts, the women were open to other advances.

Particularly they were easy to the Ageyl; and for a while they prospered exceedingly, since our men were eager and very generous.

I also made use of them. It seemed a pity to be at a loose end so near to Amman, and not bother to look at it. So Farraj and I hired three of the merry little women, wrapped ourselves up like them, and strolled through the village. The visit was successful, though my final determination was that the place should be left alone. We had one evil moment, by the bridge when we were returning. Some Turkish soldiers crossed our party, and taking us all five for what we looked, grew much too friendly. We showed a coyness, and good turn of speed for gipsy women, and escaped intact. For the future I decided to resume my habit of wearing ordinary British soldiers' rig in enemy camps. It was too brazen to be suspect.

After this I determined to order the Indians from Azrak back to Feisal, and to return myself. We started on one of those clean dawn which woke up the senses with the sun, while the intellect, tired after the thinking of the night, was yet abed. For an hour or two on such a morning the sounds, scents and colours of the world struck man individually and directly, not filtered through or made typical by thought; they seemed to exist sufficiently by themselves, and the lack of design and of carefulness in creation no longer irritated.

We marched southward along the railway, expecting to cross the slower-moving Indians from Azrak; our little party on prize camels swooping from one point of vantage to another, on the look-out. The still day encouraged us to speed over all the flint-strewn ridges, ignoring the multitude of desert paths which led only to the abandoned camps of last year, or of the last thousand or ten thousand years: for a road, once trodden into such flint and limestone, marked the face of the desert for so long as the desert lasted.

By Faraifra we saw a little patrol of eight Turks marching up the line. My men, fresh after the holiday in the Atatir, begged me to ride on them. I thought it too trifling, but when they chafed, agreed. The younger ones instantly rushed forward at a gallop. I ordered the rest across the line, to drive the enemy away from their shelter behind a culvert. The Zaagi, a hundred yards to my right, seeing what was wanted, swerved aside at once. Mohsin followed him a moment later, with his section; whilst Abdulla and I pushed forward steadily on our side, to take the enemy on both flanks together.

Farraj, riding in front of everyone, would not listen to our cries nor notice the warning shots fired past his head. He looked round at our manoeuvre, but himself continued to canter madly towards the bridge, which he reached before the Zaagi and his party had crossed the line. The Turks held their fire, and we supposed them

gone down the further side of the embankment into safety; but as Farraj drew rein beneath the archway, there was a shot, and he seemed to fall or leap out of the saddle, and disappeared. A while after, the Zaagi got into position on the bank and his party fired twenty or thirty ragged shots, as though the enemy was still there.

I was very anxious about Farraj. His camel stood unharmed by the bridge, alone. He might be hit, or might be following the enemy. I could not believe that he had deliberately ridden up to them in the open and halted; yet it looked like it. I sent Feheyd to the Zaagi and told him to rush along the far side as soon as possible, whilst we went at a fast trot straight in to the bridge.

We reached it together, and found there one dead Turk, and Farraj terribly wounded through the body, lying by the arch just as he had fallen from his camel. He looked unconscious; but, when we dismounted, greeted us, and then fell silent, sunken in that loneliness which came to hurt men who believed death near. We tore his clothes away and looked uselessly at the wound. The bullet had smashed right through him, and his spine seemed injured. The Arabs said at once that he had only a few hours to live.

We tried to move him, for he was helpless, though he showed no pain. We tried to stop the wide, slow bleeding, which made poppy-splashes in the grass; but it seemed impossible, and after a while he told us to let him alone, as he was dying, and happy to die, since he had no care of life. Indeed, for long he had been so, and men very tired and sorry often fell in love with death, with that triumphal weakness coming home after strength has been vanquished in a last battle.

While we fussed about him Abd el Latif shouted an alarm. He could see about fifty Turks working up the line towards us, and soon after a motor trolley was heard coming from the north. We were only sixteen men, and had an impossible position. I said we must retire at once, carrying Farraj with us. They tried to lift him, first in his cloak, afterwards in a blanket; but consciousness was coming back, and he screamed so pitifully that we had not the heart to hurt him more.

We could not leave him where he was, to the Turks, because we had seen them burn alive our hapless wounded. For this reason we were all agreed, before action, to finish off one another, if badly hurt: but I had never realised that it might fall to me to kill Farraj.

I knelt down beside him, holding my pistol near the ground by his head, so that he should not see my purpose; but he must have guessed it, for he opened his eyes, and clutched me with his harsh, scaly hand, the tiny hand of these unripe Nejd fellows. I waited

a moment, and he said, "Daūd will be angry with you," the old smile coming back so strangely to this grey shrinking face. I replied, "Salute him from me." He returned the formal answer, "God will give you peace," and at last wearily closed his eyes.

The Turkish trolley was now very close, swaying down the line towards us like a dung-beetle: and its machine-gun bullets stung the air about our heads as we fled back into the ridges. Mohsin led Farraj's camel, on which were his sheepskin and trappings, still with the shape of his body in them just as he had fallen by the bridge. Near dark we halted; and the Zaagi came whispering to me that all were wrangling as to who should ride the splendid animal next day. He wanted her for himself; but I was bitter that these perfected dead had again robbed my poverty; and to cheapen the great loss with a little one I shot the poor beast with my second bullet.

Then the sun set on us. Through the breathless noon in the valleys of Kerak the prisoned air had brooded stagnantly without relief, while the heat sucked the perfume from the flowers. With darkness the world moved once more, and a breath from the west crept out over the desert. We were miles from the grass and flowers, but suddenly we felt them all about us, as waves of this scented air drew past us with a sticky sweetness. However, quickly it faded, and the night-wind, damp and wholesome, followed. Abdulla brought me supper, rice and camel-meat (Farraj's camel). Afterwards we slept.

D-DAY

BY

EDWARD LANCHBERY.

BEAMONT'S first intimation that the invasion was definitely at hand came on June 4th, 1944, when he was flying back from Hawkinge with prints from the camera gun film of the attack on the Ju.188s at Cormeilles. A flight of Fleet Air Arm torpedo-bombers flashed by, their appearance curiously unfamiliar. It was some seconds before he grasped the significance: they were painted with broad black and white stripes, the secret marking for the invasion. Excitedly he put the Tempest into a dive for Newchurch.

The intelligence officer met him on landing. "Ops have been calling you, sir," he reported.

"O.K., Spy, I'll ring them." He shut the door of his office and telephoned Operations. He was not disappointed.

"Operation Overlord in effect 1200 hours tomorrow," he was told on the scrambler. "Aircraft to be repainted by midday. Report Tangmere 1000 hours tomorrow for A.O.C.'s briefing. Absolute secrecy to be maintained."

He replaced the receiver and, suppressing the eager impulse to burst into the crew room and shout the news aloud, went to see about the painting of the aircraft. But that in itself was enough to set the whole camp talking.

At five o'clock when the painting was well under way, Group called for a fighter sweep of two squadrons.

Beamont choked a sigh of exasperation. Really, it was no more than to be expected. "Roger," he agreed politely, and added: "Shall I have each aircraft equipped with a bosun's chair to enable the crews to continue painting during the sweep?"

Minutes later Group telephoned again. The fighter sweep was cancelled, though the request had not been as foolish as it seemed. Complete inactivity would have led to speculation by the enemy.

He found the two squadron commanders in the mess tent. "Things are warming up," Beamont admitted, "but I can't say any more. One thing, we shan't be flying tomorrow, so see you have

From: *Against The Sun:*
the story of Wing-Commander Roland Beamont, D.S.O., O.B.E., D.F.C.,
by EDWARD LANCHBERY

maximum serviceability by tomorrow night. Meanwhile all personnel are confined to camp."

The night was clear and full of stars making the most of the interlude between the dying tinge of sunset in the west and the pale glow heralding the moonrise in the east. A soft breeze gently rustled the trees behind the tents. An owl screeched, drawing attention to the stillness which followed.

Beamont rolled up the flaps of his tent and lay down on the camp bed, letting his thoughts dwell for a moment on the strength of the wing. Was everything as well organised as it could be? Were there any signs of weakness?

He had frequently discussed indications of nerve strain with Morell, the medical officer, and had ruthlessly weeded out anyone who showed the slightest sign of cracking. The result was that he had as good a bunch of pilots as any commander could wish for: young pilots, too, with an average age of twenty-one and plenty of stamina to stand up to what might be the hardest air fighting since the Battle of Britain.

No, he had no doubts of them, but could he rely implicitly upon himself? Why on this third tour of operations should he be suddenly assailed by spasms of nerves before take-off? A certain queasiness in the stomach was natural, but he had never been so conscious of these fears on his previous tours. Were they born of the additional responsibility as a wing-commander?

He would still back himself gladly to outfly any man in the wing, or for that matter, any enemy pilot in the sky. The pity was that he had not seen an air combat for two years. Plenty of ground-strafting attacks, but not a flicker of an enemy aircraft in his sights. Perhaps that was the trouble.

He was sure now that it was. An air combat, another victory would be the natural cure for these moments of doubt. Feeling more cheerful, his mind settled on a prospective dog-fight, he fell asleep.

Next morning he flew his Tempest, "R.B.", shining in its new black and white stripes, to Tangmere. Parked outside the Watch Office were Spitfire IXs, XIIIs, and XIVs, Typhoons with bomb-racks and rocket projectile rails, and Mustangs, all bearing the initials of their owners. Top-scoring pilot Johnny Johnson, Peter Simpson, Don Kingaby, Hawkeye Wells, Jamie Jamieson, Scotty Scott, Johnny Baldwin, Jamie Rankin, Johnny Walker, Sailor Malan, Robin Johnston, and Charles Green were but a few of them, wing leaders and sector commanders, veterans of the Battles of France and Britain. Not a man had less than three decorations. Many wore four, five, even six, all won in combat with the enemy.

In Air Force jargon the hangar doors were wide open. Enthusiastically the company discussed the merits of different aircraft, wagered that theirs would be the first wing to land on the continent, and speculated on the likely opposition of the Luftwaffe.

The animated buzz of conversation hushed suddenly as the Air Officer Commanding, Air Vice-Marshal Saunders, entered the Operations room. He waited whilst a sheet of maps was unrolled and pinned to the blackboards. This was *it*, right enough. Red, blue, yellow, and black lines stretched across the maps from London, Dungeness, Portsmouth, Southampton, and the West Country, to a point south of the Isle of Wight, and then on across the Channel to Normandy.

There was no need to command attention. Every man waited upon the A.O.C. in eager anticipation.

"Gentlemen," he said. "Tomorrow is D-Day. I will outline briefly the plan as it concerns us, and then I wish you to return to your units to open and study your sealed orders for Operation 'Overlord.' You will brief your wings at dusk and be instantly available from midnight onwards.

"The armies have already been safely embarked, and are at this moment moving out for the concentration point off the Isle of Wight. By midnight they will be forming up a few miles off shore for the landing between Caen and Bayeux. From midnight onwards airborne landings, culminating in the landing of a large glider force at 0400 hours will take place throughout the area in preparation for the main assault.

"For our part the Tactical Air Force will supply close support to the army on a scale which will keep every one of their aircraft constantly in the air. In addition the R.A.F. and U.S.A.F. will maintain a continuous patrol of two hundred fighters over the beaches from thirty minutes before sunrise until thirty minutes after sunset. With the force available this means four patrols a day for each squadron. It is a heavy responsibility, and the first four days will be extremely hard work, but after that we can expect to revert to a less rigorous programme.

"The enemy is not expected to react in the air in great numbers on the first day, but may appear in force up to two or three hundred strong in three or four days. That will be your opportunity."

"Finally gentlemen," concluded the A.O.C., "I need hardly remind you that the Royal Air Force has never failed in a mission. Many of you took part, years ago, in incredible victories against tremendous odds: victories which set a standard that has been maintained ever since. You are now on the brink of the greatest

adventure of all, and I have no doubt as to the outcome of your part in it. I sincerely wish you Good Luck, God-speed, and Good Hunting."

The briefing broke up quickly, and with farewells of "See you at Le Touquet," the wing leaders took off for their units.

There was no time for lunch. It took Beamont two hours to read the "Overlord" file of Invasion orders. No detail had been overlooked. Coloured plans and charts showed convoy routes, landing sites, and the immediate battle areas; the dispositions of the various formations, the area of naval action, anti-aircraft zones. Fighter patrol areas were subdivided into convoy protection, beach cover, armed reconnaissance, and the position of fighter control ships and Air Sea Rescue services. Page after page of rosters not only assigned both R.A.F. and American squadrons to their various rôles, but listed actual times of take-off throughout the day.

Beamont sat back feeling rather heady. The whole plan was a masterpiece of organisation that took one's breath away. If only it works, he added in mental qualification.

His own wing he noticed with disappointment had come out of it rather badly. 56 Squadron which were still waiting Tempests and making do with spitfires, were down for close escort to the airborne forces at dawn, but both the Tempest squadrons were in reserve at "Readiness" with no duties allotted them.

Evidently somewhere, he supposed, the prejudice against the Tempest, the feeling that it was still an untried, doubtful quantity, still existed. Tempests had had their teething troubles, true, but what else could be expected when an aircraft was pressed into service so early in its development. If only he could take some of these doubting Thomases for a ride and show them how the Tempest could fly. Five minutes would be sufficient. A five minutes' flight would convince anyone that Spitfires and Mustangs were not in the same class; and yet they had called in preference upon his reserve squadron of Spitfires!

With his squadron commanders, Wigglesworth, Iremonger, and Hall, he worked out the details concerning the separate squadrons, briefed the whole wing, and began his tour of final inspection of each squadron's aircraft.

Arrangements had been made for refuelling twenty-thousand gallons of petrol a day, if necessary, and already the armoury, standing by on a twenty-four hours' service was prepared to cope with a complete re-arming of the three squadrons within twenty minutes. Service of all pilot's meals at dispersal had been arranged, and an early breakfast laid on for 3.15 in the morning. Not one thing required his attention.

Satisfied he returned to his tent, took off his jacket, and rolled into bed. There was no point in undressing, with less than four hours' sleep ahead and the prospect of being called out urgently at any time. For a moment he listened to the night sounds of the marshes, but he was no longer anxious as he had been the night before. The critical moment had come and the organisation had operated perfectly. There remained only the fighting; and there was time enough for that on the morrow.

He fell quickly asleep, but it seemed that he had hardly slept at all when the telephone was waking him with the news that it was 2.45 a.m. The night was dark and cloudy, and mist lay heavy upon the windscreen as he drove hazardously to the rose-covered cottage that housed 3 Squadron offices. The crew room was a confusion of pilots in Mae Wests and flying boots, crowded around the primus stove on which a large pan of eggs was cooking. There was ten minutes to go before "Readiness," and he decided to take another look at his own aircraft, "R.B."

In a dozen places the darkness was stabbed by blue lights dancing backwards and forwards in the roaring exhausts, as some fifty aircraft engines were warmed up, setting the air alive with a harsh resonance. An orange glow momentarily lit one corner of the field with sheets of flame leaping back from a newly started motor.

The setting was familiar enough, little different from any other morning on an active fighter station at readiness; yet the significance of the new dawn gave it fresh colour. He studied the scene with fresh interest.

The ground crews had done their work well on time. One after another the engines, run up and warmed, spluttered into silence, and he returned to the crew room for breakfast.

There was little appetite in the air. Some pilots toyed with their food, and others would not eat at all, complaining that it was too asterisk early.

"Too ruddy true!" agreed Beamont wholeheartedly. "Who the hell could eat at this ungodly hour! Give me your egg if you don't want it!" He was thankful that his own nerves had not twisted his stomach into a hard knot that rejected all thought of food.

Time dragged heavily with inactivity. Operations had little news. A dawn weather reconnaissance between Dieppe and Le Havre was ordered for 56 Squadron: that was all. The Spitfires had barely taken off when Biggin Hill were on the phone again with another call for 56 Squadron to escort a glide train at 0530 hours. But for the Tempests there was nothing in sight, except standing by. Standing by, impatiently, whilst the air filled with the distant drone

of the American Thunderbolt groups from Ashford and Headcorn, and occasional bunches of red and white lights amongst the scattered cloud marked their path to the assault area.

Beamont drove to 56 Squadron dispersal to meet Hall as he landed at half-past four from his recc. "Weather's not so hot," Hall reported. "We had to fly on instruments most of the way out and back again. But the shipping in the Channel, sir! It has to be seen to be believed."

Beamont passed him the orders for the glider escort duty, and watched him lead the Spitfires off again as the first rays of sunlight edged the eastern clouds with gold. Forming them up rapidly over the airfield, Hall climbed away to his rendezvous at Bognor. Beamont saw them go in admiration tinged, for a moment with envy as he wished that he was with them, and felt that he ought to be. But then the Tempests were his baby; and he could not do efficiently two different types of operational flying at one time.

He moved on to 486, the New Zealand Tempest squadron, whose pilots were sitting outside their tents around a bright log fire. They greeted him with one word: "When?"

"I can't say exactly, but you'll be flying before long, don't you worry," Beamont assured them.

When? It was a question he was wondering himself. The wing had been at readiness since 3.15 a.m. and still not a word about the Tempests.

At eight o'clock the Spitfires returned. "Nothing much doing, sir," Hall reported. "Streams of Stirlings and Albemarle towing gliders as far as you can see. They were going in round the canal at Caen. Masses of them on the ground and only a little isolated light flak. We saw two aircraft shot down by flak. No fighters reported at all. The shipping's taking a shelling. One cruiser went up with a terrific explosion. It was an amazing sight."

He would not have begrudged Hall any successes, but it was becoming something of a point of honour with him that the first victim of his Tempest wing should fall to a Tempest, and not one of his makeshift Spitfires. Jealous for his brood, Beamont could imagine the ribbing the Tempest pilots would take if the chance were offered of saying that they relied on Spitfires to shoot down the enemy for them.

Lounging in a deck chair in the fitful sunshine, he saw the morning drag tediously past. The newspapers arrived but they carried no mention of the invasion, and it seemed as though the invasion too was passing him by. He was tired and disappointed.

It was late afternoon before Operations admitted the existence of the Tempests and called for a convoy escort at squadron

strength. Later at dusk they were ordered to Le Havre, but the murk and mist and darkness made it impossible to find the enemy aircraft that were reported to be bombing the beaches. They had to wait until a morning sweep of the same area on D plus 2 for the first encounter with the Luftwaffe.

They crossed the coast that day at Dieppe with Beamont leading 3 Squadron and 486 on his right.

"Bogeys in the vicinity of Lisieux," Control reported. "Will you get there as soon as possible."

"O.K. Kingsley," Beamont answered. "Kelvin leader opening up a little and turning right ten degrees."

The winding Seine was below them. Three minutes at 330 m.p.h. would see them at Lisieux. Beamont's neck chafed on his collar as he scanned the sky, to port, to starboard, above, below. And then he saw them, black specks against the cloud, two miles away and six thousand feet beneath them.

"Hello Kelvin aircraft," he called quickly. "There are four or five aircraft at seven o'clock ahead. Watch them."

He turned the formation gently to port. The distance closed, and the specks grew into five fighters weaving in line astern on a course roughly parallel to that of the Tempests.

Beamont scowled at them in concentration. What on earth were they? Surely they would not be Huns as close to the coast as this. They had not reached Rouen yet. Definitely not Spitfires, Thunderbolts or Typhoons.

The Tempests were overtaking them rapidly. Beamont spoke again into the radio telephone.

"Kelvin leader diving down to investigate aircraft ahead below. Be very careful. I think that they are Mustangs."

The speed crept up as they lost height at cruising throttle: 350 . . . 370 . . . 390 miles an hour. The formation ahead was less than a mile away now. Their weaving was suspicious, but still he could not bring himself to believe that the aircraft were German.

Then, one after another, they changed course in a gentle diving turn to port, and round into view came long, thin, fuselages, and narrow, tapered wings with rounded tips.

"God!" he exclaimed, and snapped on his r/t. "Kelvin leader. They are not Mustangs, they're 109s. Fairway leader stay up and cover me. Spider squadron attack with me. Come on down and make this good."

Why did he have to say that, he wondered at once. They needed no exhortation. They would make it good anyway.

Already he was rolling over into a steep dive to cut off the Messerschmitts which were sliding directly below the Tempests on

the port side. He glanced quickly over his shoulder for the reassuring, companionable sight of the rest of 3 Squadron on slanting down the sky with him. The sun was right behind. It was a perfect bounce.

Or could it be that they were diving headlong into a trap? He dismissed the qualm as soon as it occurred. If there were more Huns above them, Johnny would take care of those, and the Tempests anyway were fast enough to deal with those five 109s, and then think about any others.

Range down to about eight hundred yards, and still overtaking in the dive. No need for more throttle. Just a few seconds longer. He flicked on the gunsight and camera gun switch.

Black crosses were growing plainly visible on the target. How long can this last, he wondered, with excitement mounting to a pitch within him. How unsuspecting can they be!

He selected his target, his lips tightening in tense determination. He had to get this Hun. No, he corrected the personal desire, they all had to get these Huns.

Another glance over his shoulder. The boys are still with him.

Ahead again. The 109s are within range. His thumb strokes the firing button, but still he holds his fire, anxious to get as close as possible.

Now! The Messerschmitts have spotted them at last. Black smoke spurts from their exhaust as they ram open wide their throttles, and reverse violently across the path of the Tempests in a scurry for the cloud tops. But it is too late. The Tempests roll easily down behind them, and Beamont rudders his gunsight on to the last aircraft in the formation.

Bead slightly above the cockpit. Half way along the wing for fifteen degree angle deflection. Now! His thumb tightens and the Tempest shudders with the recoil of the cannon. Hell! He'll never forgive himself. He has missed, and the Luftwaffe pilot is making the most of his chance to alter the situation. Diving at full throttle for the cover of the cloud three thousand feet below, he rolls half over to port with streamers of white vortices from the wing tips, and thick black smoke from the exhaust.

For a moment it looks as if he may succeed, but in desperately trying to shake off the Tempest, the Luftwaffe pilot rolls violently back to starboard, and the change of turn is a fatal mistake. Quickly Beamont swings the Tempest over until the 109 is back in his gunsight at point-blank range. Throttling back sharply to avoid overtaking, he fires with his sight bead on the enemy's cockpit hood.

This time there is no mistake. The range is less than two

hundred yards and closing rapidly with the Tempest clocking, four hundred miles an hour in spite of the closed throttle. Dusty puffs of shell-bursts rise from the 109's tail, fuselage and cockpit, and the sight of them strokes a concentrated desire, an overriding compulsion to destroy. The climax of the hunt is hot in his blood. There is no thought or concern for anything else. Whether they are diving, climbing, turning, Beamont knows not and cares less. His world is a gunsight and a sleek, black fighter, twisting desperately, but growing always bigger and bigger, filling his windscreen. /

The turbulence of the 109's slipstream catches him, but he fights it down ruddering hard back on to the target, thumb jammed on the firing button, pumping out shells until a sixth sense of self-preservation warns him he can leave it no longer.

Urgently he pulls back on the stick. The size of the 109 is frightening now, whirling and blurring out of focus as the Tempest rises up over it. The tail flashes by over his port wing. For a moment he is sure they have touched, but it is the full impact of the slipstream that has caused that violent jar and sent him skidding away to safety. Not until then, with the danger of collision past, does the fact register that the fogging of the 109's lines is not due to the spin and blurring of his own vision, but is caused by smoke.

The 109 is on fire! Tensely he rolls the Tempest half over to port. Below, not a hundred yards away, is the 109, still on the same heading, but with yellow flames streaming from the cockpit to the tail. For a few seconds he watches, fascinated. Slowly the port wing crumples and folds back, and the 109 drops vertically, trailing thick, oily smoke, jet black against the whiteness of the cloud.

But the joy of victory, the triumphant exaltation that he had not known for two years, was short-lived. His thoughts had barely turned to the quest of another target when he was hit himself. The Tempest shuddered violently and the cockpit was suddenly full of dust which stung his eyes. His skin prickling in anticipation of another shell-burst, he pulled back hard on the stick and aimed the Tempest at the dazzling ball of sun in a rolling rocket climb.

With relief he felt the aircraft respond normally. "Come on!" he urged. "This is where your speed can show them your heels."

For two, three, thousand feet the aircraft climbed vertically towards the sun and no second attack came. He began to breathe more freely. Speed dropped to stalling point and he rolled out of the climb into level flight, urgently scanning the sky. There was no sign of the enemy and no sign of his Number Two. A black smudge of smoke rose from a white cloud but the sky was empty of all other aircraft, friend and foe. Rapidly he took stock of the situation. There was a large hole in the starboard wing where the

shell had burst, and the shuddering vibration and reduced performance suggested that the starboard undercarriage had been blown out. He was in no position to run foul of any enemy fighters. The sooner he was back at base, the better. He switched on his r/t. "Hello Fairway leader. Kelvin leader here. Are you receiving?"

"Fairway leader."—There was Johnny Iremonger's voice. "O.K., sir. Am approaching Rouen."

Now Alan Dredge. "Hello Spider leader," he called. "This is Kelvin leader. Re-form your squadron when you are disengaged and join Fairway west of Rouen. Angels ten. I have been hit and am returning to base. O.K.?"

"Spider leader. Roger, sir. Is your number two with you?"

"Kelvin leader here. No. We've got separated, but I think I'll be O.K."

Again Beamont spoke into his microphone calling his number two: "Hello Spider Blue two. Did you see my flamer?"

"Hello Kelvin leader. Yes, I saw it disintegrate. I got one myself, too. The bastard who was pooping at you. I gave him one squirt and he blew up."

That was the signal. The radio crackled with excited claims and reports. Beamont listened long enough to learn that four of the 109s had gone down in flames, and the fifth was damaged, a probable, and then cut the chatter short.

"Kelvin leader calling all Kelvin aircraft. Shut up! Fairway leader, when you are seen, take over lead and continue as planned."

"O.K. Kelvin leader, listening out."

Satisfied that he had left everything under control Beamont turned for home. Through a hole in the cloud a glimpse of Rouen reminded him that he had some miles of hostile sky to cover before reaching the coast.

Weaving and skidding he lost height quickly to 7,000 feet and thankfully gained the cover of the wisps of cloud tops. The engine was running smoothly although airspeed was down by fifty miles an hour, and the whole aeroplane was vibrating badly. He had little doubt that a wheel and fairing must be hanging down. Still, he consoled himself, provided the fuel tanks were not hit, he should be able to make base.

The r/t crackled. "Hello Kelvin leader. Spider Yellow four here. My motor is failing, and I'm south-west of Rouen."

"O.K. Yellow four. Try and make the far side of the Caen-Ouistrehan canal. You'll be O.K. there. Good luck."

"O.K. Kelvin leader, I think I can make it" (He did, and belly-landing in Allied lines, was returned to the squadron by the Navy next day).

Clouds thinning near the coast set his neck aching with redoubled searching of the sky. His cover was gone, he felt utterly lonely in his exposed solitude. If anything appears, he decided, he would go right down and hug the deck, though that would be a last resort. He needed as much height in hand as possible with a sea crossing of a hundred and sixty miles ahead.

But fortune was with him. The cliffs and beaches passed below without incident and he was well out over the Channel when Control welcomed him on the air.

"Hello Kelvin leader, this is Kingsley. If you need assistance transmit for a fix."

"O.K.," Kingsley. This is Kelvin leader transmitting for fix. My aircraft is damaged and I am returning alone. If fuel doesn't run out I think I can make base. Over."

"Kingsley here. Steer zero-one-five for your base. You have ninety miles to go."

Ninety miles. Ninety long miles with nothing in sight but sea and sky, and the shuddering of the damaged wing playing tricks with his imagination. The desolate feeling of loneliness, however, had gone! There was the companionship of contact with the ground station which was constantly passing new courses, and the knowledge that Air Sea Rescue were standing by, ready to do everything possible to help.

Hastings grew out of the haze, and he crossed the coast over the town before turning towards Dungeness.

Switching to base radio frequency he called. "Hello, Newchurch, Kelvin leader here. My aircraft is damaged. I will fly low over you and I wish you to inform me of the condition of my starboard wing and undercarriage."

Throttling back he decreased height to a few hundred feet over Rye and steadied the aircraft for a run across the Watch Office.

"Hello Newchurch. Kelvin leader approaching you."

Dropping now to twenty feet he flew at the group, staring up outside the Watch Office, and lifted the wing at the last moment to curve up and away into the circuit.

"Kelvin leader, your starboard wheel fairing is projecting below the wing, but the wheel is not out."

Good. Provided the damaged leg locked into position he should be able to make a normal landing. He pulled the undercarriage lever, and with a series of jolts the wheels came down. The cockpit lights flickered to the locked position. A final check run across the field, and the r/t confirmation: "Your wheels are right down, sir."

He brought the Tempest carefully into the approach, grinning at the glimpse out of the corner of his eye of the arabulance and

fire tender moving out into the field just in case. Hold off, hold off. Let the port wheel touch first. Gently, gently. Now, very carefully, let the Tempest settle on to the starboard wheel. He was down, down safely, and rolling smoothly to a standstill on the grass. With a feeling of unusual peace and contentment he taxied to dispersal. At last, he had had the chance of proving the Tempest as an air-to-air fighter and it had come through with high honours.

GLOUCESTER HILL

BY

S. J. DAVIES, M.B.E., M.A., C.F.,

TWILIGHT was falling on the Imjin River, bringing the grey, chilly April evening to a close. The last of the returning "Centurions" lurched across the shallows like gigantic beetles, their antennæ waving. All day, from crack of dawn, they had probed deep into the "no man's land" across the Imjin, carrying with them a strong task force of Gloucesters. There had been desultory firing, and the infantry had swarmed without opposition across several trenced slopes. No contact was made with the Chinese. Everywhere naïvely-worded leaflets were found urging the United Nations' troops to give up the fight, and telling them this was a war for the blood-soaked profits of Morgan, Dupont and Rockefeller. Safe conduct was guaranteed to those who surrendered in possession of the leaflet.

It was good to be back on "our side" of the Imjin; good to sip steaming cocoa in the candlelight, and fall asleep with the comforting knowledge that the Chinese Communist forces were miles away beyond the broad river. The date was Friday, April 20th, 1951.

The 5th Fusiliers lay along the Imjin almost five miles to the Gloucesters' right flank. Lieutenant-Colonel Kingsley Foster had invited me to conduct and preach at their annual Saint George's Day Service, which was brought forward to Sunday, April 22nd. The service was held in the open at the foot of a steep hill. It was a clear, bracing morning. The strong, manly singing rose courageously into the blue. At the end, the Colonel proudly read the awards for service in Korea recently conferred on members of the battalion by His Majesty. Afterwards we strolled to his tent for sherry. Two days later, the colonel lay dead in his jeep, riddled with bullets, while the Chinese advance rolled on.

At mid-day I returned to my own battalion, the Gloucesters. I set up my altar in a half-ruined temple in A Company's lines, overlooking the Imjin, and celebrated Holy Communion. Among the communicants able to attend were two young subalterns, Terry Waters and Phil Curtis. It was their Viaticum. That very night A, the Gloucesters' most forward company, was completely enveloped

From: In Spite of Dungeons by S. J. DAVIES, M.B.E., M.A., C.F.

by the Chinese and subjected to a murderous assault. The commander was killed. Phillip Curtis proved an inspiration to his men. Early in the morning he, too, was killed, making a desperate, lone assault, already wounded, against a Chinese machine-gun bunker. The Victoria Cross was conferred upon him posthumously in November, 1953. Among his last acts on earth was the reception of the Blessed Sacrament at my hands.

Terry was the only officer to survive. He got back with the remnants of the company to battalion headquarters on the Monday morning. He died later in the year as a prisoner-of-war in the notorious "Caves," near Pyongyang, having gallantly resisted all attempts by his North Korean captors to make him take part in propaganda work. In April, 1954, he was posthumously awarded the George Cross. Terry was faced with the choice: "death or dishonour." He chose death.

Chatting and drinking tea together after the service, such endings to their young lives were unimaginable. As we stood in the sunny temple courtyard, word came that a Gloucester patrol across the Imjin was in contact with Chinese troops. The news caused no alarm; we received it carelessly. I bade them good-by and returned by jeep to headquarters.

That Sunday evening after nightfall, Guy, the lieutenant in command of the watching patrol at the river-crossing, came back with his men. He was tense and excited. "At first," he said, "it looked like ten or twenty coming across. We killed quite a few. Then I reckon hundreds of them were pouring across in the moonlight."

All around the vast, black humps of the mountains seemed full of menace and foreboding. As I thought of A Company lying in front of us in their positions over-looking the river, my stomach turned. The first staccato bursts of firing could be heard. The night came alive with the wicked chatter of small-arms a mile down the road. In bright moonlight the Chinese pushed up the long spur beyond A Company, and began to attack D. All companies became embroiled. Heavy fighting continued throughout the night in the high ground surrounding battalion headquarters. Friday's tank probe across the Imjin had revealed little: the enemy had evidently melted away only to surge swiftly forward under cover of darkness. As dawn broke, Mr. Hobbs, the regimental sergeant-major, said to me over a cup of tea:

"They'll give up at dawn. Mark my words, sir, they'll go back across the river."

A few minutes later we went to ground as snipers' bullets whined overhead. Then silence.

The blessed light of day came: Saint George's Day, Monday, April 23rd. Carriers with Lieutenant Cabral in command, set off down the road to extricate the survivors and wounded of A Company. Firing had well-nigh ceased and the Chinese, fearing American air activity, had gone to ground. The men of "Able" came in. They had taken terrible punishment, hour after hour, as the Chinese wave broke over them. Major Pat Angior's body was brought back. His batman was in tears. The bodies of Lieutenants Curtis and Maycock could not be retrieved. The ambulances began to evacuate the wounded. Now D Company withdrew on headquarters, their young subalterns cocky, the men cheerful and resolute after a gruelling night's fighting at close range. Although, Colonel Carne looked tired, his face grave, there was about him an unruffled calmness that gave great reassurance. Fresh dispositions were allotted to A and D Companies. A little after mid-day the last ambulance pulled out. We prepared for the battle we knew would inevitably develop that night. There was a spirit of confidence in our ability to hold on.

At about three o'clock that Monday afternoon the last hurried message from battalion rear headquarters came over the air. It informed us that Chinese troops, some five miles behind us, were attacking in greatly superior strength, and that the situation was desperate. The battalion was cut off by a powerful and fast-moving enemy.

The road to safety was a tortuous, one winding between steeply-rising mountain slopes: a paradise for guerrillas and enemy troops in ambush. Standing in the sunny hollow where main headquarters lay I tried to realise the position. We were isolated by Chinese hordes intent on the kill. It was simply a matter of hours before darkness fell, and the lonely battalion would be assaulted on all sides in the nightmarish moonlight. Gloucester was eleven thousand miles away. I longed to be able to say "Stop" to the rushing minutes: to prolong this quiet, sunny afternoon indefinitely.

A sinister hush seemed to lie in the towering mountains. Fear twisted inside me. The battalion doctor had carefully sewn up Major Angior's body in blankets. With the adjutant Tony Farrar-Hockley for congregation, I said the burial prayers. We bade farewell to Pat, laying his body out of the sun under an upturned assault-craft.

It grew to five o'clock and the troops queued for supper. In spite of the tense atmosphere everyone did his best to appear cheerful, but I found it impossible to enjoy the meal. The adjutant moved about among the men, cracking jokes and dispersing many fears by his confident, bracing air and infectious smile. Night fell and the

moon came up in its brilliance. Still all was quiet: the lull before the storm. At last the firing began in the surrounding heights: battle was joined. The mortars at headquarters began to bark, lobbing their missiles over the shielding hill into the advancing Chinese.

After midnight, B and C Companies were under overwhelming pressure, and battalion headquarters was menaced. The colonel was compelled to order evacuation of the perimeter. There was not a moment to lose. Still the mortar-gunners kept up their fire at the hoarse, strident command of their sergeant-major. The first Chinese bullets sang across the bowl in which headquarters lay. The order was given to withdraw, and concentrate upon the high ground on our left flank. "Support" Company, and "Able" and "Dog" Companies were already dug-in along the highest ridge. The doctor loaded me with dressings, bandages and medical supplies, and we set off for the gully leading up to the ridge. My field Communion case had to be abandoned. The slope was alive with scrambling, panting men. It was a stiff climb, and the tracer bullets began to whip across, their red witch-balls floating eerily. At last we reached comparatively safe ground, a sheltered plateau high above the valley. Dawn broke.

B Company, isolated and battered by innumerable Chinese waves, now began to withdraw from their hill with as much cover from our machine-gun and artillery as possible. It was a run for it: a drama acted out far below us. At last Major Harding and twenty men reached the gully leading to our ground, and wearily rejoined the battalion.

Throughout Tuesday we lay disposed on this high ground. Our snipers, under Henry Cabral's direction, were active with harassing fire whenever the Chinese showed themselves in the valley below. It was a fairly quiet day, blue and warm. The wounded were attended to and I conducted one burial. It was very difficult to dig even a shallow grave in the hard, rocky earth. During the morning, a smouldering fire among the brushwood began to spread ominously, fanned by the breeze. Here was yet another difficulty. A party was detailed to beat it out.

We lacked food, water, batteries and ammunition. Courageous men went down the gully with the R.S.M., and under cover from machine-guns and smoke, raided our old dug-outs and trucks still standing at the foot of the ridge. They barely had time to get the goods and a small supply of biscuits and bully-beef. There was now enough replenishment to ensure the encircled battalion small-arms defence for a limited time.

Everyone was outwardly calm and still hopeful. The spirit of the

affair is epitomised by the adjutant's instruction to a subaltern of C Company:

"Guy, you will stay herē with your chaps unless you get orders from me to the contrary. If your ammunition runs out, hurl bloody rocks at them."

The signallers crouched over their gradually fading radios. Colonel Carne sat with his earphones, in a small hollow, stolidly smoking the famous pipe. We knew that a strong relief column was attempting to get to us through the narrow defile. At first it was thought we might be relieved by mid-day. Noon came, and the men grew resigned. There was a report of a tank brewing-up, and blocking the advance of the rest. Everything seemed against us. It proved impossible for helicopters to land for our seriously wounded. The sense of our isolation became acute.

In the midst of all this, the spirit of the men of Gloucester Hill remained steady. A member of "Support" Company, being told by the colonel that the whole battalion would very soon be brought up to the higher ridge for the last fight, said cheerfully, "We shall be all right, sir, 'twill be like the Rock of Gibraltar up here."

I sat and read some old letters, afterwards tearing them up with an awesome sense of finality. Towards sunset, planes flew low over the ridge and attempted an air-drop. It was disheartening to see the bundles missing our positions and falling inaccessibly on the lower slopes. Fortunately, plasma and blood transfusion equipment landed safely. Immediately the battalion doctor was able to set to work, and save a dying man's life there on the ridge.

As twilight came, we withdrew from our positions and climbed in single file to the topmost ridge of "Gloucester Hill" for the last desperate stand. It was a red sunset. The ridge commanded a superb view of the surrounding country and adjacent heights. In the darkness a thousand conflagrations, caused by napalm and shelling, glowed like camp-fires on the mountain slopes. We started to dig-in as best we could with the very few tools available. Everyone worked urgently with a driving sense of fear and necessity. I was only able to scrape a shallow trench in the stubborn ground. I walked about talking to men, trying to appear relaxed and hopeful, and feeling for encouraging words. It was far from easy. The medical aid post was sited in a hollow just below the line of the ridge. For most of the night this was my location.

A bugle shrilled in the darkness. Its haunting notes re-echoed and died away. Suddenly a light machine-gun started up its crackling chatter. Other weapons opened fire. The resonant stammering of the heavy machine-guns gave depth to the chorus. Shells from the

British artillery, miles behind us, screamed weirdly over the ridge and crashed amidst the enemy on the slopes.

Along the ridge lay Battalion Headquarters, "Support" Company, and in a small hollow the medical aid post. To the north lay "Able" and "Dog", to the south combined "Baker-Charlie" Company and the mortar-gunners. The Chinese attacked from the south-east and up the approach from the north. The whole ridge of "Gloucester Hill" was swept by enemy fire. Machine-guns were firing on fixed lines from a hill to our west, and the medical post and "Support" Company's forward positions were threatened. At times, as the doctor and I lay in our shallow scrape, we could hear the bullets cutting the foliage some four feet above our heads. Mentally I prayed with a kind of fierce desperation. A more comforting sound was the rush and scream of our own shells, dropping to burst amidst the swarming enemy. We were within a curtain of steel.

From time to time, I heard the Adjutant's voice in different places in the darkness, shouting words of exhortation or advice to the hard-pressed troops. During the early hours, A Company, which had already suffered so heavily, was exposed to a Chinese storming assault and fell back dangerously. Suddenly there rang out brazenly the long reveille blown by Drum-Major Buss. There was a cheer from the hill's defenders. With amazing impudence "Drumnie" followed it with "Come to the cookhouse door boys," and then the whole run of Army calls.

At dawn, "Able" counter-attacked, under the adjutant's leadership, with magnificent courage and retook much lost ground. Repeatedly assaulted, they were not dislodged and continued to cover the northerly approach to the vital ridge. D Company was also taking heavy attack with a grim bravery. The southernmost defenders of the ridge were frequently disposed on forward slopes and from dawn were raked by heavy machine-gun and mortar fire. This they returned with great effect, but ammunition was running low and casualties mounted steadily. Our signals officer, Richard Reeve-Tucker, was killed instantaneously at this time. With almost irritating nonchalance, the colonel moved to and fro in view of his men, amidst the hail.

In the cold morning light we awaited relief by a regimental combat-team of the 3rd U.S. Infantry Division. There was no food, and virtually no water. Wireless batteries were almost done. An impenetrable mist heaved below us like a sea of milk, blotting out all sight of the valley. As I crouched amidst a group of wounded I went back in memory to a ski-ing holiday at Chamonix. I remembered swinging up to the mountain top at Les Houches in the cable-

cabin, and looking out over just such a rolling, milky mist as we saw now. An American plane swooped above us, so close we could see the pilot at the controls. He turned and ran in again. I waved my white handkerchief. Oh desperation, so close and yet so far! Mr. Hobbs called out, "They're coming up on all sides." A rich Gloucestershire voice shouted:

"Come on, then, you bastards, and get your breakfast." Chinese bugles sounded—their slow, haunting notes hanging in the sharp air. American planes roared from the sky, strafing and rocketing with incredible precision all along the sides of the ridge. It was an inferno of tearing, screaming sound. Napalm scorched and seared the toiling enemy, but still he came on in inexhaustible numbers.

I was called to Sergeant Eames, M.M., of "Charlie" Company, who lay dying on a forward slope amidst the burnt, blackened undergrowth. He was severely wounded, and death was in his eyes. I prayed with him as he requested, and comforted him as best I could. The doctor ran down to him for some minutes to check his condition, but was very quickly called to other cases. The R.A.M.C. sergeant came and administered morphia. He, too, was called away. I remained with Eames for some time longer. He had been a real friend, and I was loath to leave him. Fighting for breath, he commissioned me most earnestly to write to his mother and his young wife. Then he said, "Leave me, padre, leave me. Get back, think of your safety, leave me." The filmy eyes closed, the words ceased. I scrambled back to the medical aid post. No stretchers were available. There was the possibility of a blanket-carry if a blanket could be found. I was conscious of a great mental weariness: logical thought became difficult. On the enemy hill slope opposite I could see many little figures moving about among the bare trees.

On my return to the aid post, I found the word had been passed that the battalion would withdraw. No outside relief was possible. The guns, miles behind us, were themselves now under Chinese small-arms fire and compelled to fight their way out. They could no longer provide us with artillery support. Throughout the long engagement the commanding officer's coolness, determination and moral strength had sustained us all with a sense of confidence, and a spirit of resistance. The men had fought with a calm, stubborn bravery, not for a moment contemplating defeat. The battalion had done all that could possibly be done: it was now no longer able to function effectively as a fighting unit. The order to withdraw was given: each company was to attempt a break out of the Chinese encirclement as best it could. Sixteen miles of mountainous, enemy-infested country lay before the semi-exhausted troops. They began to pour off the fatal ridge in desperate but often jesting groups,

disappearing into the deep, overgrown gullies. I urged especially the married men of the medical staff, along with my batman and driver, to make a run for it. I turned to the R.A.M.C. sergeant.

"This looks like a holiday in Peking for some of us," I said, smiling wanly. In a moment they were gone. Sergeant Brisland of the Gloucesters remained with me.

At this time the medical officer, Captain Bob Hickey, was forward at Battalion Headquarters, where he had been doing magnificent work for the wounded. He rejected any thought of flight, and remained till the end carrying on his great ministry. Bob and I had no contact at this critical moment, but independently of each other we immediately decided to remain behind on the ridge. It was a spontaneous decision, without heroics, clearly indicated by duty. Only when Colonel Carne was satisfied that his stricken men, whom it was impossible to evacuate, had someone to care for them did he leave the ridge in a gallant attempt to lead a fighting patrol back to the U.N. lines.

As I knelt there in the aid post by the side of a grey-faced wounded man, I saw Major "Sam" Weller go down with his troops. He looked at me and shouted something. "Sam," I called out, "tell the adjutant I'm staying with the wounded." A few moments later Major Guy Ward scrambled down. Sergeant Brisland was preparing to wave a white Red Cross flag for the protection of the aid post when Drum-Major Buss suddenly appeared on his own, moustache bristling, in the now deserted weapon-pit above us. He clutched his rifle, shouting at Brisland: "Put that white flag down, you . . ." It was clear that "Drummie" had not fully appreciated the situation. "The battalion's gone, drum-major. For heaven's sake run for it, man—it's your only chance," I yelled. He looked at me with amazement, and then was gone down the slope.

Some yards above me, to the left of the weapon-pit, a nineteen-year-old Gloucestershire lad lay dead, the vivid blood of youth welling from his mouth. I crawled up to him, and removed his rosary beads and letters. The letters I swiftly tore up, the beads I stuffed in my pocket. They were to remain with me throughout two and a half years of captivity. On my return to England I was able to give them to his parents.

A strange lull settled on the ridge. Some four or five able-bodied men stumbled into the aid post. I felt dazed, but not afraid. This seemed strange to me, because during the long battle I had known moments of acute fear. A mood of comparative nonchalance came over me. I looked along the ridge to the deserted ground held so gallantly by A Company. A solitary grenade burst there. At any moment I expected to see Chinese troops surge over

the crest. They did not do so. A sudden terror seized me lest British guns should start shelling the ridge. "If that happens, we've had it," I thought. But even this consideration failed to grip my tired mind with any permanence. I spoke to a man on a stretcher at my side. He, too, seemed calm and resigned.

FROM THOSE GAY, AND CAREFREE DAYS

BY

CONSTANTINE FITZ GIBBON

RIVIÈRE was pleased to have them join his table. He seemed to be having a heavy time with his companion, a blonde lady of indeterminable age with a fixedly bright expression. He jumped to his feet, made the introduction, sat down again, jumped up, signalled to the waiter, and finally relapsed with a little sigh against the red plush bench.

Oliver felt that the move downstairs had made a subtle difference in the relationship between Louis and himself. On the balcony they had been two people come together, facing each other across a table. The strings of their past lives stretched out behind them, directly away from each other. If those strings had at one time been entangled, that entanglement was distant and might have been forgotten. Here, downstairs, they had come in together, a pair, a young couple. They were on one side of the table. Rivière and his friend on the other. Oliver glanced at Louise to see if perhaps any consciousness of the change were visible on her face. There was none. She had rested her chin in the palm of her hand, nodding her head slightly while Rivière talked. The feeling of irritation which had come over him upstairs remained with Oliver. Louise was ignoring him, evading him.

Rivière was talking of the old days, parties and what not. Oliver listened to the end of one sentence.

"... and from those gay and carefree days came all the heroism of Dunkirk and the Battle of Britain. The German officers drilled and trained, while the men who were destined to beat them were drinking champagne and reading James Joyce and voting for pacifism. Remarkably satisfying."

Rivière looked remarkably satisfied as he leaned back.

"James Joyce?" said Oliver incredulously.

"You know what I mean," said Rivière.

"I'm afraid I don't. And as for heroism, I don't remember much heroism in 1940. A lot of confusion and exhaustion and ignorance and fear. I don't know anything about the air force, but the bit of the army I saw wasn't particularly heroic."

"But you were against such terrific odds, and you did make it," Rivière said.

"We were going home. We knew it and that's what kept us fighting. It was the only thing we had to hang on to in all the confusion."

Louise looked at Oliver coolly.

"I think you would refuse to recognise courage. It would be against your beliefs."

Oliver lit a cigarette. He saw an implied insult, for if he did not see visible virtue he was presumably duller than, say, Peacock or Charles, who doubtless revered the abstractions in their different ways. He remembered the dust and heat, the noise and the continual hot tiredness behind his eyes, the stench of the dead men and the dead cattle, the eternal marching in the noise and fly-blown meat. He had seen some men show remarkable powers of endurance. Louise had been cherishing the legend of courage, the myth of the lion. Now she was almost insulting him, insinuating that he was either blind or dishonest. All right. He flicked out the match and put it in the ashtray.

"I saw a lot of very strong emotions," he said; "and I saw some men who either through insensitivity or self-control seemed to have very few. I also saw one or two men perform crazy acts, while temporarily out of their minds. I never saw anything that fitted the newspaper idea of heroism."

He spoke deliberately, towards Rivière, "Did you?"

The question was rhetorical. He did not give Rivière time to answer.

"You may or may not know, but Peacock was made out to be a hero, to have died like Horatius on the bridge. I heard that they wanted to get him a Victoria Cross. With about forty men he held a key position against two German battalions for over twenty-four hours. They were bombed intensively and they went on fighting until they are believed to have had no ammunition left. Then he was killed. It's a fine story and, as I say, I don't see why they didn't give him a V.C."

Louise was looking at Oliver steadily. This was what he had told her at Tidworth. And of how the last time he had seen Peacock, when Roger was cut off and probably going to die, he had spoken to Oliver of her. She had imagined Roger transformed, with the expression which she had sometimes seen when he drove his big car very fast, the superficiality and selfishness gone, as it had apparently gone from so many of that generation during their finest hour.

Oliver was talking carefully, making a pattern of wet rings

with the bottom of his glass on the marble-topped table as he spoke.

"I saw him during the period of his heroic action. It didn't seem particularly remarkable to me."

"Why not?" asked Rivière's companion.

"I'll tell you what happened, if it won't bore you. You might like to know this, Louise." He looked up at her quickly, and then down to his glass again. Her eyes were fixed on his face.

"I was in charge of the carrier platoon at the time. There weren't any carriers left, so I didn't have much to do and the colonel was using me as a messenger. We were covering the brigade withdrawal and it was all very confused. One company had got lost, and the colonel was not sure where another of his companies had got to or if they knew their orders. That was A Company, the one Roger was in. The colonel sent me out to find them, and make sure they were in the right place and knew what they were supposed to do. I went a mile or so along the road, towards where they should have been. There was a ruined farmhouse off to the right with a certain amount of shooting going on, so I went over to see who was there. I walked in through a hole in the wall and found Roger."

"He was sitting on a sofa, drinking out of a bottle. All the other officers in A Company had been killed or disappeared and most of the men too. He was sitting there with a platoon sergeant-major and another sergeant. I remember the sergeant-major was cleaning his brasses. It seemed rather an odd thing to be doing. Roger was fairly bleary, and looked surprised to see me. He thought I was a ghost at first.

"We drank some brandy and I tried to tell him what was going on, but he couldn't really follow what I was saying and kept getting his map upside down. He was pretty drunk. So I got the P.S.M. to stop his fool polishing and come and listen. He kept saying, 'Yes, sir!' and pretending he understood but I don't think he did. Roger sat on that busted horse-hair sofa humming a song about a woodpecker. When I'd finished, the sergeant who was there asked me if the Germans recognised a white flag as a signal of surrender. Roger woke up a bit at this.

"'All these swine want to do is surrender. I won't surrender. I won't.' He almost shouted it at me. I was afraid he was going to cry. The sergeant-major had gone back to his polishing and was starting on his boots. The other sergeant suggested I might like to go round the position. It all seemed strange and unreal. I was dead tired myself and everything looked flat. It felt like being on the screen of a movie instead of watching it. Besides, there was an awful lot of noise. I followed the sergeant, I think he was called

Manning, out into the little courtyard. He didn't want to go any farther.

"It's the men, sir,' he kept saying. 'They want to surrender. They don't think it's right, sitting here and being shot for no purpose. They say Mr. Peacock's a Jew and that's why he won't surrender, sir.' I told him that to my certain knowledge Roger wasn't a Jew, and shut him up before he said any more.

"The soldiers looked sullen and frightened, but they cheered up a bit when they saw me. They had thought they were surrounded before I arrived. I told them a lot of lies about how the battalion was to attack in the morning and relieve them. I don't know whether they believed me or not. I'm sure Manning didn't.

"When I got back to the farmhouse, Roger was washing his face. He had pulled himself together a bit and wanted to know when he could withdraw. I had already told him it was the next night. Then he wanted to know if he could come back to battalion headquarters with me to get orders and leave the P.S.M. in charge. I told him that I had been sent up to give him his orders and that if he came back to battalion headquarters before his company withdrew I was pretty sure the colonel would have him shot. Our colonel was a rough fellow. This depressed him and he went back to his sofa and had another drink. Then he had an idea:

"Sergeant-Major!"

"Yes, sir."

"I want you to shoot the first man who tries to leave this position or surrender."

"Yes, sir."

"I don't know what good Roger thought that would do, but it was no concern of mine. Sergeant Manning started to go out then. I called him back. I wanted to get out of this crazy place, but there was too much shooting going on.

"I sat down beside Roger and had a drink myself. He began talking, mostly about women, about how he loathed them for sitting on their big behinds in England and sending him out to France in an ugly uniform to get killed. It was all pretty incoherent and I didn't make much attempt to follow it. Then he began rambling on about the Catholic Church and how he wanted to find a priest so that he could go to heaven when he was killed. But after a while he got confused about this too and said that the priests were as bad as the women, which was why they wore skirts, and that they were all in England sleeping with his girls and that they were killing him. Depressing stuff, and I wondered how long he had been talking like this. Quite a time, I imagine, because neither the P.S.M. nor Sergeant Manning bothered to listen. In fact the P.S.M.

had gone to sleep, and I had to wake him up when I left. I took Manning with me, as I was sure he'd surrender right away if he stayed there, and I wanted Roger's company to go on fighting so we could get away.

"I don't know what happened after that. They held out for another twenty-four hours. Whether the Germans killed Roger or whether one of his own men shot him, I don't know. Anyhow I think he should have got the Victoria Cross."

He looked up from his glass. Louise had not taken her eyes off him while he had been talking.

"That's not what you told me at Tidworth," she said.

Oliver looked at her steadily.

"At that time I didn't think it was any concern of yours."

"Then why do you tell me now?"

"I've changed my mind."

Faintly they could hear the siren beginning to blow outside. The waiter came with the bill, and Rivière paid. Louise and Oliver were still looking at each other.

"You should have told me right away."

"Yes. I should have."

They got up and slowly made their way out into the foyer. After a certain amount of talk, Louise and Oliver decided to go to a small club in Chelsea, which was underground and which stayed open until twelve. The raids in the spring of 1944 seldom lasted more than an hour or two. Rivière said he would join them after he had escorted his lady to her door, provided the raid were not too severe.

They all walked along Regent Street together. The search-lights were crossing and recrossing in the sky. Rivière's friend found them very beautiful. Far to the south the banging of the anti-aircraft could be heard. The people in the streets were hurrying for home.

Oliver and Louise left the other two and walked down a side street towards Piccadilly. Oliver felt all the annoyance and irritation gone out of him. In the Green Park a huge search-light arched quickly in a giant curve across the whole sky, lighting up the dark buildings. The drone of aircraft was faintly audible as they hailed a taxi. They drove off.

8. See *The Conquering Hero Comes*

ALEXANDER'S EXPEDITION AGAINST DARIUS

BY

PLUTARCH

ALEXANDER was but twenty years old when his father was murdered, and succeeded to a kingdom, beset on all sides with great dangers and rancorous enemies. For not only the barbarous nations that bordered on Macedonia were impatient of being governed by any but their own native princes, but Philip likewise, though he had been victorious over the Grecians, yet, as the time had not been sufficient for him to complete his conquest and accustom them to his sway, had simply left all things in a general disorder and confusion. It seemed to the Macedonians a very critical time; and some would have persuaded Alexander to give up all thought of retaining the Grecians in subjection by force of arms, and rather to apply himself to win back by gentle means the allegiance of the tribes who were designing revolt, and try the effect of indulgence in arresting the first motions towards revolution. But he rejected this counsel as weak and timorous, and looked upon it to be more prudent to secure himself by resolution and magnanimity, than, by seeming to truckle to any, to encourage all to trample on him. In pursuit of this opinion, he reduced the barbarians to tranquillity, and put an end to all fear of war from them, by a rapid expedition into their country as far as the river Danube, where he gave Symus, King of the Triballians, an entire overthrow. And hearing the Thebans were in revolt, and the Athenians in correspondence with them, he immediately marched through the pass of Thermopylæ, saying that to Demosthenes, who had called him a child while he was in Illyria and in the country of the Triballians, and a youth when he was in Thessaly, he would appear a man before the walls of Athens.

When he came to Thebes, to show how willing he was to accept of their repentance for what was past, he only demanded of them Phœnix and Prothytes, the authors of the rebellion, and proclaimed a general pardon to those who would come over to him. But when the Thebans merely retorted by demanding Philotas and Antipater

to be delivered into their hands, and by a proclamation on their part invited all who would assert the liberty of Greece to come over to them, he presently applied himself to make them feel the last extremities of war. The Thebans indeed defended themselves with a zeal and courage beyond their strength, being much outnumbered by their enemies. But when the Macedonian garrison sallied out upon them from the citadel, they were so hemmed in on all sides that the greater part of them fell in the battle; the city itself being taken by storm, was sacked and razed. Alexander's hope being that so severe an example might terrify the rest of Greece into obedience, and also in order to gratify the hostility of his confederates, the Phocians and Plataeans. So that, except the priests, and some few who had heretofore been the friends and connections of the Macedonians, the family of the poet Pindar, and those who were known to have opposed the public vote for the war, all the rest, to the number of thirty thousand, were publicly sold for slaves; and it is computed that upwards of six thousand were put to the sword.

Among the other calamities that befell the city, it happened that some Thracian soldiers, having broken into the house of a matron of high character and repute, named Timoclea, their captain, after he had used violence with her, to satisfy his avarice as well as lust, asked her, if she knew of any money concealed; to which she readily answered she did, and bade him follow her into a garden, where she showed him a well, into which, she told him, upon the taking of the city, she had thrown what she had of most value. The greedy Thracian presently stooping down to view the place where he thought the treasure lay, she came behind him and pushed him into the well, and then flung great stones in upon him, till she had killed him. After which, when the soldiers led her away bound to Alexander, her very mien and gait showed her to be a woman of dignity, and of a mind no less elevated, not betraying the least sign of fear or astonishment. And when the king asked her who she was, "I am," said she, "the sister of Theagenes, who fought the battle of Chæronea with your father Philip, and fell there in command for the liberty of Greece." Alexander was so surprised, both at what she had done and what she said, that he could not choose but give her and her children their freedom to go whither they pleased.

After this he received the Athenians into favour, although they had shown themselves so much concerned at the calamity of Thebes that out of sorrow they omitted the celebration of the Mysteries, and entertained those who escaped with all possible humanity. Whether it were, like the lion, that his passion was now satisfied, or

that, after an example of extreme cruelty, he had a mind to appear merciful, it happened well for the Athenians; for he not only forgave them all past offences, but bade them look to their affairs with vigilance, remembering that if he should miscarry, they were likely to be the arbiters of Greece. Certain it is, too, that in aftertime he often repented of his severity to the Thebans, and his remorse had such influence on his temper as to make him ever after less rigorous to all others. He imputed also the murder of Clitus, which he committed in his wine, and the unwillingness of the Macedonians to follow him against the Indians, by which his enterprise and glory was left imperfect to the wrath and vengeance of Bacchus, the protector of Thebes. And it was observed that whatsoever any Theban, who had the good fortune to survive this victory, asked of him, he was sure to grant without the least difficulty.

Soon after, the Grecians, being assembled at the Isthmus, declared their resolution of joining with Alexander in the war against the Persians, and proclaimed him their general. While he stayed here, many public ministers and philosophers came from all parts to visit him and congratulated him on his election, but contrary to his expectation, Diogenes of Sinope, who then was living at Corinth, thought so little of him, that instead of coming to compliment him, he never so much as stirred out of the suburb called the Cranium, where Alexander found him lying alone in the sun. When he saw so much company near him, he raised himself a little, and vouchsafed to look upon Alexander; and when he kindly asked him whether he wanted anything, "Yes," said he, "I would have you stand from between me and the sun." Alexander was so struck at this answer, and surprised at the greatness of the man, who had taken so little notice of him, that as he went away he told his followers, who were laughing at the moroseness of the philosopher, that, if he were not Alexander, he would choose to be Diogenes.

Then he went to Delphi, to consult Appolo concerning the success of the war he had undertaken, and happening to come on one of the forbidden days, when it was esteemed improper to give any answer from the oracle, he sent messengers to desire the priestess to do her office; and when she refused, on the plea of a law to the contrary, he went up himself, and began to draw her by force into the temple, until tired and overcome with his importunity. "My son," said she, "thou art invincible." Alexander taking hold of what she spoke, declared he had received such an answer as he wished for, and that it was needless to consult the god any further. Among other prodigies that attended the departure of his army, the image of Orpheus at Libethra, made of cypress-wood,

was seen to sweat in great abundance, to the discouragement of many. But Aristander told him that, far from presaging any ill to him, it signified he should perform acts so important and glorious as would make the poets and musicians of future ages labour and sweat to describe and celebrate them.

His army, by their computation who make the smallest amount, consisted of thirty thousand foot and four thousand horse; and those who make the most of it, speak but of forty-three thousand foot and three thousand horse. Aristobulus says, he had not a fund of above seventy talents for their pay, nor had he more than thirty days' provision, if we may believe Duri; Onesicritus tells us he was two hundred talents in debt. However narrow and disproportionable the beginnings of so vast an undertaking might seem to be, yet he would not embark his army until he had informed himself particularly what means his friends had to enable them to follow him, and supplied what they wanted, by giving good farms to some, a village to one, and the revenue of some hamlet or harbour-town to another. So that at last he had portioned out or engaged almost all the royal property; which giving Perdicas an occasion to ask him what he would leave himself, he replied, his hopes. "Your soldiers," replied Perdicas, "will be your partners in those," and refused to accept of the estate he had assigned him. Some others of his friends did the like, but to those who willingly received or desired assistance of him, he liberally granted it, as far as his patrimony in Macedonia would reach, the most part of which was spent in these donations.

With such vigorous resolutions, and his mind thus disposed, he passed the Hellespont and at Troy sacrificed to Minerva, and honoured the memory of the heroes who were buried there, with solemn libations; especially Achilles, whose gravestone he anointed, and with his friends, as the ancient custom is, ran naked about his sepulchre, and crowned it with garlands, declaring how happy he esteemed him, in having while he lived so faithful a friend, and when he was dead, so famous a poet to proclaim his actions. While he was viewing the rest of the antiquities and curiosities of the place, being told he might see Paris's harp, if he pleased, he said he thought it not worth looking on but he should be glad to see that of Achilles, to which he used to sing the glories and great actions of brave men.

In the meantime, Darius's captains, having collected large forces, were encamped on the further bank of the river Granicus, and it was necessary to fight, as it were, in the gate of Asia for an entrance into it. The depth of the river, with the unevenness and difficult ascent of the opposite bank, which was to be gained by main

force, was apprehended by most, and some pronounced it an improper time to engage, because it was unusual for the kings of Macedonia to march with their forces in the month called Dæsius. But Alexander broke through these scruples, telling them they should call it a second Artemisius. And when Parmenio advised him not to attempt anything that day, because it was late, he told him that he should disgrace the Hellespont should he fear the Granicus. And so, without more saying, he immediately took the river with thirteen troops of horse, and advanced against whole showers of darts thrown from the steep opposite side, which was covered with armed multitudes of the enemy's horse and foot, notwithstanding the disadvantage of the ground and the rapidity of the stream; so that the action seemed to have more frenzy and desperation in it, than of prudent conduct. However, he persisted obstinately to gain the passage, and at last with much ado making his way up the banks, which were extremely muddy and slippery, he had instantly to join in a mere confused hand-to-hand combat with the enemy, before he could draw up his men, who were still passing over, into any order. For the enemy pressed upon him with loud and warlike outcries; and charging horse against horse, with their lances, after they had broken and spent these, they fell to it with their swords. And Alexander, being easily known by his buckler, and a large plume of white feathers on each side of his helmet, was attacked on all sides, yet escaped wounding, though his cuirass was pierced by a javelin in one of the joinings. And Rhœsaces and Spithridates, two Persian commanders, falling upon him at once, he avoided one of them, and struck at Rhœsaces, who had a good cuirass on, with such force that, his spear breaking in his hand, he was glad to betake himself to his dagger. While they were thus engaged, Spithridates came up on one side of him, and raising himself upon his horse, gave him such a blow with his battle-axe on the helmet that he cut off the crest of it, with one of his plumes, and the helmet was only just so far strong enough to save him, that the edge of the weapon touched the hair of his head. But as he was about to repeat his stroke, Clitus, called the black Clitus, prevented him, by running him through the body with his spear. At the same time Alexander despatched Rhœsaces with his sword. While the horse were thus dangerously engaged, the Macedonian phalanx passed the river, and the foot on each side advanced to fight. But the enemy hardly sustaining the first onset, soon gave ground and fled, all but the mercenary Greeks, who, making a stand upon a rising ground, desired quarter, which Alexander, guided rather by passion than judgment, refused to grant, and charging them himself first, had his horse (not Bucephalus, but another) killed under

him. And this obstinacy of his cut off these experienced desperate men cost him the lives of more of his own soldiers than all the battle before, besides those who were wounded. The Persians lost in this battle twenty thousand foot and two thousand five hundred horse. On Alexander's side, Aristobulus says there were not wanting above four-and-thirty, of whom nine were foot-soldiers; and in memory of them he caused so many statues of brass, of Lysippus's making, to be erected. And that the Grecians might participate in the honour of his victory he sent a portion of the spoils home to them, particularly to the Athenians three hundred bucklers and upon all the rest he ordered this inscription to be set: "Alexander the son of Philip, and the Grecians, except the Lacedæmonians, won these from the barbarians who inhabit Asia." All the plate and purple garments, and other things of the same kind that he took from the Persians, except a very small quantity which he reserved for himself, he sent as a present to his mother.

This battle presently made a great change of affairs to Alexander's advantage. For Sardis itself, the chief seat of the barbarians, power in the maritime provinces, and many other considerable places, were surrendered to him; only Halicarnassus and Miletus stood out, which he took by force, together with the territory about them. After which he was a little unsettled in his opinion how to proceed. Sometimes he thought it best to find out Darius as soon as he could, and put all to the hazard of a battle; another while he looked up it as a more prudent course to make an entire reduction of the sea-coast, and not to seek the enemy till he had first exercised his power here and made himself secure of the resources of these provinces. While he was thus deliberating what to do, it happened that a spring of water near the city of Xanthus in Lycia, of its own accord, swelled over its banks, and threw up a copper plate, upon the margin of which was engraven in ancient characters, that the time would come when the Persian empire should be destroyed by the Grecians. Encouraged by this accident, he proceeded to reduce the maritime parts of Cilicia and Phœnicia, and passed his army along the sea-coasts of Pamphylia with such expedition that many historians have described and extolled it with that height of admiration, as if it were no less than a miracle, and an extraordinary effect of divine favour, that the waves which usually come rolling in violently from the main, and hardly ever leave so much as a narrow beach under the steep, broken cliffs at any time uncovered, should on a sudden retire to afford him passage. Menander, in one of his comedies, alludes to this marvel when he says—

“Was Alexander ever favoured more?
 Each man I wish for meets me at my door,
 And should I ask for passage through the sea,
 The sea I doubt not would retire for me.”

But Alexander himself in his epistles mentions nothing unusual in this at all, but says he went from Phaselis, and passed through what they call the Ladders. At Phaselis he stayed some time, and finding the statue of Theodectes, who was a native of this town and was now dead, erected in the market-place, after he had supped, having drunk pretty plentifully, he went and danced about it and crowned it with garlands, honouring not ungracefully, in his sport, the memory of a philosopher whose conversation he had formerly enjoyed when he was Aristotle's scholar.

Then he subdued the Pisidians who made head against him, and conquered the Phrygians, at whose chief city, Gordium, which is said to be the seat of the ancient Midas, he saw the famous charioteer fastened with cords made of the rind of the cornel-tree, which whosoever should untie, the inhabitants had a tradition, that for him was reserved the empire of the world. Most authors tell the story that Alexander finding himself unable to untie the knot, the ends of which were secretly twisted round and folded up within it, cut it asunder with his sword. But Aristobulus tells us it was easy for him to undo it, by only pulling the pin out of the pole, to which the yoke was tied, and afterwards drawing off the yoke itself from below. From hence he advanced into Paphlagonia and Cappadocia, both which countries he soon reduced to obedience, and then hearing of the death of Memnon, the best commander Darius had upon the sea-coasts, who, if he had lived, might, it was supposed, have put many impediments and difficulties in the way of the progress of his arms, he was the rather encouraged to carry the war into the upper provinces of Asia.

Darius was by this time upon his march from Susa, very confident, not only in the number of his men, which amounted to six hundred thousand, but likewise in a dream, which the Persian soothsayers interpreted rather in flattery to him than according to the natural probability. He dreamed that he saw the Macedonian phalanx all on fire, and Alexander waiting on him, clad in the same dress which he himself had been used to wear when he was courier to the late king; after which, going into the temple of Belus, he vanished out of his sight. The dream would appear to have superhumanly signified to him the illustrious actions the Macedonians were to perform, and that as he, from a courier's place, had risen to the throne, so Alexander should come to be

master of Asia, and not long surviving his conquests, conclude his life with glory. Darius's confidence increased the more, because Alexander spent so much time in Cilicia, which he imputed to his cowardice. But it was sickness that detained him there, which some say he contracted from his fatigues, others from bathing in the river Cydnus, whose waters were exceedingly cold. However it happened none of his physicians would venture to give him any remedies, they thought his case so desperate, and were so afraid of the suspicions and ill-will of the Macedonians if they should fail in the cure; till Philip, the Acarnanian, seeing how critical his case was, but relying on his own well-known friendship for him, resolved to try the last efforts of his art, and rather hazard his own credit and life than suffer him to perish for want of physic, which he confidently administered to him, encouraging him to take it boldly, if he desired a speedy recovery, in order to prosecute the war. At this very time, Parmenio wrote to Alexander from the camp, bidding him have a care of Philip, as one who was bribed by Darius to kill him, with great sums of money, and a promise of his daughter in marriage. When he had perused the letter, he put it under his pillow, without showing it so much as to any of his most intimate friends, and when Philip came in with the potion, he took it with great cheerfulness and assurance, giving him meantime the letter to read. This was a spectacle well worth being present at, to see Alexander take the draught and Philip read the letter at the same time, and then turn and look upon one another, but with different sentiments; for Alexander's looks were cheerful and open, to show his kindness to and confidence in his physician, while the other was full of surprise and alarm at the accusation, appealing to the gods to witness his innocence, sometimes lifting up his hands to heaven, and then throwing himself down by the bedside, and beseeching Alexander to lay aside all fear, and follow his directions without apprehension. For the medicine at first worked so strongly as to drive, so to say, the vital forces into the interior; he lost his speech, and falling into a swoon, had scarce any sense or pulse left. However, in no long time, by Philip's means, his health and strength returned, and he showed himself in public to the Macedonians, who were in continual fear and dejection until they saw him abroad again.

There was at this time in Darius's army a Macedonian refugee, named Amyntas, one who was pretty well acquainted with Alexander's character. This man, when he saw Darius intended to fall upon the enemy in the passes and defiles, advised him earnestly to keep where he was, in the open and extensive plains, it being the advantage of a numerous army to have field-room

enough when it engages with a lesser force. Darius, instead of taking his counsel, told him he was afraid the enemy would endeavour to run away, and so Alexander would escape out of his hands. "That fear," replied Amyntas, "is needless, for assure yourself that far from avoiding you, he will make all the speed he can to meet you, and is now most likely on his march toward you." But Amyntas's counsel was to no purpose, for Darius immediately decamping, marched into Cilicia at the same time that Alexander advanced into Syria to meet him; and missing one another in the night, they both turned back again. Alexander, greatly pleased with the event, made all the haste he could to fight in the defiles, and Darius to recover his former ground, and draw his army out of so disadvantageous a place. For now he began to perceive his error in engaging himself too far in a country in which the sea, the mountains, and the river Pinarus running through the midst of it would necessitate him to divide his forces, render his horse almost unserviceable, and only cover and support the weakness of the enemy. Fortune was not kinder to Alexander in the choice of the ground, than he was careful to improve it to his advantage. For being much inferior in numbers, so far from allowing himself to be outflanked, he stretched his right wing much further out than the left wing of his enemies, and fighting there himself in the very foremost ranks, put the barbarians to flight. In this battle he was wounded in the thigh, Chares says, by Darius, with whom he fought hand to hand. But in the account which he gave Antipater of the battle, though indeed he owns he was wounded in the thigh with a sword, though not dangerously, yet he takes no notice who it was that wounded him.

Nothing was wanting to complete this victory, in which he overthrew above an hundred and ten thousand of his enemies, but the taking the person of Darius, who escaped very narrowly by flight. However, having taken his chariot and his bow, he returned from pursuing him, and found his own men busy in pillaging the barbarians' camp, which (though to disburden themselves they had left most of their baggage at Damascus) was exceedingly rich. But Darius's tent, which was full of splendid furniture and quantities of gold and silver, they reserved for Alexander himself, who, after he had put off his arms, went to bathe himself, saying, "Let us now cleanse ourselves from the toils of war in the bath of Darius." "Not so," replied one of his followers, "but in Alexander's rather; for the property of the conquered is and should be called the conqueror's." Here, when he beheld the bathing vessels, the water-pots, the pans, and the ointment boxes, all of gold curiously wrought, and smelt the fragrant odours with which the whole

place, was exquisitely perfumed, and from thence passed into a pavilion of great size and height, where the couches and tables and preparations for an entertainment were perfectly magnificent, he turned to those about him and said, "This, it seems, is royalty."

THE SECOND BRITISH EXPEDITION

BY

JULIUS CAESAR

IN the consulship of Lucius Domitius and Appius Claudius, on the eve of my departure for Italy (a journey I had been making annually for the past few years), I directed my staff to arrange for the building of as many ships as possible during the winter and to have the old ones repaired. Detailed instructions were left for the dimensions and shape of these new vessels. To simplify loading and beaching they were to be constructed with a somewhat lower freeboard than that commonly used in the Mediterranean, especially as I had noticed that, owing to the frequent ebb and flow of tides, the waves in the Channel are comparatively small. To allow for heavy cargoes, including numerous pack-animals, they were to be rather wider in the beam than those used in other waters; and all were to be fitted with sails as well as oars, an arrangement which was greatly facilitated by their low freeboard. Materials for their equipment were ordered from Spain.

After concluding the assizes in northern Italy I started for Illyricum because of reports that the Pirustae were raiding over the adjacent frontier and causing serious damage in that province. On arrival I ordered the native states to levy troops, and named a place for their assembly; the Pirustae, however, got news of this and sent representatives to say that none of the raids had the authority of their government, which was ready to make full reparation. I accepted their assurance and demanded hostages, but made it quite clear that unless they were handed over by a fixed date it would mean war.

The hostages were punctually delivered, and arbitrators were then appointed to assess the damage suffered by the various tribes and to decide what reparation was due.

After disposing of that business and holding assizes, I returned to northern Italy and from there started back to rejoin the army. Soon after my arrival in Gaul I began a tour of the winter camps, and found that, notwithstanding grave shortage of materials, the troops had worked so hard that there were about six hundred ships of the types described, including eighteen transports, ready for

launching in a few days. After congratulating the men and those in charge of the work, I gave instructions that all vessels were to assemble at Boulogne, which had been found by experience to be the most convenient starting-point for the Channel crossing, being some twenty-eight miles from the coast of Britain. Sufficient troops were left to carry out these orders while I started with four legions in light marching order and eight hundred cavalry for the Moselle basin where, according to reports, the Treveri were defying orders by absenting themselves from the annual Gallic diets and were making overtures to the Germans beyond the Rhine.

The Treveri, it will be remembered, are a Rhineland tribe: they have the most powerful cavalry corps in Gaul as well as strong forces of infantry, and two of their chieftains—Indutiomarus and Cingetorix—were at this time contending for supreme authority. Directly Cingetorix learned of our approach he paid me a visit, emphasised that he and his followers intended to support the Roman alliance, and gave me an account of the state of affairs in his country. Indutiomarus, on the other hand, began preparing for war: he assembled forces of cavalry and infantry, and concealed all those above or below military age in the great forest of Ardennes, which stretches from the Rhine through Treveran territory to the eastern borders of Champagne. However, some of his most important followers, influenced by their personal friendship with Cingetorix, and frightened by the approach of a Roman army, came to meet me. They said there was nothing they could do to help their country, and made certain requests with an eye to their personal interests. Indutiomarus now feared complete isolation: he sent representatives who apologised on behalf of their chief for his failure to put in an appearance, and explained that his presence at home was necessary to ensure the loyalty of his subjects. If every man of rank, the message went on, were to make this journey, there was danger that the ignorant masses might be led astray. As it was, he had everything under control, and intended, subject to my approval, to visit me in camp, where he would place himself and his tribe under my protection.

The motive behind this statement was clear enough; it was obvious, too, what prevented him going ahead with his original design: but I did not want to have to spend the whole summer in that part of the world when arrangements for the British expedition were complete. I therefore ordered Indutiomarus to present himself with two hundred hostages, naming in particular his son and all his near relatives. They arrived in due course, and I told him he had nothing to fear as long as he remained loyal. At the same time, however, I summoned other dignitaries of the tribe and—

won them over individually to Cingetorix. He fully deserved this expression of confidence; but there were also diplomatic reasons for strengthening the authority of a man of such distinguished loyalty. Indutiomarus, however, was most of all offended by the gesture, which struck at his own power and fanned the flames of animosity which he already felt towards Rome.

After settling that matter we made our way back to Boulogne and found that sixty ships built on the lower Marne had been driven off their course by a storm, and had returned to their starting point: the rest were in commission and ready to sail. The entire Gallic cavalry corps of four thousand horse now assembled at the port, as well as the most prominent citizens from every state. Being afraid of a rising in Gaul during my absence, I had decided to leave behind only a few of these men, whose loyalty was beyond question, and to take the others as hostages.

Among these Gallic leaders was the notorious Dumnorix. I was resolved from the start to keep this man with me, knowing him to be at heart a revolutionary, ambitious, brave, and highly respected by his fellow Gauls. Furthermore, he had stated in the Aeduan council that I had offered to make him ruler of the tribe, a claim which the Aedui strongly resented: they had not dared to send an open rejection of, or even to protest against, such a proposal, but I learned the truth from some friends at whose house I had stayed. At all events, Dumnorix began by pressing for leave to remain in Gaul: he said he was not used to sailing and was frightened of the sea; also that religious obligations made his presence at home absolutely essential. When he realised I was adamant and there was no chance of getting his own way, he approached the Gallic chiefs, talked with them privately one by one, and urged them to remain on the Continent. He argued that I must have some ulterior motive in robbing Gaul of all her leading citizens: no doubt I shrank from putting them to death openly in their own country, and therefore meant to do so as soon as I got them over to Britain. He suggested that they should all bind themselves by oath to work together for a better Gaul.

The foregoing information was derived from various sources; and because of my very high regard for the Aedui I came to the conclusion that Dumnorix must at all costs be restrained and prevented from achieving his ends. Since his fanaticism was going from bad to worse, precautions were necessary to forestall an attempt on my own life and possible damage to Roman interests. We were detained at Boulogne for just over three weeks by the prevailing north-west winds, and in the meantime I did my best to hold Dumnorix to his allegiance while keeping myself informed of his every move.

The bad weather eventually lifted: all troops were ordered to embark, and while this operation was proceeding Dumnorix left camp without my knowledge at the head of some Aeduan horse. He made straight for home: but directly his escape was reported I postponed the sailing date, laid aside all other business, and sent a strong cavalry detachment in pursuit. Their orders were to bring him back alive unless he refused and offered resistance, in which case he was to be killed, for a man who flouted my authority to my face could clearly not be trusted to behave like a rational being behind my back. When called on to halt he resisted violently, appealing to the loyalty of his followers, and shouting over and over again: "I'm a free citizen of a free state!" The man was surrounded and killed according to instructions, and his Aeduan escort returned to camp.

Labienus remained on the Continent with three legions and two thousand cavalry: he was to guard the two ports, arrange food supplies, and keep an eye upon events in Gaul. Other measures were left to his discretion. Shortly before sunset* I sailed with five legions and two thousand cavalry; there was a light south-west wind, but about midnight it dropped. The tide carried us right off our course, and at dawn the coast of Britain appeared receding on our port quarter. As soon as the tide turned we rowed hard with it so as to make that part of the island where the best landing points were found last year. The soldiers worked splendidly, and by continuous rowing they enabled the heavily laden transports to keep up with the warships. The whole fleet reached Britain at about noon, but the enemy was nowhere to be seen. We therefore disembarked and chose a site for the camp. Some prisoners revealed that a large native force had originally concentrated on the beaches, but had withdrawn and hidden themselves at Bigbury Woods when they saw the numbers of our fleet. More than eight hundred ships, indeed, must have been visible at once, if one includes those which had survived last year's expedition and some privately owned vessels. We began moving inland just after midnight, leaving ten battalions and three hundred cavalry under Quintus Atrius to guard the fleet. No anxiety was felt about the ships, as they lay at anchor on a nice open shore. A night march of about twelve miles brought us to the Great Stour within sight of the enemy forces. They came down with cavalry and war chariots and, by attacking from higher ground, tried to bar our passage of the river. Repulsed by our cavalry, they retired on the woods where they had a strongly fortified position of great natural strength. It had no doubt been prepared for some war among themselves, for every entrance was blocked by a mass of felled trees. Scattered

* Probably 6 July, 54 B.C.

parties of them came out to fight, and tried to prevent us breaking into the defences; but troops of the Seventh Legion, working under cover of interlocked shields, piled up lumber against the fortifications, stormed the position and drove them from the woods at the cost of only a few minor casualties. I would not allow them to pursue far; the ground was unfamiliar, and I was anxious to use the few remaining hours of daylight for entrenching the camp. Early next day, however, a light force of infantry and cavalry was sent out in three columns to overtake the fugitives. They had gone some way, and on'y their rear-guard was visible, when some troopers arrived with news from Atrius. It appeared that a great storm overnight had wrecked nearly all the ships or cast them ashore; the anchors and cables had parted, seamen and pilots had been helpless, and heavy damage had been suffered as a result of collision.

After giving orders for the recall of our task force I went back to the coast, and found the news only too true: about forty ships were a total loss: the remainder could be repaired, but it would mean a very big job. Skilled workmen were called out from the legions, others were summoned from Gaul, and I wrote to Labienus directing him to build as many ships as he could with the troops at his disposal. Meanwhile it was decided to have all vessels beached and enclosed with the camp in a single line of fortifications: it seemed the best thing to do in spite of the enormous labour involved. Actually the work took ten days to complete with the men working day and night.

As soon as the ships were beached and the camp strongly fortified I returned inland, leaving the same guard as before, and on arrival discovered that larger British forces had assembled under Cassivellaunus. 'This chieftain's territory lies some seventy-five miles from the sea, and is divided from the coastal districts by the river Thames. Until then he had been almost continually at war with the other tribes, but owing to the general alarm inspired by our arrival they had unanimously agreed to confer upon him the supreme command.

The enemy horse and chariots engaged in a fierce running fight with our cavalry, but we had the better of them everywhere and forced them back with heavy casualties into the woods and hills. We suffered a few losses, too, in consequence of a reckless pursuit.

It was not long, however, before the Britons caught us off our guard during the work of entrenchment. They rushed unexpectedly from the woods, attacked the outposts which were stationed in front of the camp and some heavy fighting ensued. The first and second battalions of two legions went to the rescue, and took up positions quite close together; but the troops were unnerved by these strange

tactics, and the enemy with amazing dash broke through the gap and retreated to safety. They were eventually driven off by throwing in more battalions. That day Quintus Laberius Durus, one of our battalion commanders, lost his life.

Throughout this peculiar engagement, which took place in full view of the camp, it was evident that our troops were too heavily armed: they could not follow up when their opponents gave ground, and they dared not abandon their regular formation. The cavalry, too, had an extremely dangerous task. Every now and then the charioteers fell back on purpose, drew them away from the legions, then jumped down and re-engaged them on foot with the odds heavily in their own favour. Besides, they never fought in close order, but always in wide open formation with reserves posted at strategic points, so that one unit covered another's retreat, and fresh vigorous men took the place of their exhausted comrades.

Next day the enemy took up a position on the hills some considerable distance from the camp. Small groups appeared and began to harass our cavalry, though with not quite the same spirit as on the previous day. However, I had sent out a foraging party consisting of three legions under a general officer, Caius Trebonius, and at midday the natives made a concerted attack, pressing right up to the companies on guard. The latter repulsed them in a furious counter-attack, and maintained pressure until the cavalry, heartened by the sight of the legions who were moving up to their support, made a charge which drove the Britons in headlong flight and gave them no chance to close their ranks, to stand firm, or to jump from their chariots. In consequence of the defeat, reinforcements sent by the neighbouring tribes dispersed, and the Britons never again fought us in a general action.

On learning the enemy's plan, we moved up in full strength to the Thames, preparatory to entering Cassivellaunus's dominions. The river can be forded at only one point and even there the crossing was difficult. Large native forces appeared in battle order on the far bank, which was also defended by a line of pointed stakes; and some deserters in our custody revealed that more of these obstacles were planted under water in the river-bed. The cavalry were sent over first, the infantry being ordered to follow soon afterwards; but the legionaries dashed through with such speed (though only their heads were above water), that they were over as soon as the mounted troops. The Britons, overpowered by this combined attack, fled from the bank.

Cassivellaunus had now given up the idea of fighting a pitched battle. He disbanded most of his forces, and followed our line of march with some four thousand chariots. Keeping off the main

route under cover of dense thickets, he drove the inhabitants and their cattle from the open country into the woods wherever he knew that we should pass. If our cavalry ranged too far to plunder and devastate the neighbourhood they were in grave danger from native chariots sent out from the woods to engage them. In face of this threat they could not go far afield: I was obliged to keep them in touch with the main column and be content with such damage as we could do by ravaging and burning the countryside within reach of the legions.

Meanwhile envoys had arrived from the Trinovantes, who were about the strongest tribe in that area. One of their princes, a young man named Mandubracius, had come over to the Continent and put himself under my protection: he had fled for his life when his father, King of Trinovantes, was assassinated by Cassivellaunus. The envoys promised submission and obedience to my orders: they asked me to defend Mandubracius against the malice of Cassivellaunus, and to send him back an independent ruler of his people. I demanded forty hostages and a supply of grain for the troops. These were promptly delivered, and Mandubracius returned home.

When it became known that the Trinovantes were securely protected and suffered no harm from our troops, five more tribes from southern and eastern Britain sent delegations and submitted. They told me we were not far from Cassivellaunus's stronghold, which was strategically placed among woods and marshland, and that large numbers of men and cattle were gathered there.

Incidentally the Britons call a "stronghold" any densely wooded spot fortified with a rampart and trench and used as a refuge against attack by marauding bands.

I started for this place with the legions, and notwithstanding its superb natural defences, which had been improved by strong fortifications, we proceeded to the assault on two sides. After a very brief resistance the enemy gave way and escaped on another side. Great quantities of cattle were found there and many of the fugitives were overtaken and killed.

During these operations Cassivellaunus sent envoys to the four Kentish rulers, Cingetorix, Carvilius, Taximagulus, and Legovax, directing them to make a surprise assault on our naval base. As soon as their forces appeared the garrison attacked from the gates, killed many of them, took prisoner one of their leaders, a chieftain named Lugotorix, and retired without loss. The news of this engagement found Cassivellaunus already perturbed by his many reverses, by the devastation of his country, and above all by the defection of his allies. Acting through Commius, he sent a delegation to discuss terms of surrender. I had decided to winter on the

Continent for fear of sudden risings in Gaul; besides, summer was nearly over, and it was clear that the enemy could easily hold out for the rest of the campaigning season: so I demanded hostages, fixed the annual tribute payable from Britain into the Roman treasury, and strictly forbade Cassivellaunus to interfere with Mandubracius and the Trinovantes. After receiving these hostages we returned to the coast. The ships had been repaired and were now launched; but since we had numerous prisoners, and some vessels had become a total loss in the recent storm, I decided to make the return voyage in two trips. It is worth noting that of the large fleets which had made so many voyages in the past twelve months, not one ship with troops on board was lost. As for the empty vessels, which included those on their way back from Gaul after disembarking the first contingent, and the sixty ships newly constructed under Labienus's supervision, very few of them reached their destination: the majority were forced back to land by bad weather. We awaited them for some time in vain, until the approach of the equinox threatened to prevent our sailing at all, and there was nothing for it but to embark in what ships we had, though this necessitated a good deal of overloading. But a dead calm set in; we weighed anchor a little after 9 p.m., and the whole fleet reached land safely at dawn.

THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS

BY

LORD LYTTON

ON the fourteenth of October, 1066, the day of St. Calixtus, the Norman force was drawn out in battle array. Mass had been said; Odo and the Bishop of Coutance had blessed the troops; and received their vow never more to eat flesh on the anniversary of that day. And Odo had mounted his snow-white charger, and already drawn up the cavalry against the coming of his brother the Duke. The army was marshalled in three great divisions.

Roger de Montgommeri and William Fitzosborne led the first; and with them were the forces from Picardy and the countship of Boulougne, and the fiery Franks; Geoffric Martel and the German Hugues (a prince of fame); Aimeri, Lord of Thouars, and the sons of Alain Fergeant, Duke of Bretagne, led the second, which comprised the main bulk of the allies from Bretagne, and Maine, and Poitou. But both these divisions were intermixed with Normans, under their own special Norman chiefs.

The third section embraced the flower of martial Europe, the most renowned of the Norman race; whether those knights bore the French titles into which their ancestral Scandinavian names had been transformed—Sires of Beaufou and Harcourt, Abbeville, and de Molun, Montfichet, Grantmesnil, Lacie, D'Aincourt, and D'Asnieres;—or whether, still preserving, amidst their daintier titles, the old names that had scattered dismay through the seas of the Baltic; Osborne and Tonstain, Mallet and Bulver, Brand and Bruse. And over this division presided Duke William. Here was the main body of the matchless cavalry, to which, however, orders were given to support either of the other sections, as need might demand. And with this body were also the reserve. For it is curious to notice, that William's strategy resembled in much that of the last Great Invader of Nations—relying first upon the effect of the charge; secondly, upon a vast reserve brought to bear at the exact moment on the weakest point of the foe.

All the horsemen were in complete link or net mail, armed with spears and strong swords, and long, pear-shaped shields, with the

device either of a cross or a dragon. The archers, on whom William greatly relied, were numerous in all three of the corps, were armed more lightly—helms on their heads, but with leather or quilted breastplates, and “panels,” or gaiters, for the lower limbs.

But before the chiefs and captains rode to their several posts, they assembled round William, whom Fitzosborne had called betimes, and who had not yet endued his heavy mail, that all men might see suspended from his throat certain relics chosen out of those on which Harold had pledged his fatal oath. Standing on an eminence in front of all his lines, the consecrated banner behind him, and Bayard, his Spanish destrier, held by his squires at his side, the Duke conversed cheerily with his barons, often pointing to the relics. Then, in sight of all, he put on his mail, and, by the haste of his squires, the back-piece was presented to him first. The superstitious Normans recoiled as at an evil omen.

“Tut!” said the ready chief, “not in omens and divinations, but in God, trust I! Yet good omen indeed is this, and one that may give heart to the most doubtful; for it betokens that the last shall be first—the dukedom a kingdom—the count a king! Ho there, Rou de Terni, as Hereditary Standard-bearer take thy right, and hold fast to yon holy gonfanon.”

“*Grant merci*,” said De Terni, “not today shall a standard be borne by me, for I shall have need of my right arm for my sword, and my left for my charger’s rein and my trusty shield.”

“Thou sayest right, and we can ill spare such a warrior. Gautier Giffart, Sire de Longueville, to thee is ‘he gonfanon.’”

“*Beau Sire*,” answered Gautier; “*par Dex, Merci*. But my head is grey and my arm weak; and the little strength left me I would spend in smiting the English at the head of my men.”

“*Per la resplendar Dé*,” cried William, frowning;—“do ye think, my proud vavasours, to fail me in this great need?”

“Nay,” said Gautier; “but I have a great host of chevaliers and paid soldiers, and without the old [unclear] at their head will they fight as well?”

“Then, approach thou, Tostain le Blanc, son of Rou,” said William; “and be thine the charge of a standard that shall wave ere nightfall over the brows of thy—*King!*” A young knight, tall and strong as his Danish ancestors, stepped forth, and laid gripe on the banner.

Then William, now completely armed, save his helmet, sprang at one bound on his steed. A shout of admiration rang from the Queens and knights.

“Saw ye ever *beau rei*?” said the Vicomte de Thouars.

The shout was caught by the lines, and echoed far, wide, and

deep through the armament, as in all his singular majesty of brow and mien, William rode forth: lifting his hand, the shout hushed, and thus he spoke, "loud as a trumpet with a silver sound."

"Normans and soldiers, long renowned in the lips of men, and now hallowed by the blessing of the Church!—I have not brought you over the wide seas for my cause alone;—what I gain, ye gain. If I take the land, you will share it. Fight your best, and spare not; no retreat, and no quarter! I am not come here for my cause alone, but to avenge our whole nation for the felonies of yonder English. They butchered our kinsmen the Danes, on the night of St. Brice; they murdered Alfred, the brother of their last King, and decimated the Normans who were with him. Yonder they stand,—malefactors that await their doom! and ye the dooms-men! Never, even in a good cause, were yon English illustrious for warlike temper and martial glory. Remember how easily the Danes subdued them! Are ye less than Danes, or I than Canute? By victory ye obtain vengeance, glory, honours, lands, spoil,—aye, spoil, beyond your wildest dreams. By defeat,—yea, even but by loss of ground, ye are given up to the sword! Escape there is not, for the ships are useless. Before you the foe, behind you the ocean. Normans, remember the feats of your countrymen in Sicily! Behold a Sicily more rich! Lordships and lands to the living,—glory and salvation to those who die under the gonfanon of the Church! On, to the cry of the Norman warrior; the cry before which have fled so often the prowdest Paladins of Burgundy and France—*'Notre Dame et Dex aide!'*"

Meanwhile, no less vigilant, and in his own strategy no less skilful, Harold had marshalled his men. He formed two divisions; those in front of the entrenchments; those within it. At the first, the men of Kent, as from time immemorial, claimed the honour of the van, under "the Pale Charger,"—famous banner of Hengist. This force was drawn up in the form of the Anglo-Danish wedge; the foremost lines in the triangle all in heavy mail, armed with their great axes, and covered by their immense shields. Behind these lines, in the interior of the wedge were the archers, protected by the front rows of the heavy armed; while the few horsemen—few indeed compared with the Norman cavalry—were artfully disposed where they could best harass and distract the formidable chivalry with which they were instructed to skirmish, and not peril actual encounter. Other bodies of the light armed; slingers, javelin throwers, and archers, were planted in spots carefully selected, according as they were protected by trees, brushwood, and dykes. The Northumbrians (that is, all the warlike population, north the Humber, including Yorkshire, Westmoreland, Cumberland, etc.)

were, for their present shame and future ruin, absent from that field, save indeed, a few who had joined Harold in his march to London. But there were the mixed races of Hertfordshire and Essex, with the pure Saxons of Sussex and Surrey, and a large body of the sturdy Anglo-Danes from Lincolnshire, Ely and Norfolk. Men, too, there were, half of old British blood, from Dorset, Somerset, and Gloucester.

And all were marshalled according to those touching and pathetic tactics which speak of a nation more accustomed to defend than to aggrieve. To that field the head of each family led his sons and kinsfolk; every ten families (or tything), were united under their own chosen captain. Every ten of these tythings had, again, some loftier chief, dear to the populace in peace; and so on the holy circle spread from household, hamlet, town,—till, all combined, as one county under one Earl, the warriors fought under the eyes of their own kinsfolk, friends, neighbours, chosen chiefs! What wonder that they were brave?

The second division comprised Harold's house-carles, or body-guard,—the veterans especially attached to his family,—the companions of his successful wars,—a select band of the martial East-Anglians,—the soldiers supplied by London and Middlesex, and who, both in arms, discipline, martial temper and athletic habits, ranked high among the most stalwart of the troops, mixed, as their descent was, from the warlike Dane and the sturdy Saxon. In this division, too, was comprised the reserve. And it was all encompassed by the palisades and breastworks, to which were but three sorties, whence the defender might sally, or through which at need the vanguard might secure a retreat. All the heavy armed had mail and shields similar to the Normans, though somewhat less heavy; the light armed had, some tunics of quilted linen, some of hide; helmets of the last materials, spears, javelins, swords, and clubs. But the main arm of the host was in the great shield, and the great axe wielded by men larger in stature and stronger of muscle than the majority of the Normans, whose physical race had deteriorated partly by inter-marriage with the more delicate Frank, partly by the haughty disdain of foot exercise.

Mounting a swift and light steed, intended not for encounter (for it was the custom of English kings to fight on foot, in token that where they fought there was no retreat), but to bear the rider rapidly from line to line, King Harold rode to the front of the vanguard;—his brothers by his side. His head, like his great foe's, was bare, nor could there be a more striking contrast than that of the broad unwrinkled brow of the Saxon, with his fair locks, the sign of royalty and freedom, parted and falling over the collar of

mail, the clear and steadfast eye of blue, the cheek somewhat hollowed by kingly cares, but flushed now with manly pride—the form stalwart and erect, but spare in its graceful symmetry, and void of all that theatric pomp of bearing which was assumed by William—no greater contrast could there be, than that which the simple earnest Hero-king presented, to the brow furrowed with harsh ire and politic wile, the shaven hair of monastic affectation, the dark, sparkling tiger eye, and the vast proportions that awed the gaze in the port and form of the imperious Norman. Deep and loud and hearty as the shout with which his armaments had welcomed William, was that which now greeted the King of the English host: and clear and full, and practised in the storm of popular assemblies, went his voice down the listening lines.

"This day, O friends and Englishmen, sons of our common land—this day ye fight for liberty. The Count of the Norman hath, I know, a mighty army; I disguise not its strength. That army he hath collected together, by promising to each man a share in the spoils of England. Already, in his court and his camp, he hath parcelled out the lands of this kingdom; and fierce are the robbers who fight for the hope of plunder! But he cannot offer to his greatest chief boons nobler than those I offer to my meanest freeman—liberty, and right, and law, in the soil of his fathers! Ye have heard of the miseries endured in the old time under the Dane, but they were slight indeed to those which ye may expect from the Norman. The Dane was kindred to us in language and in law, and who now can tell Saxon from Dane? But yon men would rule ye in a language ye know not, by a law that claims the crown as the right of the sword, and divides the land among the hirelings of an army. We baptised the Dane, and the Church tamed his fierce soul into peace; but yon men make the Church itself their ally, and march to carnage under the banner profaned to the foulest of human wrongs! Out-scourings of all nations, they come against you: Ye fight as brothers under the eyes of your fathers and chosen chiefs; ye fight for the women ye would save from the ravisher; ye fight for the children ye would guard from eternal bondage; ye fight for the altars which yon banner now darkens! Foreign priest is a tyrant as ruthless and stern as ye shall find foreign king! Let no man dream of retreat; every inch of ground that ye yield is the soil of your native land. For me, or this field I peril all. Think that mine eye is upon you wherever ye are. If a line waver or shrink, ye shall hear in the midst the voice of your King. Hold fast to your ranks, remember, such amongst you as fought with me against Hardrada, remember that it was not till the Norsemen lost, by rash sallies, their serried array, that our

arms' prevailed against them. Be warned by their fatal error, break not the form of the battle; and, I tell you on the faith of a soldier who never yet hath left field without victory,—that ye cannot be beaten. While I speak, the winds swell the sails of the Norse ships, bearing home the corpse of Hardrada. Accomplish this day the last triumph of England; add to these hills a new amount of the conquered dead! And when, in far times and strange lands, scald and scop shall praise the brave man for some valiant deed wrought in some holy cause, they shall say, 'He was brave as those who fought by the side of Harold, and swept from the sword of English the hosts of the haughty Norman.'"

Scarcely had the rapturous hurrahs of the Saxons closed on this speech, when full in sight, north-west of Hastings, came the first division of the Invader.

Harold remained gazing at them, and not seeing the other sections in movement, said to Gurth, "If these are all that they venture out, the day is ours."

"Look yonder!" said the sombre Haco, and he pointed to the long array that now gleamed from the wood through which the Saxon kinsmen had passed the night before; and scarcely were these cohorts in view, than lo! from a third quarter advanced the glittering knighthood under the Duke. All three divisions came on in simultaneous assault, two on either wing of the Saxon vanguard, the third (the Norman) towards the entrenchments.

In the midst of the Duke's cohort was the sacred gonfalon, and in front of it and of the whole line, rode a strange warrior of gigantic height. And as he rode, the warrior sang,—

"Chaunting loud the lusty strain
Of Roland and of Charlemain,
And the dead, who, deathless all,
Fell at famous Roncesval."

And the knights, no longer singing hymn and litany, swelled, hoarse through their helmets, the martial chorus. This warrior, in front of the Duke and the horsemen, seemed beside himself with the joy of battle. As he rode, and as he chaunted, he threw up his sword in the air like a gleeman, catching it nimbly as it fell, and flourishing it wildly, till, as if unable to restrain his fierce exhilaration, he fairly put spurs to his horse, and, dashing forward to the very front of a detachment of Saxon riders, shouted,—

"A Taillefer! a Taillefer!" and by voice and gesture challenged forth some one to single combat.

A fiery young thegn who knew the Romance tongue, started forth, and crossed swords with the poet; but by what seemed

rather a juggler's sleight of hand than a knight's fair fence, Taillefer, again throwing up and catching his sword with incredible rapidity, shore the unhappy Saxon from the helm to the chine, and riding over his corpse, shouting and laughing, he again renewed his challenge. A second rode forth and shared the same fate. The rest of the English horsemen stared at each other aghast; the shouting, singing, juggling giant seemed to them not knight, but demon; and that single incident, preliminary to all other battle, in sight of the whole field, might have sufficed to damp the ardour of the English, had not Leofwine, who had been despatched by the King with a message to the entrenchments, come in front of the detachment; and his gay spirit, roused and stung by the insolence of the Norman, and the evident dismay of the Saxon riders, without thought of his graver duties, he spurred his light half-mailed steed to the Norman giant; and not even drawing his sword, but with his spear raised over his head, and his form covered by his shield, he cried in Romance tongue, "Go and chaunt to the foul fiend, O croaking mintsrel!" Taillefer rushed forward, his sword shivered on the Saxon shield, and in the same moment he fell a corpse under the hoofs of his steed, transfixing by the Saxon spear.

A cry of woe, in which even William (who, proud of his poet's achievements, had pressed to the foremost line to see this new encounter) joined his deep voice, wailed through the Norman ranks; while Leofwine rode deliberately towards them, halted a moment, and then flung his spear in the midst with so deadly an aim, that a young knight, within two of William, reeled on his saddle, groaned, and fell.

"How like ye, O Normans, the Saxon gleemen!" said Leofwine, as he turned slowly, regained the detachment, and bade them heed carefully the orders they had received, viz., to avoid the direct charge of the Norman horse, but to take every occasion to harass and divert the stragglers; and then blithely singing a Saxon stave, as if inspired by Norman minstrelsy, he rode into the entrenchments.

The two brethren of Waltham, Osgood and Ailred, had arrived a little after daybreak at the spot in which, about half a mile to the rear of Harold's palisades, the beasts of burden that had borne the heavy arms, missiles, luggage, and forage of the Saxon march, were placed in and about the fenced yards of a farm. And many human beings, of both sexes and various ranks, were there assembled, some in breathless expectation, some in careless talk, some in fervent prayer.

The master of the farm, his sons, and the able-bodied ceorls in his employ, had joined the forces of the King, under Gurth, as Earl of the county. But many aged theowes, past military service, and young children, grouped around: the first, stolid and indifferent—the last, prattling, curious, lively, gay. There, too, were the wives of some of the soldiers, who, as common in Saxon expeditions, had followed their husbands to the field; and there, too, were the ladies of many a Hlaford in the neighbouring district, who, no less true to their mates than the wives of humbler men, were drawn by their English hearts to the fatal spot. A small wooden chapel, half decayed, stood a little behind, with its doors wide open, a sanctuary in case of need; and the interior was thronged with kneeling suppliants.

The two monks joined, with pious gladness, some of their sacred calling, who were leaning over the low wall, and straining their eyes towards the bristling field. A little apart from them, and from all, stood a female; the hood drawn over her face, silent in her unknown thoughts.

By and by, as the march of the Norman multitude sounded hollow, and the trumps, and the fifes, and the shouts, rolled on through the air, in many a stormy peal,—the two abbots in the Saxon camp, with their attendant monks, came riding towards the farm from the entrenchments.

The groups gathered round these new comers in haste and eagerness.

"The battle hath begun," said the Abbot of Hide, gravely. "Pray God for England, for never was its people in peril so great from man."

The female started and shuddered at those words.

"And the King, the King," she cried, in a sudden and thrilling voice; "where is he?—the King?"

"Daughter," said the abbot, "the King's post is by his standard; but I left him in the van of his troops. Where he may be now I know not. Wherever the foe presses sorest."

Then dismounting, the abbots entered the yard, to be accosted instantly by all the wives, who deemed, poor souls, that the holy men must, throughout all the field, have seen *their* lords; for each felt as if God's world hung but on the single life in which each pale trembler lived.

With all their faults of ignorance and superstition, the Saxon churchmen loved their flocks; and the good abbots gave what comfort was in their power, and then passed into the chapel, where all who could find room followed them.

The war now raged.

The two divisions of the invading army that included the auxiliaries, had sought in vain to surround the English vanguard, and take it in the rear: that noble phalanx had no rear. Deepest and strongest at the base of the triangle, everywhere a front opposed the foe; shields formed a rampart against the dart—spears a palisade against the horse. While that vanguard maintained its ground, William could not pierce to the entrenchments, the strength of which, however, he was enabled to perceive. He now changed his tactics, joined his knighthood to the other sections, threw his hosts rapidly into many wings, and leaving broad spaces between his archers—who continued their fiery hail—ordered his heavy-armed foot to advance on all sides upon the wedge, and break its ranks for the awaiting charge of his horse.

Harold, still in the centre of the vanguard, amidst the men of Kent, continued to animate them all with voice and hand; and, as the Normans now closed in, he flung himself from his steed, and strode on foot, with his mighty battle-axe, to the spot where the rush was dreadest.

Now came the shock—the fight hand-to-hand: spear and lance were thrown aside, axe and sword rose and shore. But before the close-serried lines of the English, with their physical strength, and veteran practice in their own special arm, the Norman foot were mowed as by the scythe. In vain, in the intervals, thundered the repeated charges of the fiery knights; in vain, throughout all, came the shaft and the bolt.

Animated by the presence of their King fighting amongst them as a simple soldier, but with his eyes ever quick to foresee, his voice ever prompt to warn, the men of Kent swerved not a foot from their indomitable ranks. The Norman infantry wavered and gave way; on, step by step, still unbroken in array, pressed the English. And their cry, "Out! out! Holy Crosse!" rose high above the flagging sound of "Ha Rou! Ha Rou!—Notre Dame!"

"*Per la resplendar Dé,*" cried William. "Our soldiers are but women in the garb of Normans. Ho, spears to the rescue! With me to the charge, Sires D'Aumale and De Littain—with me, gallant Bruse, and De Mortain; with me, De Graville and Grantmésnil—Dex aide! Notre Dame." And heading his prouest knights, William came, as a thunderbolt, on the bills and shields. Harold, who scarce a minute before had been in a remoter rank, was already at the brunt of that charge. At his word down knelt the foremost line, leaving nought but their shields and their spear-points against the horse. While behind them, the axe in both hands, bent forward the soldiery in the second rank, to smite and to crush. And, from the core of the wedge, poured the shafts of the archers. Down

rolled in the dust half the charge of those knights. Bruse reeled on his saddle; the dread right hand of D'Aumale fell lopped by the axe; De Graville, hurled from his horse, rolled at the feet of Harold; and William, borne by his great steed and his colossal strength into the third rank—there dealt, right and left, the fierce strokes of his iron club, till he felt his horse sinking under him—and had scarcely time to back from the foe—scarcely time to get beyond reach of their weapons, ere the Spanish destrier, frightfully gashed through its strong mail, fell dead on the plain. His knights swept round him. Twenty barons leapt from saddle to yield him their charges. He chose the one nearest to hand, sprang to foot and to stirrup, and rode back to his lines. Meanwhile De Graville's casque, its string broken by the shock, had fallen off, and, as Harold was about to strike, he recognised his guest.

Holding up his hand to keep off the press of his men, the generous King said briefly—"Rise and retreat!—no time on this field for captor and captive. He whom thou hast called recreant knight, has been Saxon lost. Thou hast fought by his side, thou shalt not die by his hand!—Go."

Not a word spoke De Graville; but his dark eye dwelt one minute with mingled pity and reverence on the King; then rising, he turned away; and slowly, as if he disdained to fly, strode back over the corpses of his countrymen.

"Stay, all hands!" cried the King to his archers; "yon man hath tasted our salt, and done us good service of old. He hath paid his weregeld."

Not a shaft was discharged.

Meanwhile, the Norman infantry, who had been before recoiling no sooner saw their Duke (whom they recognised by his steed and equipment) fall on the ground, than, setting up a shout—"The Duke is dead!" they fairly turned round, and fled fast in disorder.

The fortune of the day was now well nigh turned in favour of the Saxons; and the confusion of the Normans, as the cry of "The Duke is dead!" reached, and circled round, the host, would have been irrecoverable, had Harold possessed a cavalry fit to press the advantage gained, or had not William, himself rushed into the midst of the fugitives, throwing his helmet back on his neck, showing his face, all animated with fierce valour and disdainful wrath, while he cried aloud—

"I live, ye varlets! Behold the face of a chief who never yet forgave coward! Ay, tremble more at me than at yon English, doomed and accursed as they be! Ye Normans, ye! I blush for you!" and striking the foremost in the retreat with the flat of his

sword, chiding, stimulating, threatening, promising in a breath, he succeeded in staying the flight, reforming the lines, and dispelling the general panic. Then, as he joined his own chosen knights, and surveyed the field, he beheld an opening which the advanced position of the Saxon vanguard had left, and by which his knights might gain the entrenchments. He mused, a moment, his face still bare, and brightening, as he mused. Looking round him, he saw Mallet de Graville, who had remounted, and said, shortly:

"*Pardex*, dear knight, we thought you already with St. Michael!—joy, that you live yet to be an English earl. Look you, ride to Fitzosborne with the signal-word, '*Li Hardiz passent avant!*' Off, and quick."

De Graville bowed, and darted across the plain.

"Now, my Queens and chevaliers," said William, gaily, as he closed his helmet, and took from his squire another spear; "now, I shall give ye the day's great pastime. Pass the word, Sire de Tancarville, to every horseman—'Charge!—to the Standard!'"

The word passed, the steeds bounded, and the whole force of William's knighthood, scouring the plain to the rear of the Saxon vanguard, made for the entrenchments.

At that sight, Harold, divining the object, and seeing this new and more urgent demand on his presence, halted the battalions over which he had presided, and, yielding the command to Leofwine, once more briefly but strenuously enjoined the troops to heed well their leaders, and on no account to break the wedge, in the form of which lay their whole strength, both against the cavalry and the greater number of the foe. Then mounting his horse, and attended only by Haco, he spurred across the plain, in the opposite direction to that taken by the Normans. In doing so, he was forced to make a considerable circuit towards the rear of the entrenchment, and the farm, with its watchful groups, came in sight. He distinguished the garbs of the women, and Haco said to him,—

"There wait the wives, to welcome the living victors."

"Or search their lords among the dead!" answered Harold. "Who Haco, if we fall, will search for us?"

As the word left his lips, he saw, under a lonely thorn-tree, and scarce out of bowshot from the entrenchments, a woman seated. The King looked hard at the bended, hooded form.

"Poor wretch!" he murmured, "her heart is in the battle!" And he shouted aloud, "Farther off! farther off!—the war rushes hitherward!"

At the sound of that voice the woman rose, stretched her arms, and sprang forward. But the Saxon chiefs had already turned their faces towards the neighbouring ingress into the ramparts, and be-

held not her movement, while the tramp of rushing chargers, the shout and the roar of clashing war, drowned the wail of her feeble cry—

"I have heard him again, again!" murmured the woman, "God be praised!" and she re-seated herself quietly under the lonely thorn.

As Harold and Haco sprang to their feet within the entrenchments, the shout of "the King—the King!—Holy Crosse!" came in time to rally the force at the farther end, now undergoing the full storm of the Norman chivalry.

The willow ramparts were already rent and hewed beneath the hoofs of horses and the clash of swords; and the sharp points on the frontals of the Norman destriers were already gleaming within the entrenchments, when Harold arrived at the brunt of action. The tide was then turned; not one of those rash riders left the entrenchments they had gained; steel and horse alike went down beneath the ponderous battle-axes; and William, again foiled and baffled, drew off his cavalry with the reluctant conviction that those breastworks, so manned, were not to be won by horse. Slowly the knights retreated down the slope of the hillock, and the English, animated by that sight, would have left their stronghold to pursue, but for the warning cry of Harold. The interval in the strife thus gained was promptly and vigorously employed in repairing the palisades. And this done, Harold, turning to Haco, and the thegns round him, said joyously,—

"By Heaven's help we shall yet win this day. And know you not that it is my fortunate day—the day on which, hitherto, all hath prospered with me, in peace and in war—the day of my birth?"

"Of your birth!" echoed Haco in surprise.

"Ay—did you not know it?"

"Nay!—strange!—it is also the birthday of Duke William! What would astrologers say to the meeting of such stars?" *

Harold's cheek paled, but his helmet concealed the paleness: his arm drooped. The strange dream of his youth again came distinct before him, as it had come in the hall of the Norman at the sight of the ghastly relics;—again he saw the shadowy hand from the cloud—again heard the voice murmuring—"Lo the star that shone on the birth of the victor"; again he heard the words of Hilda interpreting the dream—again the chaunt which the dead or the fiend had poured from the rigid lips of the Vala. It

* Harold's birthday was certainly the 14th October. According to Mr. Roscoe, in his *Life of William the Conqueror*, William was born also on the 14th of October.

boomed on his ear; hollow as a death bell it knelled through the roar of battle—

“Never

Crown and brow shall Force dis sever,
Till the dead men, unforgiving,
Loose the war-steeds on the living
Till a sun whose race is ending
Sees the rival stars contenting,
Where the dead men, unforgiving,
Wheel their war-steeds round the living!”

Faded the vision, and died the chaunt, as a breath that dims, and vanishes from, the mirror of steel. The breath was gone—the firm steel was bright once more; and suddenly the King was recalled to the sense of the present hour, by shouts and cries, in which the yell of Norman triumph predominated, at the further end of the field. The signal words to Fitzosborne had conveyed to that chief the order for the mock charge on the Saxon vanguard, to be followed by the feigned flight; and so artfully had this stratagem been practised, that despite all the solemn orders of Harold, despite even the warning cry of Leofwine, who, rash and gay-hearted though he was, had yet a captain's skill—the bold English, their blood heated by long contest and seeming victory, could not resist pursuit. They rushed forward impetuously, breaking the order of their hitherto indomitable phalanx, and the more eagerly because the Normans had unwittingly taken their way towards a part of the ground concealing dykes and ditches, into which the English trusted to precipitate the foe. It was as William's knights retreated from the breastworks that this fatal error was committed; and pointing towards the disordered Saxons with a wild laugh of revengeful joy, William set spurs to his horse, and followed by all his chivalry, joined the cavalry of Poitou and Boulogne in their swoop upon the scattered array. Already the Norman infantry had turned round—already the horses, that lay in ambush amongst the brushwood near the dykes, had thundered forth. The whole of the late impregnable vanguard was broken up, divided corps,—hemmed in; horse after horse charging to the rear, to the front, to the flank, to the right, to the left.

Gurth, with the men of Surrey and Sussex had alone kept their ground, but they were now compelled to advance to the aid of their scattered comrades; and coming up in close order, they not only awhile stayed the slaughter, but again half turned the day. Knowing the country thoroughly, Gurth lured the foe into the ditches concealed within a hundred yards of their own ambush, and there

the havoc of the foreigners was so great, that the hollows are said to have been literally made level with the plain by their corpses. Yet this combat, however fierce, and however skill might seek to repair the former error, could not be long maintained against such disparity of numbers: And meanwhile, the whole of the division under Geoffroi Martel, and his co-captains, had by a fresh order of William's occupied the space between the entrenchments and the more distant engagement; thus when Harold looked up, he saw the foot of the hillocks so lined with steel, as to render it hopeless that he himself could win to the aid of his vanguard. He set his teeth firmly, looked on, and only by gesture and smothered exclamations showed his emotions of hope and fear. At length he cried,—

• "Gallant Gurth! brave Leofwine, look to their pennons; right, right; well fought, sturdy Vebba! Ha! they are moving this way. The wedge cleaves on—it cuts its path through the heart of the foe." And indeed, the chiefs now drawing off the shattered remains of their countrymen, still disunited, but still each section shaping itself wedge-like,—on came the English, with their shields over their head, through the tempest of missiles, against the rush of the steeds, here and there, through the plains, up the slopes, towards the entrenchment, in the teeth of the formidable array of Martel, and harassed behind by hosts that seemed numberless. The King could restrain himself no longer. He selected five hundred of his bravest and most practised veterans, yet comparatively fresh, and commanding the rest to stay firm, descended the hills, and charged unexpectedly into the rear of the mingled Normans and Bretons.

This sortie, well-timed though desperate, served to cover and favour the retreat of the straggling Saxons. Many, indeed, were cut off, but Gurth, Leofwine, and Vebba hewed the way for their followers to the side of Harold, and entered the entrenchments, close followed by the nearer foe, who were again repulsed amidst the shouts of the English.

But, alas! small indeed the band thus saved, and hopeless the thought that the small detachments of English still surviving and scattered over the plain, would ever win to their aid.

Yet in those scattered remnants were, perhaps almost the only men who, availing themselves of their acquaintance with the country, and despairing of victory, escaped by flight from the Field of BANGUELAC. Nevertheless, within the entrenchments not a man had lost heart; the day was already far advanced, no impression had been yet made on the outworks, the position seemed as impregnable as a fortress of stone; and, truth to say, even the bravest Normans were disheartened, when they looked to that eminence which had foiled the charge of William himself. The Duke, in the

recent *mêlée*, had received more than one wound, his third horse that day had been slain under him. The slaughter among the knights and nobles had been immense, for they had exposed their persons with the most desperate valour. And William, after surveying the rout of nearly one half of the English army, heard everywhere, to his wrath and his shame, murmurs of discontent and dismay at the prospect of scaling the heights, in which the gallant remnant had found their refuge. At this critical juncture, Odo of Bayeux, who had hitherto remained in the rear, with the crowds of monks that accompanied the armament, rode into the full field, where all the hosts were re-forming their lines. He was in complete mail, but a white surplice was drawn over the steel, his head was bare, and in his right hand he bore the crozier. A formidable club, swung by a leather noose from his wrist, to be used only for self-defence: the canons forbade the priest to strike mefely in assault.

Behind the milk-white steed of Odo came the whole body of reserve, fresh and unbreathed, free from the terrors of their comrades, and stung into proud wrath at the delay of the Norman conquest.

"How now—how now!" cried the prelate; "do ye flag? do ye falter when the sheaves are down, and ye have but to gather up the harvest? How now, sons of the Church! warriors of the Cross! avengers of the Saints! Desert your Count, if ye please; but shrink not back from a Lord mightier than man. Lo, I come forth, to ride side by side with my brother, bare-headed, the crozier in my hand. He who fails his liege is but a coward—he who fails the Church is apostate!"

The fierce shout of the reserve closed this harangue, and the words of the prelate, as well as the physical aid he brought to back them, renerved the army. And now the whole of William's mighty host, covering the field, till its lines seemed to blend with the grey horizon, came on serried, steadied, orderly—to all sides of the entrenchment. Aware of the inutility of his horse, till the breastworks were cleared, William placed in the van all his heavy armed foot, spearmen, and archers, to open the way through the palisades, the sorties from which had now been carefully closed.

As they came up the hills, Harold turned to Haco and said, "Where is thy battle-axe?"

"Harold," answered Haco, with more than his usual tone of sombre sadness, "I desire now to be thy shield-bearer, for thou must use thine axe with both hands while the day lasts, and thy shield is useless. Wherefore thou strike, and I will shield thee."

"Thou lovest me, then, son of Sweyn? I have sometimes doubted it."

"I love thee as the best part of my life, and with thy life ceases mine: it is my heart that my shield guards when it covers the breast of Harold."

"I would bid thee live, poor youth," whispered Harold; "but what were life if this day were lost? Happy, then, will be those who die!"

Scarce had the words left his lips ere he sprang to the breastwork, and with a sudden sweep of his axe, down dropped a helm that peered above them. But helm after helm succeeds. Now they come on, swarm upon swarm, as wolves on a traveller, as bears round a bark. Countless, amidst their carnage, on they come! The arrows of the Norman blacken the air: with deadly precision, to each arm, each limb, each front exposed above the bulwarks—whirrs the shaft. They clamber the palisades, the foremen fall dead under the Saxon axe; new thousands rush on: vain is the might of Harold, vain had been a Harold's might in every Saxon there! The first row of breastworks is forced—it is trampled, hewn, crushed down, cumbered with the dead. "Ha Rou! Ha Rou! Notre Dame! Notre Dame!" sounds joyous and shrill, the charges snort and leap, and charge into the circle. High wheels in air the great mace of William; bright by the slaughterers flashes the crozier of the Church.

"On, Normans!—Earldom and land!" cries the Duke.

"On, Sons of the Church! Salvation and heaven!" shouts the voice of Odo.

The first breastwork down—the Saxons yielding inch by inch, foot by foot, are pressed, crushed back, into the second enclosure. The same rush, and swarm, and fight, and cry, and roar: The second enclosure gives way. And now in the centre of the third—lo, before the eyes of the Normans, towers proudly aloft, and shines in the rays of the westering sun, brodered with gold, and, blazing with mystic gems, the standard of England's King! And there, are gathered the reserve of the English host; there, the heroes who had never yet known defeat—unwearied they by the battle—vigorous, high-hearted still; and round them the breastworks were thicker, and stronger, and higher, and fastened by chains to pillars of wood and staves of iron, with the waggons and carts of the baggage, and piles logs of timber—barricades at which even, William paused aghast, and Odo stifled an exclamation that became not a priestly lip.

Before that standard, in the front of the men, stood Gurth, and Leofwine, and Haco, and Harold, the last leaning for rest upon his axe, for he was sorely wounded in many places, and the blood oozed through the links of his mail.

Live, Harold; live yet, and Saxon England shall not die!

The English archers had at no time been numerous; most of them had served with the vanguard, and the shafts of those within the ramparts were spent; so that the foe had time to pause and to breathe. The Norman arrows meanwhile flew fast and thick, but William noted to his grief that they struck against the tall breastworks and barricades, and so failed in the slaughter they should inflict.

"He mused a moment, and sent one of his knights to call to him three of the chiefs of the archers. They were soon at the side of his destrier.

"See ye not, *maladroits*," said the Duke, "that your shafts and bolts fall harmless on those ozier walls? Shoot in the air; let the arrows fall perpendicular on those within—fall as the vengeance of the saints falls—direct from heaven! Give me thy bow, Archer,—thus." He drew the bow as he sat on his steed, the arrow flashed up, and descended in the heart of the reserve, within a few feet of the standard.

"So, that standard be your mark," said the Duke, giving back the bow.

The archers withdrew. The order circulated through their bands, and in a few moments more down came the iron rain. It took the English hosts as by surprise, piercing hide cap, and even iron helm; and in the very surprise that made them instinctively look up—death came.

A dull groan as from many hearts boomed from the entrenchments on the Norman ear.

"Now," said William, "they must either use their shields to guard their heads—and their axes are useless—or while they smite with the axe they fall by the shaft. On now to the ramparts. I see my crown already resting on yonder standard!"

Yet despite all, the English bear up; the thickness of the palisades, the comparative smallness of the last enclosure, more easily therefore manned and maintained by the small force of the survivors, defy other weapons than those of the bow. Every Norman who attempts to scale the breastwork is slain on the instant, and his body cast forth under the hoofs of the baffled steeds. The sun sinks near and nearer towards the red horizon.

"Courage!" cries the voice of Harold, "hold but till nightfall, and ye are saved. Courage and freedom!"

"Harold and Holy Crosse!" is the answer.

Still foiled, William again resolves to hazard his fatal stratagem. He marked that quarter of the enclosure which was most remote from the chief point of attack—most remote from the provident

watch of Harold, whose cheering voice, ever and anon, he recognised amidst the hurtling glanhour. In this quarter the palisades were the weakest, and the ground the least elevated; but it was guarded by men on whose skill with axe and shield Harold placed the firmest reliance—the Anglo-Danes of his old East-Anglian earldom. Thither, then, the Duke advanced a chosen column of his heavy-armed foot, tutored especially by himself in the rehearsals of his favourite *ruse*, and accompanied by a band of archers; while at the same time, he himself, with his brother Odo, headed a considerable company of knights under the son of the great Roger de Beaumont, to gain the contiguous level heights on which now stretches the little town of "Battle;" there to watch and to aid the manœuvre. The foot column advanced to the appointed spot, and after a short, close, and terrible conflict, succeeded in making a wide breach in the breastworks. But that temporary success only animates yet more the exertions of the beleaguered defenders, and swarming round the breach, and pouring through it, line after line of the foe drop beneath their axes. The column of the heavy-armed Normans falls back down the slopes—they give way—they turn in disorder—they retreat—they fly; but the archers stand firm, midway on the descent—those archers seem an easy prey to the English—the temptation is irresistible. Long galled, and harassed, and maddened by the shafts, the Anglo-Danes rush forth at the heels of the Norman swordsmen, and sweeping down to exterminate the archers, the breach that they leave gapes wide.

"Forward," cries William, and he gallops toward the breach.

"Forward," cries Odo, "I see the hands of the holy saints in the air! Forward! it is the Dead that wheel our war-steeds round the living!"

On rush the Norman knights. But Harold is already in the breach, rallying around him hearts eager to replace the shattered breastworks.

"Close shields! Hold fast!" shouts his kingly voice.

Before him were the steeds of Bruse and Grantmesnil. At his breast their spears;—Haco holds over the breast the shield. Swinging aloft with both hands his axe, the spear of Grantmesnil is shattered in twain by the King's stroke. Cloven to the skull rolls the steed of Bruse. Knight and steed roll on the bloody sward.

But a blow from the sword of De Lacy has broken down the guardian shield of Haco. The son of Sweyn is stricken to his knee. With lifted blades and whirling maces the Norman knights charge through the breach.

"Look up, look up, and guard thy head," cries the fatal voice of Haco to the King.

At that cry the King raises his flashing eyes. Why halts his stride? Why drops the axe from his hand? As he raised his head, down came the hissing death shaft. It smote the lifted face; it crushed into the dauntless eye-ball. He reeled, he staggered, he fell back several yards, at the foot of his gorgeous standard. With desperate hand he broke the head of the shaft, and left the baro, quivering in the anguish.

Gurth knelt over him.

"Fight on," gasped the King, "conceal my death! Holy Crosse! England to the rescue! woe—woe!"

Rallying himself a moment, he sprang to his feet, clenched his right hand, and fell once more,—a corpse.

At the same moment a simultaneous rush of horsemen towards the standard bore back a line of Saxons, and covered the body of the King with heaps of the slain.

His helmet cloven in two, his face all streaming with blood, but still calm in its ghastly hues, amidst the foremost of those slain, fell the fated Haco. He fell with his head on the breast of Harold, kissed the bloody cheek with bloody lips, groaned, and died.

Inspired by despair with superhuman strength, Gurth, striding over the corpses of his kinsmen opposed himself singly to the knights; and the entire strength of the English remnant, coming round him at the menaced danger to the standard, once more drove off the assailants.

But now all the enclosure was filled with the foe, the whole space seemed gay, in the darkening air, with banderols and banners. High, through all, rose the club of the Conqueror; high, through all shone the crossier of the Churchman. Not one Englishman fled; all now centring round the standard, they fell, slaughtering if slaughtered. Man by man, under the charmed banner, fell the lithsmen of Hilda. Then died the faithful Sexwolf. Then died the gallant Godrith, redeeming, by the death of many a Norman, his young fantastic love of the Norman manners. Then died, last of such of the Kent-men as had won retreat from their scattered vanguard into the circle of closing slaughter, the English-hearted Vebba.

Even still in that age, when the Teuton had yet in his veins the blood of Odin, the demi-god,—even still one man could delay the might of numbers. Through the crowd, the Normans beheld with admiring awe,—here, in the front of their horse, a single warrior, before whose axe spear shivered, helm drooped;—there, close by the standard, standing breast-high among the slain, one still more formidable, and even amidst ruin unvanquished. The first fell at length under the mace of Roger de Montgomeri. So,

unknown to the Norman poet (who hath preserved in his verse the deeds but not the name), fell laughing in death, young Leofwine! Still by the enchanted standard towers the other; still the enchanted standard waves aloft, with its brave ensign of the solitary "Fighting Man" girded by the gems that had flashed in the crown of Odin.

"Thine be the honour of lowering that haughty flag," cried William, turning to one of his favourite and most famous knights, Robert de Tessin.

Overjoyed, the knight rushed forth, to fall by the axe of that stubborn defender.

"Sorcery," cried Fitzosborne, "sorcery. This is no man, but fiend."

"Spare him, spare the brave," cried in a breath, Bruse, D'Aincourt, and De Graville.

William turned round in wrath at the cry of mercy, and spurring over all the corpses, with the sacred banner borne by Tonstain close behind him, so that it shadowed his helmet,—he came to the foot of the standard, and for one moment there was single battle between the Knight-Duke and the Saxon hero. Nor, even then, conquered by the Norman sword, but exhausted by a hundred wounds, that brave chief fell, and the falchion vainly pierced him, falling. So, last man at the standard, died Gurth.

The sun had set, the first star was in heaven, the "Fighting Man" was laid low, and on that spot where now, all forlorn and shattered, amidst stagnant water, stands the altar-stone of Battle Abbey, rose the glittering dragon that surmounted the consecrated banner of the Norman victor.

THE BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS

BY

JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

ON the evening of the 19th May, 1798, fortune favoured Napoleon. A violent gale, drove the English off the coast, and disabled some ships so much that Nelson was obliged to go into the harbours of Sardinia to have them repaired. The French general instantly commanded the embarkation of all his troops; and as the last of them got on board, the sun rose on the mighty armament: it was one of those dazzling suns which the soldiery delighted afterwards to call "the suns of Napoleon."

Seldom have the shores of the Mediterranean witnessed a nobler spectacle. That unclouded sun rose on a semi-circle of vessels, extending in all to not less than six leagues: thirteen ships of the line and fourteen frigates (under the command of Admiral Brueyes); and four hundred transports. They carried forty thousand picked soldiers, and officers whose names were only inferior to that of the general-in-chief;—of the men, as well as of their leaders, the far greater part already accustomed to follow Napoleon, and to consider his presence as the pledge of victory.

The French fleet was reinforced, ere it had proceeded far on its way, by General Dessaix, and his division from Italy; and, having prosperous winds, appeared on June 10th off Malta. The Knights of St. John were no longer those hardy and devout soldiers of the cross, who for ages inspired terror among the Mussulmans, and were considered as the heroic outguards of Christendom. Sunk in indolence and pleasure, these inheritors of a glorious name hardly attempted for a moment to defend their all but impregnable island, against the fleet which covered the seas around them. The Parisian authorities had tampered successfully beforehand with some of the French knights. Division of counsels prevailed: and in confusion and panic the gates were thrown open. As Napoleon was entering between the huge rocky barriers of La Valette, Caffarelli said to him: "It is well there was someone within to open the door for us; had there been no garrison at all, the business might have been less easy."

From: *The History of Napoleon Buonaparte* by JOHN GIBSON LOCKHART

From Malta—where he left a detachment of troops to guard an acquisition which he expected to find eminently useful in his future communications with France—Buonaparte steered eastwards; but, after some days, ran upon the coast of Candia to take in water and fresh provisions, and, by thus casually diverging from his course, escaped imminent danger. For Nelson, soon returning to Toulon, missed the shipping which had so lately crowded the harbour, and ascertaining that they had not sailed towards the Atlantic, divined on the instant that their mark must be Egypt. His fleet was inferior in numbers, but he pursued without hesitation; and taking the straight line, arrived off the Nile before any of the French ships had appeared there. Buonaparte, on hearing off Candia that the English fleet was already in the Levant, directed Admiral Bruyès to steer not for Alexandria, but for a more northerly point of the coast of Africa. Nelson, on the other hand, not finding the enemy where he had expected, turned back and traversed the sea in quest of him, to Rhodes—and thence to Syracuse. It is supposed that on June 20th the fleets almost touched each other; but that the thickness of the haze, and Nelson's want of frigates, prevented an encounter. Napoleon, reconnoitring the coast ascertained that there was no longer any fleet off Alexandria, and in effect reached his destination undisturbed on July 1st. At that moment a strange sail appeared on the verge of the horizon. "Fortune," exclaimed he, "I ask but six hours more— wilt thou refuse them?" The vessel proved not to be English; and the disembarkation immediately took place, in spite of a violent gale and a tremendous surf. The Admiral Bruyès in vain endeavoured to persuade Buonaparte to remain on board until the weather should be more calm. He sternly refused, and landed at Marabout, three leagues to the eastward of Alexandria, about one in the morning of July 2nd—having lost many by drowning.

Egypt, a province of the Ottoman empire, then at peace with France, was of course wholly unprepared for this invasion. The Turks, however, mustered what force they could, and, shutting the gates of the city, held out—until a division, headed by Napoleon in person, forced their way, at three in the morning, through the old crumbling walls, and it was no longer possible to resist at once superior numbers and European discipline. Two hundred French died in the assault; the Turkish loss was much greater: and, if we are to believe almost all who have written concerning this part of his history, Buonaparte, after taking possession, abandoned the place for three hours to the unbridled licence of military execution and rapine—an atrocity for which if it really occurred, there could have been only one pretext; namely, the urgent necessity of striking

awe and terror into the hearts of the population, and so preventing them from obeying the call of their military chieftains, to take arms in defence of the soil. De Bourienne and Berthier, however, wholly deny this story.

If Napoleon's conduct on this occasion was as it has been commonly represented, it was strangely contrasted with the tenor of his *General Order* to the army, issued immediately before their disembarkation. "The people," he then said, 'with whom we are about to live, are Mahometans; the first article of their faith is, *There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his Prophet*. Do not contradict them: deal with them as you have done with the Jews and the Italians. Respect their muphtis and imans, as you have done by the rabbis and the bishops elsewhere. . . . The Roman legions protected all religions. You will find here usages different from those of Europe: you must accustom yourselves to them. These people treat their women differently from us; but in all countries he who violates is a monster; pillage enriches only a few; it dishonours us, destroys our resources, and makes those enemies whom it is our interest to have for friends."

To the people of Egypt, meanwhile, Napoleon addressed a proclamation in these words: "They will tell you that I come to destroy your religion; believe them not: answer that I come to restore your rights, to punish the usurpers, and that I respect, more than the Mamelukes ever did, God, his Prophet, and the Koran. Sheiks and Imans, assure the people that we also are true Mussulmans. Thrice happy they who shall be with us! Woe to them that take up arms for the Mamelukes! they shall perish!"¹

¹ At this period Egypt, though nominally governed by a pacha appointed by the Grand Seignior, was in reality in the hands of the Mamelukes; a singular body of men, who paid but little respect to any authority but that of their own chiefs. Of these chiefs or beys there were twenty-four; each one of whom ruled over a separate district; who often warred with each other; and were as often in rebellion against their nominal sovereign. According to the institutions of the Mamelukes their body was recruited solely by boys, chiefly of European birth, taken captive, and brought up from their earliest days in all military exercises. These were promoted according to their merits; it being the custom that when a bey died, the bravest of his band succeeded him. The Mamelukes thus formed a separate caste; and they oppressed most cruelly the population of the country which had fallen into their keeping. The *fellahs*, or poor Arabs, who cultivate the soil, being compelled to pay exorbitantly for permission to do so, suffered the extreme of misery in the midst of great natural wealth. The *Copts*, supposed to be descended from the ancient Egyptian nation, discharged most civil functions under the Mamelukes, and had the trades and

Buonaparte was a fatalist—so that one main article of the Mussalman creed pleased him well. He admired Mahomet as one of those rare beings, who, by individual genius and daring, have produced mighty and permanent alterations in the world. The General's assertion of his own belief in the inspiration of the Arab impostor, was often repeated in the sequel; and will ever be appreciated, as it was at the time by his own soldiery—whom indeed he had addressed but the day before in language sufficiently expressive of his real sentiments as to all forms of religion. Rabbi, muphti, and bishop, the Talmud, the Koran, and the Bible, were much on a level in his estimation. He was willing to make use of them all as it might serve his purpose; and, though not by nature cruel, he did not hesitate, when his interest seemed to demand it, to invest his name with every circumstance of terror, that could result from the most merciless violation of those laws of humanity which even his Koran enforces, and which his own address to his army had so recently inculcated.

Napoleon left Alexandria on July 7th, being anxious to force the Mamelukes to an encounter with the least possible delay. He had a small flotilla on the Nile, which served to guard his right flank: the infantry marched over burning sand at some distance from the river. The miseries of this progress were extreme. The air is crowded with pestiferous insects, the glare of the sand weakens most men's eyes, and blinds many; water is scarce and bad: and the country had been swept clear of man, beast, and vegetable. Under this torture even the gallant spirits of such men as Murat and Lannes could not sustain themselves:—they trod their cockades in the sand. The common soldiers asked, with angry murmurs, if it was here the General designed to give them their seven acres? He alone was superior to all these evils. Such was the happy temperament of his frame, that—while others, after having rid them of their usual dress, were still suffused in perpetual floods of perspiration, and the hardiest found it necessary to give two or three hours in the middle of the day to sleep—Napoleon altered nothing; wore his uniform buttoned up as at Paris; never showed one bead of sweat on his brow; nor thought of repose except to lie down in his

professions in their hands, but they also were oppressed intolerably by those haughty and ferocious soldiers.

The Mamelukes were considered by Napoleon to be, individually, the finest cavalry in the world. They rode the noblest horses of Arabia, and were armed with the best weapons which the world could produce: carabines, pistols, etc., from England, and sabres of the steel of Damascus. Their skill in horsemanship was equal to their fiery valour. With that cavalry and the French infantry, Buonaparte said, it would be easy to conquer the world.

cloak the last at night, and start up the first in the morning. It required, however, more than all his example of endurance and the general influence of Napoleon's character, could do to prevent the army from breaking into open mutiny. "Once," said he at St. Helena, "I threw myself suddenly amidst a group of *generals*, and, addressing myself to the tallest of their number with vehemence, said, *You have been talking sedition: take care lest I fulfil my duty: your five feet ten inches would not hinder you from being shot within two hours.*"

For some days no enemy appeared; but at length scattered groups of horsemen began to hover on their flanks; and the soldier, who quitted the line but for a moment, was surrounded and put to death ere his comrades could rescue him. The rapidity with which the Mamelukes rode, and their skill as marksmen, were seconded by the character of the soil and the atmosphere; the least motion or breath of wind being sufficient to raise a cloud of sand, through which nothing could be discerned accurately, while the constant glare of the sun dazzled almost to blindness. It was at Chetreis that the Mamelukes first attacked in a considerable body; and at the same moment the French flotilla was assaulted. In either case the superiority of European discipline was made manifest; but in either case also the assailants were able to retreat without much loss. Meantime the hardships of the march continued; the irregular attacks of the enemy were becoming more and more numerous; so that the troops, continually halting and forming into squares to receive the charge of the cavalry by day, and forced to keep up great watches at night, experienced the extreme of fatigue as well as of privation. In the midst of this misery the common men beheld with no friendly eyes the troop of *savans* mounted on asses (the common conveyance of the country), with all their instruments, books and baggage. They began to suspect that the expedition had been undertaken for some merely scientific purposes; and when, on any alarm, they were ordered to open the square and give the learned party safe footing within, they used to receive them with military jeerings. "Room for the asses:—stand back, here come the *savans* and the *demi-savans.*"

On July 21st, the army came within sight of the Pyramids, which but for the regularity of the outline, might have been taken for a distant ridge of rocky mountains. While every eye was fixed on these hoary monuments of the past, they gained the brow of a gentle eminence, and saw at length spread out before them the vast army of the beys, its right posted on an entrenched camp by the Nile, its centre and left composed of that brilliant cavalry with which they were by this time acquainted. Napoleon, riding for

wards to reconnoitre, perceived (what escaped the observation of all his staff) that the guns on the entrenched camp were not provided with carriages; and instantly decided on his plan of attack. He prepared to throw his force on the left, where the guns could not be available. Mourad Bey, who commanded in chief, speedily penetrated his design; and the Mamelukes advanced gallantly to the encounter. "Soldiers," said Napoleon, "from the summit of yonder pyramids forty ages behold you"; and the battle began.

The French formed into separate squares, and awaited the assault of the Mamelukes. These came on with impetuous speed and wild cries, and practised every means to force their passage into the serried ranks of their new opponents. They rushed on the line of bayonets, backed their horses upon them, and at last, maddened by the firmness which they could not shake, dashed their pistols and carbines into the faces of the men. They who had fallen wounded from their seats, would crawl along the sand, and ~~how~~ at the legs of their enemies with their scimitars. Nothing could move the French: the bayonet and the continued roll of musketry by degrees thinned the host around them; and Buonaparte at last advanced. Such were the confusion and terror of the enemy when he came near the camp, that they abandoned their works, and flung themselves by hundreds into the Nile. The carnage was prodigious. Multitudes more were drowned. Mourad and a remnant of his Mamelukes retreated on Upper Egypt. Cairo surrendered: Lower Egypt was entirely conquered.

Such were the immediate consequences of *the Battle of the Pyramids*. The name of Buonaparte now spread panic through the East; and the "Sultan Kebir" (or King of Fire—as he was called from the deadly effects of the musketry in this engagement) was considered as the destined scourge of God, whom it was hopeless to resist.

The French now had recompense for the toils they had undergone. The bodies of the slain and drowned Mamelukes were rifled, and, it being the custom for those warriors to carry their wealth about them, a single corpse often made a soldier's fortune. In the deserted harems of the chiefs at Cairo, and in the neighbouring villages, men at length found proofs that "eastern luxury" is no empty name. The savans ransacked the monuments of antiquity, and formed collections which will ever reflect honour on their zeal and skill. Napoleon himself visited the interior of the Great Pyramid, and on entering the secret chamber, in which, three thousand years before, some Pharaoh had been inturned, repeated once more his confession of faith—"There is no God but God, and

Mahomet is his prophet." The bearded orientals who accompanied him, concealed their doubts of his orthodoxy, and responded, very solemnly, "God is merciful. Thou hast spoken like the most learned of the prophets."

While Napoleon was thus pursuing his career of victory in the interior, Nelson, having scoured the Mediterranean in quest of him, once more returned to the coast of Egypt. He arrived within sight of the towers of Alexandria on August 1st—ten days after the battle of the Pyramids had been fought and won—and found Brueyes still at his moorings in the bay of Aboukir. Nothing seems to be more clear than that the French admiral ought to have made the best of his way to France, or at least to Malta, the moment the army had taken possession of Alexandria. Napoleon constantly asserted that he had urged Brueyes to do so. Brueyes himself lived not to give his testimony; but Gantheaume, the vice-admiral, always persisted in stating, in direct contradiction to Buonaparte, that the fleet remained by the General's express desire. The testimonies being thus balanced, it is necessary to consult other materials of judgment; and it appears extremely difficult to doubt that the French admiral—who, it is acknowledged on all hands, dreaded the encounter of Nelson—remained off Alexandria for the sole purpose of aiding the motions of the army, and in consequence of what he at least conceived to be the wish of its general. However this might have been, the results of his delay were terrible.

The French fleet were moored in a semicircle in the bay of Aboukir, so near the shore, that, as their admiral believed, it was impossible for the enemy to come between him and the land. He expected, therefore, to be attacked on one side only, and thought himself sure that the English could not renew their favourite manœuvre of breaking the line, and so at once dividing the opposed fleet, and placing the ships individually between two fires. But Nelson daringly judged that his ships might force a passage between the French and the land, and succeeding in this attempt, instantly brought on the conflict, in the same dreaded form which Brueyes had believed impossible. The details of this great sea fight belongs to the history of the English hero. The battle was obstinate—it lasted more than twenty hours, including the whole night. A solitary pause occurred at midnight, when the French admiral's ship *L'Qrient*, a superb vessel of one hundred and twenty guns, took fire and blew up in the heart of the conflicting squadrons, with an explosion that for a moment silenced rage in awe. The admiral himself perished. Next morning two shattered ships, out of all the French fleet, with difficulty made their escape to the open sea. The

rest of all that magnificent array had been utterly destroyed, or remained in the hands of the English.

Such was the battle of Aboukir, in which Nelson achieved, with a force much inferior to the French, what he himself called, "not a victory, but a conquest." Three thousand French seamen reached the shore: a greater number died. Had the English admiral possessed frigates, he must have forced his way into the harbour of Alexandria, and seized the whole stores and transports of the army. As things were, the best fleet of the Republic had ceased to be; the blockade of the coast was established: and the invader, completely isolated from France, must be content to rely on his own arms and the resources of Egypt.

THE MAD MAJOR

BY

ALEXANDER BARON

AT twenty-six minutes past three on the morning of Friday, April 28th, the sergeant commanding the guard of the 5th Battalion was sitting huddled over the stove in the long, gloomy guard-hut. The off-duty men lay sleeping in a row along one side of the hut, sprawled snoring or muttering on their palliasses with blankets heaped over them. There was a little pool of dim light in the centre of the hut, cast by the glowing stove and the flickering hurricane lamp at the sergeant's feet. The rest of the hut was in darkness. A bucket of cocoa stood on the stove. The sergeant had a Woodbine between his lips; his eyes smarted with fatigue and there was a fog of sleep inside his head. He wore his greatcoat like a cloak over his drooping shoulders. A clock on the bench beside him ticked thunderously in the silence; thirty-four minutes before the next change of sentries. He settled forward somnolently.

Away in the darkness at the end of the hut the door creaked. The sound crept into the guard commander's reeling consciousness; he was fingering the upturned collar of his coat and beginning to turn on the bench when the explosion split the silence into a million ringing fragments and the violet, blinding flash lifted him to his feet and flung him forward against the stove. In the next second, as the roar of the explosion lingered in the men's ears, echoing as if contained in the gloom and smoke of the guard-hut, it filled with fresh noises; the crash and clatter of the falling cocoa bucket, the moaning of the sergeant lying scorched and writhing by the red-hot stove, the clatter of boots and the confused hubbub of the off-duty men lurching, dishevelled, to their feet; violent voices outside the hut; and in the air, the sharp and heavy stink of high explosives.

Hubbub and confusion; men bending over the sergeant, dragging him out of the pool of cocoa that spread slowly on the dusty concrete; men ramming home the bolts of their rifles and staggering towards the door of the hut; and a voice, high and sharp as a whiplash:

"Turn out, the guard!"

The voice rallied the guard; each man stopped for a moment in his tracks; a startled tableau in the gloom.

"Outside, the guard! Come on, come on!"

They knew the voice. Savage understanding seeped into them. They clattered out of the hut and formed up in two lines in the darkness outside. The sergeant raised himself painfully on to all fours, then heaved himself up on to his feet. His left cheek was a great grey blister. He followed the men out.

The voice was lashing at them again in the darkness.

"Three minutes to turn out the guard. What do you think this is, a war or a Sunday afternoon picnic?"

The men, plunged suddenly into the chill of the night, stood shivering over their rifles, peering sullenly at the slim, straight officer who stood before them; Major Maddison, commander of B Company, the orderly officer for the night. He turned on the guard commander who stood, swaying slightly, beside him.

"I'll have you stripped for this, Sergeant," he said. The words, flat, hard, even, whined past the men's ears like bullets. "Sleeping over the stove on guard. If we'd been overseas you'd have all been dead men by now. I came past your sentry without being challenged. I opened the door of your guard-room. I threw a sixty-nine grenade in among you. If I'd been a German I'd have tossed something a little more deadly at you, you know. You'd have all been in little pieces now. And I could have taken a raiding party into the camp and shot the whole battalion to ribbons."

The sergeant licked his dry lips and pressed his clenched fists into his sides. He could not speak.

"Get the men into open order." The voice was lashing at his blistered face again. "I'll inspect them."

The sergeant croaked a command and the ranks parted. Major Maddison moved from man to man, flashing the light of his electric torch on each man's equipment to see that it was correctly worn, groping over their bodies with his hands to see that their water-bottles were full and their pouches packed with ammunition. Within the rough, enveloping clothes lean bodies cringed and stomach muscles contracted with shame and anger under the insulting hands.

The officer was away from them again, and the voice came at them once more from the dawn darkness.

"Change your sentries, Sergeant. Put the sentry on number three post under open arrest. And consider yourself under open arrest."

The sergeant brought his rifle up on to his left shoulder and slapped the butt in salute. He spoke a final command and the

men broke ranks and returned to the hut. He stood watching, as the officer walked briskly away. Pain stabbed at his fate and humiliation choked like a fist in his throat; his eyes were hot and he wished he were able to cry.

The men were waiting for him inside the hut.

"That mad bastard," one of them growled, as the sergeant closed the door behind him and leaned wearily back against it. "You can get him court martialled for that."

"Them sixty-nine grenades," said another, "they're dangerous things. Mister Paterson told us. They can blow your foot off if they drop near enough. And that little lead pellet in them can kill someone."

The "sixty-nine" was a training grenade, made of bakelite, dangerous only for its noise and its blast; its use in confined spaces was forbidden.

The sergeant was standing with his hands over his face. One of the men came close and pulled the hands away. "Christ," he said, "the sergeant's hurt. Look here." The others crowded round.

"I fell with my face against the stove," mumbled the sergeant. He was very weary now, and beginning to feel sick. "I'm going down to the sick bay, get it dressed. Take over, Bill."

"Don't worry, Sergeant," his corporal said. "Go down with him. Quinan."

Quinan put his arm round the sergeant's shoulder and turned him to the door. They went out together.

"That Maddison," said the corporal when they had gone. "He'll get a bullet in the back one of these dark nights. He's mad. He's raving mad. That's all he lives for, war. War, war. He's not human."

"D'ye mind, Corporal," said one of the men, "on that scheme last February? . . . would nae let his company have any rations for two days. The rest o' the battalion was feedin' a' the time. He said ye had tae lairn tae go hungry in war."

"I know," said the corporal, "he was instructing up at the div. battle school when I was there. A platoon was coming off the assault course and he heard 'em grumbling. He took 'em back round the course twice, without stopping. Half o' 'em dropped in their tracks. He went round with 'em. You know," he said, "he's a tough bugger. He trains like a bloody greyhound. He don't smoke. He don't drink. They say he can't stand the sight of women."

"What the —ing hell does he live for, then?" asked one of the men.

"I told you," answered the corporal, "war. He thinks there's

nothing like it. He thinks doin' all this kind of things for our own good. At the battle school he used to come on parade and point his stick at you and shout, 'What's your job, soldier?' And you had to come up to attention and shout back at him, 'Kill'."

The corporal walked back to the centre of the hut, settled himself on the bench by the stove and pulled his greatcoat across his shoulders like a cloak.

"Kill," he said gloomily, "God knows what they'll do with men like that when all this is over. Shoot 'em like mad dogs, I reckon."

"They'll send the likes of him out to India," said one of the men, "to keep the blacks in their places."

"Ye mean they'll send 'em tae the Clyde," said the Scot who had spoken before, "tae keep us in our places."

"Maybe," said the corporal. "Go up to the cookhouse, Scotty, and ask the night cook for some more cocoa. Get into kip, the rest of you."

The men settled down on their palliasses, some to sleep, some to talk softly. The corporal leaned forward, relaxed, towards the heat of the stove. Around him there was a splash, flickering and undefined, of dim light, from the hurricane lamp and the glowing stove. The rest of the hut was in darkness.

There still hung faintly in the air the acrid smell of high explosive.

"Who's the last one?" asked Colonel Potheary.

"Scannock, sir," said the R.S.M. stiffly, "he's up again—drunk, fighting, fouling the billet, insubordination. And Major Maddison's waiting to see you after that."

"Scannock," said the colonel wrathfully. "I'm sick of seeing that man. Last time he was in here I talked to him like a Dutch uncle. It doesn't seem to have done him any good."

"It's only the drink he lives for, sir," said the R.S.M. "He's Irish from Liverpool—as low as the 'ome—live like a pig, work like a horse, drink like a fish."

"Bring him in," said the colonel.

Low as they come, thought the colonel, as the prisoner and his escort marched in, their boots crashing in quick-time on the concrete floor. He looked up at the man in front of him. Scannock the Scouse, the terror of the battalions; Scannock who, drunk, would knock a man down and trample his face with steel-shod boots; Scannock, a queer, sagging shape of a man, a paradox of muscle and fat; Scannock, who could stand to attention with his back rigid but his shoulders hunched hopelessly forward; Scannock, an uncomprehending face of seamed brown leather, a wide low

forehead overhung with untamed black hair, a flat nose with broad nostrils that would twitch in anger, a glimpse and a stretch of yellow teeth between slack and drunken lips.

The sergeant-major was intoning the charges, the row of men in front of the colonel's table stood rigidly, each swaying ever so slightly on boots that might have been cemented into the floor.

The colonel scratched with the third finger of his right hand at the green baize tablecloth, counted the holes and the instains, plucked at a loose end of green cotton. Like another race of beings, he thought, remembering the grey Liverpool streets, the shrieking tenements, the smell of cabbage-water and dust and babies. He thought of his own home, the rooms sweet and full of sunlight, and the homes of his workpeople. He knew them well, for he lived on good terms with his people; their world was the same as his and the little front parlours in the little Lancashire streets were all neat and clean, with shining brass and gleaming blackleaded grates, the curtains fresh, the windows fanatically cleaned, the mirrors, the crockery, the souvenirs from Blackpool all spotless. He knew these people and liked them, but . . .

"Sir, at twenty-three forty-one hours on Saturday, April 29th . . ." the corporal was staring over the colonel's shoulder at the wall and reciting his evidence with the toneless regularity of a machine gun.

. . . but, thought the colonel, hearing the evidence remotely as a noise, without taking it in . . . but deep down, at the bottom of society, far below workpeople like his own, feared and hated and despised, indeed, by them, was a submerged multitude of Scannocks; in every port, in every great city there was a slumful of them; the ones who worked the longest for the lowest wages; who were little trouble to their employers because they were like beasts of burden and because they rarely came together, like other working men, to fight, but fought each man for himself. more often than not with each other, wild, anarchic beasts.

The corporal was still giving evidence. The colonel half-heard him, each phrase registering as a confirmation of his own thoughts. "Entered the camp drunk and singing . . . urinated in the doorway of his hut . . . fell asleep across his bed fully clothed . . . spewed and urinated in his bed . . . refused to clean his own bed area in the morning . . . said it was the billet orderly's job . . . swore at his section corporal, was insubordinate, was placed under close arrest. . . ."

The colonel knew Liverpool. When he was a young man, before he had set up on his own, he had worked in Liverpool as a foreman, with a dozen Scannocks under him. He could see Scannock's

home now, while the corporal was talking; the room on the stone landing, the man and his wife hiccuping drunk and wrestling across the stale bed, with bugs dropping on to the pillow from the wet, peeling wall and the children huddled staring in the other bed across the room; the wife, ancient at thirty, with puffy red face, wispy hair and flaccid, pendant breasts, squatting over the stinking bucket in the corner; the husband washing in the bowl of scummy grey water that had been standing three days on the table.

Scanlock was speaking now, defending himself lamely, gutturally. The man did not understand; he did not know, he must be wondering what these people were so upset about. We took him, thought the colonel, for the first time in his life since he escaped from school at fourteen; we took him and we made him wash every day and take a bath every week; we made him cut his hair and shave and even, occasionally, clean his teeth; we put him in a clean uniform and made him change his underclothes every week; we made him eat with a knife and fork and leave the table clean; we made him use the lavatory; we made him do these things, but he can't for the life of him, see why; 'o him these things are not yet the normal processes of life; they are silly, irksome, unnecessary things the Army is forcing him to do. And when he's drunk, when he wets his bed, when he swears at another man who happens to wear two stripes on his sleeve, there's nothing, in the foggy hinterland of that brain of his, to tell him he is doing wrong. When I sentence him it won't be a punishment to him, but a blow struck at him by his enemy, the world. Justice has as little logic for him as a lorry charging down upon him from a Merseyside fog.

"Twenty-eight days field punishment," said the colonel. "Ask Major Maddison to come in, please."

He told Maddison to sit down, and watched him pull a chair up to the table.

"Smoke?"

"No thank you."

The colonel decided to be firm with the man, but his resolution melted now that they were face to face. After all, he was a damn good soldier; the brigadier thought the world of him and even the divisional commander remembered his brilliant record as an instructor at the battle school.

"There may be trouble about that grenade in the guard-room, Maddison," he said at last.

"Why?" Maddison asked coolly. He was short, alert and tensed as a terrier, hard and slim.

"There'll be an Accident Report Form going through."

"Did the sergeant make any trouble?" asked Maddison.

"No," said the colonel, "he came and asked my advice."

"What did you tell him?"

"I asked him to forget the matter."

"For my sake," the colonel had said to the sergeant. Ill at ease with his officers, whom he regarded as gentry, as people set above himself, the colonel was on the most intimate of terms with many of his N.C.O.s. Alone, once in a while, with a sergeant or a sergeant-major, he would speak as frankly, confide as gratefully as a brother.

"You asked him?" echoed Maddison bitterly. "God, this British army is a pantomime. You asked him? I caught the man out, I teach him and a dozen other soldiers a lesson they'll never forget—a lesson that may save their lives one day—and because he gets a burn and a bit of a fright I'm supposed to tremble in my shoes. Do you know," he said, "what they do in the German Army? They strap officer candidates in an electric chair and put shocks through them to see how they endure. That's soldierliness. That's manhood."

"That's the German army," said the colonel, "this isn't."

Major Maddison had spent a holiday in Germany before the war. He still remembered with a glow the green-clad giants goose-stepping in ranks of sixty-four past the saluting base with burnished spades at the slope; the young men playing volleyball, naked and sunburned, their blond hair all tousled; the avenues of white masts with their flags streaming and crackling in the wind.

"More's the pity," said Major Maddison. "Every time I look at my men I wonder what'll happen to them when they meet the enemy. Do you know what we've got to beat?" he asked. "Soldiers, Spartans, trained and hardened from boyhood, as men should be trained, ruthless and fearless and in love with death, as men should be. Not dragged to war but going gladly. Bound by the mystic communion of soldiers."

The colonel, like everyone in the officers' mess, had often heard Maddison talking about the mystic communion of soldiers. Neither the colonel nor the most be-ribboned of his officers had any idea what this was.

"And then," said Maddison disgustedly, "I look at this rabble of mongrels we're trying to turn into soldiers. Slack and spineless in their clothes. Hands in their pockets and cigarettes in the corners of their mouths as soon as your back's turned. Their only pleasures are to sit with their women gazing at a cinema screen . . ." Maddison hated the women whom he saw clinging to the arms of his men; shrill and white-skinned creatures, soft as slugs,

stinking of scent; they turned his stomach. ". . . or drooping about in a dance hall listening to some Jawboy crooning through a microphone. Not a warrior among them."

"Thank God for that," said the colonel heartily. "Warriors, indeed!"

"My job," said Maddison obstinately, "is to train men for battle. The divisional commander approves of my methods. We had casualties every day at the div. battle school. There were no complaints. I was told it showed that I was doing my job. What I want to know now is, are you going to back me up or aren't you?"

"What I want to know," said the colonel, "is. . . are you going to stick to safety regulations or aren't you?"

"Sweat saves blood," said Maddison. "The men must learn to suffer."

"Brains save sweat," said the colonel. "Teach the men to think."

"I'll teach them to fight," said Maddison. Sometimes he had hope for his men; sometimes he felt kinship with them. When a man came crashing through a barbed-wire obstacle, the pencil-lines of blood seeping up from the scratches across his face; when a platoon came streaming over a wall like a pack of hounds, Major Maddison would feel excited and close to them; and when, especially, he went down as he often did to see them going through the showers he would stand in the doorway of the long, noisy hut, watching the fine, slender young men padding about, naked and gleaming wet behind veils of steam; he would grow exultant with emotions which he could not fathom and would walk away flushed with love for these men of his—until, looking down into the lane below the camp, he would see a soldier strolling with his girl and would feel sick and contemptuous once more.

The colonel stood up behind his table. "You'll teach them to fight," he said curtly, "and I'll tell you how. No more sixty-nine grenades in hats. No more of your little pranks with guncotton. Keep out of trouble, Maddison. There's going to be enough trouble for us all in a very little while."

Maddison smiled grimly. "Trouble you call it? I say speed the day."

The colonel could stand the other man's presence no more. "That's all," he said. "I shall treat it as a disciplinary matter next time." He looked at his wristwatch. "I think I'll get a wash before dinner," he said. "I'll see you in the mess."

"I wish I could make up my mind about that man." The colonel, back in his own hut, was drying his hands on a towel and speaking to Noel Norman.

"Maddison?" said Norman languidly. "The men call him the Mad Major. He's a horrid little tick. He gives me the creeps. He was a superintendent, or something, before the war, in the police force."

"Yes," said the colonel. "When he sits there hammergagging about the mystic communion of soldiers I don't feel it's safe to trust my men with him. Yet he's a brave man—a good soldier—I'm tempted to say the best officer in my battalion. Better than you, Noel."

"That isn't much of a recommendation."

"Yes," said the colonel. "I can't help respecting him for that."

There was an uneasy silence for a moment.

"Heard from the boy yet?" asked Norman.

"No," said Colonel Potheary. "There's no news yet. But the shipping office says it's quite normal. They're away at sea for weeks at a time." His voice was obstinately cheerful. "Can't post letters at sea, you know."

"Of course," said Major Norman. "Let's go down to dinner."

"I reckon we'll be away before he's back from this voyage," the colonel went on. "Did I tell you what they were saying up at brigade this morning? There's a regular sweepstake on up there. I even heard the date named."

"May the fifteenth?" laughed Norman.

"Yes," said the colonel. "How did you know?"

"My batman told me," answered Major Norman. "He heard it in the Horse and Hounds."

The door banged behind them.

"May the fifteenth, I tell you." There was a crush of men arguing round the wall map in the battalion canteen. At the green, beer-stained tables there were as many men discussing, disputing, crowding over newspapers, as there were playing cards. Every night there was news to make them more excited, more argumentative. The air offensive over France and Germany was reaching proportions that had never before been known. A security ban had been applied to prevent foreign diplomats from entering or leaving the country and from sending any communication out of the country. A Defence Regulation had been introduced to permit the control of roads in southern England for military traffic. All overseas travel had been cancelled. England was being sealed off from the outside world. German E-boats were prowling the Channel in search for the massing of an invasion fleet; the newspapers reported clashes at sea, and the men of the 5th Battalion themselves sometimes heard, in the silent night, the distant thudding of guns from across the dark waters.

"May the fifteenth." Alfie Bradley sat in a corner of the canteen, insulated from the noise around him, his heart thumping with excitement, penning the ninth page of a letter to his Floss—whom he would be seeing again in five days' time.

"May the fifteenth." In the corporals' clubroom at the end of the canteen hut Corporal Gonigle sat at the piano, lackadaisically playing "Some of These Days" in a broken, discordant rhythm. Meadows and Warne, two corporals who had come back from the desert, lounged against the piano and talked in turn at him through the blue cigarette smoke.

"Ay," said Meadows, "another couple of weeks, man, an' we'll be duckin' mortars again."

"Blood an' shite," said Warne gloomily, "more blood an' shite."

Gonigle had not yet been in battle. He had spent a lot of time, mostly at nights, wondering what it would feel like ducking mortars.

"May the fifteenth, is it?" he said. "I must say it's the openest secret I ever heard." He went on thumping the piano doggedly.

May the fifteenth, thought Major Maddison standing in front of the mirror on the wall of his hut, Lord God of battles, let it be so. May the fifteenth. He saw himself, bleeding and smoke-blackened, lurching forward through a rain of down-pattering earth with the explosions reverberating in his ears; he saw himself snatching up a rifle and wielding a reddened bayonet; he could feel it meeting the coy resistance of flesh; there was a tickle of delight in his biceps as he thought of it.

He fumbled in the drawer of his bedside table and took out a little box. There was a strip of ribbon in the box. He stood close to the mirror and held the piece of ribbon against his left breast. With the first finger of his right hand he stroked the right side of his moustache. Something moved in the corner of the mirror. He turned angrily—still holding the ribbon to his breast—and saw his batman standing in the doorway of the hut.

"Get out," he snarled. "And knock before you come in next time."

The batman, panic-stricken, bobbed an unnecessary salute, slammed the door behind him, and scuttled away to the officers' mess kitchen, to tell how he had seen Major Maddison trying on the ribbon of the D.S.O. in front of his mirror.